

THE

ATLANTIC MONTHLY:

*A MAGAZINE OF LITERATURE, SCIENCE, ART,
AND POLITICS.*

VOL. XLII.—NOVEMBER, 1878.—No. CCLIII.

THE NATIONALS, THEIR ORIGIN AND THEIR AIMS.

THE history of the National Party begins with the financial legislation of our civil war. The equipment of the Union soldiery, and other preparations for national defense, required the expenditure of vast sums beyond what the national treasury could supply. The government issued printed notes—promises to pay—to the amount of many millions of dollars, enacting that these notes should be regarded and used as a legal tender in all the ordinary business of the people, but excepting from this provision certain dues and payments of the government for which coin was required. As the war assumed greater proportions the necessary purchases became enormous in extent, and the remarkable discovery was made that everybody might easily become rich by selling goods to the government at prices many times greater than their real value. It was easy to print the paper promises to pay, and the government scattered them with lavish hand among the people. There was an unexampled expansion and activity in all kinds of business. Everybody could obtain employment at high wages. There was a new market for everything, and the demand seemed unlimited. Men counted their new wealth by hundreds of thousands and millions. It consisted of the evidences of the government's indebtedness; that is, of their

own. The result of the war was for some time uncertain. No day had been fixed for the payment of the legal-tender notes, and their purchasing power declined as the numbers issued were multiplied. The war ended. The government went out of business, that is, it was no longer a purchaser to any great extent; the new market was closed. Most of the people of the country had been really in the employ of the government during the war, nearly all traders and speculators receiving lavish salaries in the excessive profits of their business. Now everybody was discharged. The hasty, desperate, make-shift financial legislation at the beginning of the war had produced a great "expansion of the currency," filling the hands of the people everywhere with the new paper money. But the vast amount in circulation had to be reduced; some arrangement for complying with the promise to pay (printed on the face of every note) had to be adopted, or the notes would soon be worthless. Then came the contraction of the currency by the retirement of some of the legal-tender notes. The new taxes were a great burden; the best investments produced but small profits; and we were rudely awakened from splendid dreams of increasing prosperity to distasteful economies and comparative poverty. The nation began, in

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great depression and bewilderment, the payment of its tremendous war debt. The people had generally used the government's promises to pay as real money, vaguely considering the new paper currency as an addition to the actual wealth of the country, without fully realizing that the people had to pay the debt of the nation. There were multitudes who did not understand why the vast expansion of business and industry should be temporary; why the "prosperity of the war-time" should not continue forever. There was no adequate effort to teach them. They had been incredulous when the first signs of the inevitable decline and collapse appeared. They had lost the habit of hard labor, and when they found that the days of contracts and jobs, and of easy, profuse living, were past they were profoundly dissatisfied. In that dissatisfaction was the origin of the discontent, the grievances, hopes, and purposes, of the people who constitute the mass of the national party of to-day. The stream has received some important tributaries in later times, but this was its source.

It took some little time to formulate the new feeling. But it was soon discovered that when the paper money was abundant the country was prosperous, and that the first contraction of the currency and the decline in business were coincident in time, and were therefore related to each other as cause and effect. It was affirmed that if the paper money had been made a full legal tender, that is, if it had been received by the government for all dues and used in payment of all claims, it would always have been equal to gold in value or purchasing power. The legislation providing that coin should be used in the payment of duties, and of the interest on national bonds, was denounced as injurious to the people, as was also the act establishing national banks. A feeling of opposition to the payment of debts which were incurred during the period of the inflation of the currency became very strong, especially in the West. The continued and increasing depression of business and of industry has deepened and

strengthened these tendencies, and the time has been in many ways propitious for their growth.

A history of the paper-money delusion from its origin, through the various stages of its influence upon both the great political parties of the country, with a careful study of their platforms and of the utterances of their leading men upon financial subjects during the last seventeen years, including a review of the development of allied influences and of the effect of all these tendencies upon the national thought and life, would be a most instructive and valuable work, but it must be left to other hands. What is here undertaken is a presentation or report of the specific opinions, grievances, illusions, hopes, and purposes of the people who are identified with the national party. In making this report I have as far as possible used the exact words of my neighbors and fellow-citizens who hold these opinions; and when verbal changes were necessary I have endeavored to preserve their thoughts and ideas with scrupulous accuracy. No part of the materials for this report is taken from newspapers or printed documents, or from public addresses. During the last few weeks I have had very full and satisfactory conversations with thirty-four workmen who are earnest adherents of the new national party. The number includes residents of three different States, Pennsylvania, New York, and New Jersey. I am personally acquainted with all of them. They are natives of this country, and men of good repute for honesty and general morality. Most of them are poor, and they all work with their hands. They have what is usually called in this country a good common-school education, and most of them have more than this. More than half have been teachers. They are of all ages, from thirty-two to fifty-seven. What is here presented was expressed in answer to my questions on all the subjects brought forward. In every instance I received the utmost courtesy, with permission to communicate to the public the information thus given to me. I used a note-book

and pencil as we talked, recording as fully as possible what was said, often repeating the questions and reading my memoranda to my neighbor for his approval. On most essential points there was substantial agreement among all these men, but I have noted some differences of individual opinion and aim. Here are the notes:—

BANKS AND BANKING.

“The national party is the result of a great uprising of the people. The industrial classes are becoming enlightened. It is a movement from the bottom of society. We have no leaders as yet, and it is probably better so. The movement may develop leaders by and by. It has grown thus far by talks between neighbors, and by the influence of newspapers and printed documents. We have one weekly paper, with a circulation of six hundred and fifty thousand copies, and an increase each week of twenty thousand. We are organizing in every school district in many States, and in every ward of the cities. We wish to abolish the national banks. All the commercial panics in our history have been caused largely by the system of state and national banking. The bankers deposit one hundred thousand dollars at Washington, and the government gives them back ninety thousand dollars in bank-notes for the bare cost of printing, say one per cent. The government pays them six per cent. on the one hundred thousand dollars. Then they have ninety thousand dollars to loan at the legal rate of interest, and as much more as they can get. They receive from twenty-five to fifty per cent., and sometimes one hundred per cent., per annum on their original investment. We want absolute money, not a promise to pay; would have gold, silver, and paper all issued directly by the government, without the intervention of any banking corporation; the legend to be, *This is a Dollar* (or whatever the amount may be), making it a legal tender in payment of all dues and claims whatever. Of course we shall need new legislation for such a currency. This na-

tional absolute money would buy anything in any market of the world with one fourth or one half of one per cent. discount in exchange. There are about two thousand national banks, and they now have a surplus fund of sixteen hundred millions of dollars. The bankers have received so much interest that nearly all existing deposits are clear profit; that is, they have cost them nothing. The masses of mankind are trodden under foot and enslaved by a vicious financial system, and we are tending to the low conditions of the older nations. Combinations of capitalists and unfavorable legislation crush the laborer. The beginning of these evils is the fallacy of a gold basis. There is not enough gold for all the world's money; if there were it would be all right. Banks may have done good in early times in the West, but our advanced civilization requires a currency not based upon coin. We favor the immediate repeal of the resumption act. With national absolute money no resumption of specie payments would be required. The bullionists favor resumption and contraction; they bring gold to par by their designing manipulations. It is no advantage to the people to have gold at par. European capitalists have influenced the financial legislation of our country a great deal. Their design is to break up our republican government. We have positive proof that a man came over from England with half a million of money to oppose the passage of the silver bill; but he found that it would do no good. History shows that no country has ever prospered on a coin basis.”

FRIENDS AND FOES.

“We have some of the most talented men in political economy with us, but not many. Professional men, such as clergymen, are not enough interested in these matters to investigate the real condition of the laboring classes and their needs. The masses are sufficiently intelligent and morally educated to see that class legislation or any injustice would be fatal to themselves. The mass of mankind have common sense. It re-

quires no special talent for investigation to enable men to understand what is necessary for their own interests in such matters. When members of Congress begin to legislate in favor of the moneyed class their constituents ought to be able to say, Stop! that is not what you were employed to do. Legislators should execute the wishes of the people who elect them. We favor shortening the hours of labor. Political economists say that four hours a day would probably be adequate to maintain all mankind in comfort, and give them some of the luxuries of life, providing richly for the helpless."

INTERNAL IMPROVEMENTS.

"We would have the government begin immediately the construction of extensive works of internal improvement. The Erie Canal should be enlarged to a ship canal sufficient for vessels of two thousand tons burden. A canal of the same capacity should be constructed across the State of Michigan, and another across Northern Florida."

MONEY AND BONDS.

"I do not undertake to speak for the national party; there are differences of opinion on many points among those who are working together in this movement. I would not permit individuals or corporations to engage in any kind of banking enterprise; not even for exchange, or to receive deposits. All such business should be conducted by the government. The value of gold and silver coin is in the government stamp upon it, and not in the intrinsic worth of the metal. Money should be made of material which has no intrinsic value. The contraction of the currency is the greatest cause of the prostration of industry. The national bonds are a fraud upon the people, and Rothschild knew it at first. The 5-20 bonds were originally to be paid in greenbacks, and only their interest in coin, but by a change in legislation the principal was afterwards required to be paid in coin. The bonds cost holders thirty-five cents on the dollar in gold, and by laws contracting the currency the bonds have been made worth more

than gold. The holders have already received more than the cost of the bonds, and still hold them."

GOVERNMENTAL OWNERSHIP.

"The government is a great commune. All railroads, canals, and means of commercial transportation, and all mines and land, should belong to the government. There should be no individual ownership in land, but only of improvements. There should be no law for the collection of interest. The amount of money in circulation should be increased by the government issuing as much absolute money as is needed by the people, and paying it out for all government expenses, and for the wages of laborers employed on public works. Resumption is a speculation of the capitalists. There is no need of specie payments. The people have not asked for the measure; it is forced upon them. The resumption act should be immediately repealed. All history shows that in order to maintain specie payments we must have more specie than paper money. There should be enough money to give the people a sufficient medium of exchange. We should pay the bonds in greenbacks as far as possible. If the legislation changing the nature of the bonds and requiring their payment in coin were right, then counter-legislation would be."

PROHIBITION OF LARGE FORTUNES.

"All officers should be elected by the people directly, and no law should take effect until it has been submitted to the people and been approved by them. We should have whatever legislation is necessary for imposing an income tax graduated so as not to touch small incomes, to grow heavier for larger fortunes, and to be made absolutely prohibitive for accumulations beyond a certain limit. No man should be permitted to hold more land than he uses, and the acquisition of great fortunes should be made impossible. One of our greatest dangers is the power of a landed aristocracy."

REPRESENTATION OF CLASSES.

"All classes should be represented in

our national legislature in proportion to their numbers. Legislation by lawyers is always devoted to the interests of their own class. The people of culture in this country underestimate the intelligence of the masses. Capitalists could buy workingmen's votes as easily as they now buy those of lawyers: we shall have to depend largely upon the effect of the opposition between different classes for checking any tendency to excess, injustice, or corruption. Capitalists feel like kings and aristocrats, and regard the workingmen as their slaves. If these evils cannot be removed by legislation, it will be done in some other way. If people dread war or mob-law, they should help the workingmen overthrow the money power. Capitalists dread nothing so much as the uprising of the masses. We have two thousand bankers representing two billions of capital."

CULTIVATED PEOPLE ANTAGONISTIC.

"The college men are not in the national movement, and usually misunderstand it entirely. Their education destroys natural perception and judgment; so that cultivated people are one-sided, and their judgment is often inferior to that of the working people. History shows that all through the ages the evolution of new ideas has come from the lower classes, the uneducated. We should naturally look outside of the professions for the leaders of a new movement. Professional men are usually against us. The uneducated are more accessible, more easily influenced, than the educated. Cultured people have made up their minds, and are hard to move. There should be a check upon Chinese immigration. Our civilization cannot maintain itself in contact with Chinese civilization. That will survive where ours cannot, and if we live together we shall have to conform to their civilization."

MONEY AND CONSTITUTIONS.

"For three hundred years the progress of civilized nations has been in the direction of absolute money. Money should be composed of some material

that is not in itself precious or commercially valuable. Constitutional provisions are of little importance compared with the direct expression of the will of the people. The real law is not written or printed. Popular feeling is really the law rather than any statute."

HAPPINESS AND LOST LUGGAGE.

"Happiness is the legal tender of the soul. Four hours a day is enough for anybody to work, but people should work every day. To rest on Sunday, or one day each week, is wrong. Government should own and operate the railroads of the country. We could then recover the value of trunks if they were lost in transportation. Now it is often difficult or impossible. Burning up the money when it was called in to contract the currency, instead of sending it out again to circulate among the people, is the real cause of the distress of the country. No lawyer should be elected to a place in any legislative body."

HELP FROM THE SPIRIT WORLD.

"We might obtain much help from the spirit world. There is a Congress there of all our great statesmen who have passed away. They see the future and know the motives of men, and they preside over the affairs of our country. They have already had much to do with our national affairs. The spirit of Washington once sent a medium to Lincoln with military plans which the president executed. It would be wise to put the management of the Indians wholly under the direction of the spirits. We might obtain very great aid from the spirit world in regard to all difficult questions connected with the science of government. The national movement is likely to go farther than most people foresee."

GOVERNMENTAL PAWNBROKING.

"The government might loan money to the people to the extent of half the value of goods deposited in government warehouses (appraised by competent men, and to be held until redeemed). We should use gold, silver, and paper,

till the metals naturally drop out of circulation. Paper money will soon expel gold and silver money from the country. Government should not require more than three per cent. interest on loans to the people; many of the nationals would have interest prohibited by a provision in the constitution of the country."

THE MONEY POWER TO BE BROKEN DOWN.

"The object of the greenback party is to break down the money power, politically, commercially, and industrially. The government should build a railroad from Norfolk, Virginia, to California, and should take possession of all railroads, canals, and telegraphs. All should be operated at cost,—without profit. We make no account of constitutional difficulties in the way of these things, or of what the constitution forbids or allows. It is not best to make many constitutional provisions. Constitutions are things to have discussions about, and to form the subject of points of order in debate, rather than for practical efficiency or obligation. They should be composed, as nearly as may be, of undoubted basic principles. These objects should be attained either by cooperation or by communal organization. The greenback system tends to a national communal organization or association as to banking, railroad transportation, and similar branches of business."

FREE LAWS.

"Air, earth, and water should be free to all. A man may own improvements, but not the land. We should make the taxes on large accumulations of landed property so high that the owners cannot pay them, and so cannot keep the land. Land in its natural, original, and unimproved condition is not rightly to be regarded as property. Its use should be subject to control by the government."

ORIGIN AND ORGANIZATION.

"The national party includes the greenback movement, which originated in the dissatisfaction of the people with the contraction of the currency after the

war, and the other gold-basis legislation of that period; the labor movement is another branch of the party. The growth of our cause has also been largely stimulated and assisted by the influence of the internationals and of the German socialists. Our present programme is not final or complete. The first object is to change the nature of the currency and abolish the banks. Then comes the seizure by labor of its rightful empire, and government ownership of railroads and other means of transportation and commerce; it is not yet certain which of these will come first. The granger movement has done much to prepare material for the national party, and trades-unions and other secret organizations have had a large share in developing it; they are now among the most efficient agencies for the propagation of our principles and the extension of our power. It is believed that fifteen hundred thousand voters belong to secret labor organizations in this country, but it is impossible to be certain of the numbers. In every place in which the nationals have been successful in elections, their strength has come from these secret labor organizations."

TERMS OF OFFICE.

"Nobody should hold office longer than one year, except the president and members of Congress. They might be elected for two years, and they should all go out together, so as to have all new men after each election."

CONTINUOUS ELECTIONS.

"I would have a continuous election. The polls should be kept open all the time, so that whenever a citizen desires he can go and change his vote and give it to a new man. Then whenever a majority of all the voters of a district or State have pronounced in favor of a new representative, the old one should give place. If the people are dissatisfied with a representative in three weeks after he is chosen, they have a right to dismiss him and elect another."

REDUCED HOURS OF LABOR.

"Whenever the hours of labor have

been reduced, or the pay of workingmen increased, there has been an increase of intelligence and morality, and a diminution of intemperance and crime."

BONDS.

"The 5-20 bonds, of which seven or eight hundred millions are still out, were originally to be paid in greenbacks; the law requiring their payment in coin should be repealed. We should have legislation making all bonds payable in greenbacks. All bonds that are to be paid in gold were made so by fraud."

NEW ISSUE OF CURRENCY.

"An issue of two thousand millions of the new currency (absolute money) would probably not depreciate the currency more than thirty per cent."

GOVERNMENTAL EDUCATION.

"We favor education by the state: it should be industrial and compulsory, allowing for differences in character and circumstances. The problems or examples in school-books should be of an industrial and not of a commercial nature."

LABOR BUREAUS.

"The government should establish a labor bureau in each State, and one for the nation, to collect industrial statistics, and, in time, to regulate the agricultural production of the country, — to determine, for instance, how many sweet potatoes would probably be needed each year, so that the market might not be oversupplied."

ASSOCIATIONS.

"The people will form associations everywhere. When we have an international government or superintendency, as we must have with international money, this will lead to the gradual disuse or comparative abolition of nationalities, and the association of the people of the whole world for the government of the whole world."

CATHOLIC NATIONALS.

"We think the national movement, so far as it tends to association, is opposed

to the influence of the clergy. We have a strong following among the Catholics, and thousands of them are in the secret labor societies."

ABSOLUTE MONEY.

"United States bonds were at first to be paid in legal-tender notes; a clique of the moneyed men got together and changed the language so as to require coin, and then demonetized silver. After that the bankers got control of Congress, and enacted that the legal-tender notes should not be received for duties. If the government had received the paper money for all dues it would always have been equal to gold. It is said that absolute money would not be received in Europe; we are not making a currency for Europe, but for our own country. Gold and silver for money are relics of heathenism. Paper money would naturally expel coin from circulation. We should repeal all laws requiring bonds to be paid in gold. The bonds were all bought at greenback values. One thousand dollars in gold bought two thousand five hundred dollars in greenbacks, and that bought two thousand five hundred dollars in United States bonds."

TRAMPS.

"The government should employ many of the tramps, and should engage in the construction of extensive public works for the relief of the unemployed. All wages should be paid by the hour."

GOVERNMENTAL BANKING AND EMPLOYMENT.

"The government should establish post-office savings banks, and should pay interest at a rate not above that of the annual increase of the wealth of the country, now about three and a half per cent. per annum. The government ought to be the employer of the people if the government is honestly and judiciously administered; and it is more likely to be so administered under this system than any other. Of course, if the government takes possession of the railroads it would naturally manufacture its own engines, cars, rails, and equipments generally, and

the nation would become a vast coöperative association."

THE PEOPLE ALL-WISE.

"The selfishness of the people will teach them to be just and wise. They are too intelligent to commit any excesses. They will lay politicians on the shelf, and take new men. No capitalist or banker should be nominated for any office whatever by the nationals."

"No doubt there will be excesses of various kinds, and measures of retaliation, when the workingmen obtain control of the government. That will be only human nature. There is a considerable proportion of low and brutal material in the national party, but we are not responsible for that. The same men belonged to the other two parties before they joined us, and they are no worse now than when they voted with our opponents."

SOCIETY TO BE CHANGED.

"None of us can speak for the party. We can only tell you what we think would be best, what we believe in, and what we would do if we could. If we succeed, the general structure of society will be modified in important respects, and religion and morality will no doubt be affected by changes so vital, but in what way, or to what extent, nobody can now foresee."

MORALITY AND RELIGION.

"It is not likely that the organization of society will be affected in any serious way by the changes we propose to make. Morality and religion under the new order of things will be about what they are now."

PROTECTION.

"We favor protection and oppose free trade. We would admit raw materials (such as are not produced in this country) free of duty, but would tax imported manufactured goods."

THE SENATE USELESS.

"The workingmen should direct their efforts to securing an adequate repre-

sentation, by members of their own class, in the national house of representatives. The senate is of little consequence, and might well be abolished."

It remains for me to add a few facts not included in the conversations thus reported. It was made plain to each of these workingmen that it was not confidential information in regard to the plans of the national party which I sought, but his own estimate of the causes of the movement and of the grievances of the people, and his own opinions and hopes in regard to desirable changes; and that I sought such information with the purpose to make it public, and thus report as accurately as possible the thought, sentiment, and aims of the masses, the working people.

More than two thirds of the whole number of these workingmen favor protection in some form for American industry; but some half dozen believe in free trade.

None of these men are Catholics. All of them hold what are called advanced or liberal views of religious or theological subjects, and a few are atheists. Eighteen of the number believe that the spirit world has inspired the new political discontent, and that the national party is constantly aided and reinforced from "the superior spheres." I have myself observed that many mediums and trance-speakers are among the most popular and influential orators now employed in propagating the sentiments of the new party.

In connection with this movement women are engaging in politics more directly and effectively than ever before. Many of them are traveling through the country, speaking on political and social subjects, and their oratory often influences voters as much as that of the men on the same platform. The women have political clubs which meet regularly for discussing the questions of the time.

The thirty-four workingmen with whom I thus conversed are, I think, quite as intelligent as the better class of voters in either of the other two parties. They are well-educated men, according to the

popular American standard and idea of education: that is, they are all ready talkers; most of them could make nearly as good speeches as an average congressman; and they have a great deal of such information as is to be obtained from scraps and items in newspapers. They are "up with the times," to use a phrase now very common among the people of this country, and know what is said *pro* and *con* regarding the questions of the day. There is probably a larger proportion of the members of the national party than of either of the other political parties who are able to "make a good speech," and who are now engaged in writing for the newspapers of the country. They have incessant drill and practice in talking, and the fondness of the masses for oratory gives these propagandists a great opportunity. They are all aggressive and confident, and most of them manifest a degree of exultation in prospect of speedy success. As I have been familiar with their views from the first in the Northwestern States, and for many years past in the three States mentioned above, I have heard little that is new in these recent conversations. Perhaps the chief change is that our friends of the new party now talk a great deal about history, and constantly appeal to its lessons, whereas they formerly derided scornfully the notion of assistance for us from the experience of other nations. A great deal of the history brought forward I confess I never heard of before. It is true that these thirty-four men are much superior to the majority of the national party, but they, and such as they, are the true representatives of the masses who have neither opinions nor power of expression, and who are as clay in the hands of the potter under the influence of these workers and organizers. Precisely the same thing is true of the other parties. What these active, capable workingmen think and say is what their silent brethren are acting upon and supporting with their votes.

All these men are very much in earnest, but I could discover no sign of that sense of responsibility which all men of

insight feel in undertaking movements which must seriously affect the welfare of many millions of human beings. It seemed to me that they had no adequate conception of the real nature or magnitude of the changes in our national life and society which they were trying to accomplish. Most of them seemed somewhat reckless in regard to possible consequences of these changes. None of them, I think, are acquainted with the later conceptions of history, and its value as a record of the experience of society, of its efforts, illusions, gains, and failures during the ages which have been necessary to develop and establish such civilization and political and social organization as we have attained.

There were differences of opinion among these workingmen upon some points, but it is to be observed that they agree in their belief in "absolute money," — money that is not a promise to pay, nor composed of any material having intrinsic value; in desiring the government to become the employer of the people by constructing public works of enormous extent, and in thinking that it should own and operate railroads, canals, and telegraphs for the benefit of the people; in favoring government ownership of land, legal prohibition of large accumulations of wealth by individuals, and the substitution, to a great extent, of the will of the people, as expressed each year (or each day), for fixed constitutional provisions and limitations. They agree in thinking lightly of culture, and in the purpose to legislate and tax "the money power" out of existence. But none of them spoke of the need of industry, economy, or wise self-direction on the part of their own class, though they were confident of their ability to reorganize and direct society. If their undertaking could succeed, we should have wealth without labor, and a system of morals without self-restraint; and instead of the orderly empire of law we should have "mob-voiced lawlessness," anarchy uttered or ordained by the people. I have seen no reason for thinking we are near the end of this conflict.

I observed another trait in intellectual character. It appeared to me that very few of these men had received any education in regard to the laws, methods, and difficulties of clear and trustworthy thinking. They seemed unconscious of the danger from illusions, and of the necessity for testing and verifying opinions and theories by patient analysis and comparison. Many of them indeed professed the belief that the direct mental vision or intuition of uneducated men is more valuable, in determining matters connected with legislation and the organization and progress of society, than the trained and disciplined faculties of students or men of culture. They esteem very lightly the judgment or authority of scholars, and believe that American workingmen are entirely com-

petent to understand and decide rightly the problems which have perplexed thoughtful statesmen and patriots for ages. Their faculties have not been trained to analysis or comparison, or to the study, by trustworthy methods, of the relations between causes and effects. They still use very largely the methods of thought of uncivilized or prehistoric men. At every step they are the unconscious prey of illusion, and they are to a great extent incapable of receiving guidance or assistance from anybody wiser than themselves. Their intellectual character is a matter of profound interest to me, because I believe it to be very nearly that of a vast majority of the voters of our country; and almost precisely that which our existing methods of education are fitted to produce.

“THERE CAME THREE QUEENS FROM HEAVEN.”

It so befell that, once upon a time,
Before the shepherd Paris, as he roved,
Guarding his flocks, upon a slope of Ida,
There came three queens from heaven, to contest
The palm of man's approval, and they spake:
“Which of us three is fairest, — which best worth
The winning? Choose! And as thy choice shall fall,
Bestow the prize.”

Then in his hand they placed
The apple of red gold, which Eris cast
Upon the banquet-table of the gods.

And first the royal Hera, spouse of Jove,
Preferred her suit:

“O Paris, hear me well!
Lo, this fair apple is thy golden youth,
Which, so thou barter wisely, wins for thee
Thy heart's most secret wish. But be thou warned, —
Once, and once only, shalt thou name thy choice,
And then keep silence. I am Hera, I,
And with this gift of gifts I make thee mine.”

She ceased, and flashed before his dazzled sight
A naked sword, and on the blade was writ,

"Power!" But Paris mused a little space,
And turned aside, and answered, "Let me hear."

Then spake the second, hollow-eyed and pale,
With sad, stern voice:

"I am Athena, I,
And these my attributes among the gods,—
Knowledge, self-wisdom, virtue, self-control.
Short is my wooing. Wilt thou reign with me?
Take up thy sceptre."

At his feet she cast
A reed, in fashion like a poet's pen,
And on the shaft, graven in lines of fire,
A word of rapture,—"Fame!" But Paris mused,
And turned aside, and answered, "Let me hear."

Then third, the last and fairest yet of all,
The subtle Aphrodite, ocean-born,
Arose, and stood, a flower amid the flowers.
No word she spake, but waved her hand; and lo!
Instant, as in a dream of sorcery,
Half clad, at some fair vintage festival,
And leered upon by satyrs of the wood,
The Grecian Helen, floating through the dance
Of Bacchus, crowned with poppies of the field,—
Fairer than sin, her hair unbound, her eyes
Sultry with lightnings, and her lips apart,
As one who murmurs; "Follow! follow! follow!"
And ever onward, "Follow!" fainter still,
Still farther, fainter; till the vision paled,
And left him straining after, hands and eyes.

Then through the silence throbbed a tender voice:
"Behold my gift!"

And Paris said, "I choose!"
Yea, with a mighty, passionate, strong cry:
"Sweet are the dreams of Power; sweet is Fame:
But, sweeter yet than all sweet things that be,
Whether on earth, in heaven, sea, or air,
O Love, take thou my youth!"

And thereupon,
Whilst yet he spurned in air the golden sphere,
Whirled downward by a shrill and bitter wind
That waked the yelping foxes of the gorge,
And drove the screaming eagle to the crag,
And rapt away the daylight like a scroll,
Night fell on Ida,—night and loneliness,
Without the light of moon, or any star,
Save where above a rampart to the east
Red Mars came reeling, drunken from his wars,
And turned against the earth his bloody shield.

W. W. Young.

THE STAR IN THE VALLEY.

HE first saw it in the twilight of a clear October evening. As the earliest planet sprang into the sky, an answering gleam shone red amid the glooms in the valley. A star too it seemed. And later, when the myriads of the fairer, whiter lights of a moonless night were all athrob in the great concave vault bending to the hills, there was something very impressive in that solitary star of earth, changeless and motionless beneath the ever-changing skies.

Chevis never tired of looking at it. Somehow it broke the spell that draws all eyes heavenward on starry nights. He often strolled with his cigar at dusk down to the verge of the crag, and sat for hours gazing at it and vaguely speculating about it. That spark seemed to have kindled all the soul and imagination within him, although he knew well enough its prosaic source, for he had once questioned the gawky mountaineer whose services he had secured as guide through the forest solitudes during this hunting expedition.

"That thar spark in the valley?" Hi Bates had replied, removing the pipe from his lips and emitting a cloud of strong tobacco smoke. "'T ain't nothin' but the light in Jerry Shaw's house, 'bout haffen mile from the foot of the mounting. Yer pass that thar house when yer goes on the Christel road, what leads down the mounting off the Backbone. That's Jerry Shaw's house,—that's what it is. He's a blacksmith, an' he kin shoe a horse toler'ble well when he ain't drunk, ez he mos'ly is."

"Perhaps that is the light from the forge," suggested Chevis.

"That thar forge ain't run more 'n half the day, let 'lone o' nights. I hev never hearn tell on Jerry Shaw a-workin' o' nights,—nor in the daytime nuther, ef he kin git shet of it. No sech no-'count critter 'twixt hyar an' the Settlement."

So spake Chevis's astronomer. See-

ing the star even through the prosaic lens of stern reality did not detract from its poetic aspect. Chevis never failed to watch for it. The first faint glinting in the azure evening sky sent his eyes to that red reflection suddenly aglow in the valley; even when the mists rose above it and hid it from him, he gazed at the spot where it had disappeared, feeling a calm satisfaction to know that it was still shining beneath the cloud-curtain. He encouraged himself in this bit of sentimentality. These unique even-tide effects seemed a fitting sequel to the picturesque day, passed in flying, with horn and hounds, after the deer through the gorgeous autumnal forest; or silently stalking amid their hidden haunts; or lying deep in the odorous ferns, with rod and reel, beside the swirling mountain stream; or hunting the timid wild fowl with a thoroughly-trained dog; and coming back in the crimson sunset to a well-appointed tent and a smoking supper of venison, or grouse, or bass,—the trophies of his skill. The vague dreaminess of his cigar and the charm of that bright bit of color in the night-shrouded valley added a sort of romantic zest to these primitive enjoyments, and ministered to that keen susceptibility of impressions which Reginald Chevis considered eminently characteristic of a highly wrought mind and nature.

He said nothing of his fancies, however, to his fellow-sportsman, Ned Varney, nor to the mountaineer. Infinite as was the difference between these two in mind and cultivation, his observation of both had convinced him that they were alike incapable of appreciating and comprehending his delicate and dainty musings. Varney was essentially a man of this world; his mental and moral conclusions had been adopted in a calm, mercantile spirit, as giving the best return for the outlay, and the market was not liable to fluctuations. And the

mountaineer could go no further than the prosaic fact of the light in Jerry Shaw's house. Thus Reginald Chevis was wont to sit in contemplative silence on the crag until his cigar was burnt out, and afterward to lie awake deep in the night, listening to the majestic lyric welling up from the thousand nocturnal voices of these Alleghany wilds.

During the day, in place of the red light a gauzy little curl of smoke was barely visible, the only sign or suggestion of human habitation to be seen from the crag in all the many miles of long, narrow valley and parallel tiers of ranges. Sometimes Chevis and Varney caught sight of it from lower down on the mountain side, whence was faintly distinguishable the little log-house and certain vague lines marking a rectangular inclosure; near at hand, too, the forge, silent and smokeless. But it did not immediately occur to either of them to theorize concerning its inmates and their lives in this lonely place; for a time, not even to the speculative Chevis. As to Varney, he gave his whole mind to the matter in hand, — his breech-lóader, his dog, his game, — and his note-book was as systematic and as romantic as the ledger at home.

It might be accounted an event in the history of that log-hut when Reginald Chevis, after riding past it eighty yards or so, chanced one day to meet a country girl walking toward the house. She did not look up, and he caught only an indistinct glimpse of her face. She spoke to him, however, as she went by, which is the invariable custom with the inhabitants of the sequestered nooks among the encompassing hills, whether meeting stranger or acquaintance. He lifted his hat in return, with that punctilious courtesy which he made a point of according to persons of low degree. In another moment she had passed down the narrow sandy road, overhung with gigantic trees, and, at a deft, even pace, hardly slackened as she traversed the great log extending across the rushing stream, she made her way up the opposite hill, and disappeared gradually over its brow.

The expression of her face, half-seen though it was, had attracted his attention. He rode slowly along, meditating. "Did she go into Shaw's house, just around the curve of the road?" he wondered. "Is she Shaw's daughter, or some visiting neighbor?"

That night he looked with a new interest at the red star, set like a jewel in the floating mists of the valley.

"Do you know," he asked of Hi Bates, when the three men were seated, after supper, around the camp-fire, which sent lurid tongues of flame and a thousand bright sparks leaping high in the darkness, and illumined the vistas of the woods on every side, save where the sudden crag jutted over the valley, — "Do you know whether Jerry Shaw has a daughter, — a young girl?"

"Ye-es," drawled Hi Bates, disparagingly, "he hev."

A pause ensued. The star in the valley was blotted from sight; the rising mists had crept to the verge of the crag; nay, in the undergrowth fringing the mountain's brink there were softly clinging white wreaths.

"Is she pretty?" asked Chevis.

"Waal, no, she ain't," said Hi Bates, decisively. "She's a pore, no-'count critter." Then he added, as if he were afraid of being misapprehended, "Not ez thar is any harm in the gal, yer onderstand. She's a mighty good, soft-spoken, quiet sort o' gal, but she's a pore, white-faced, slim little critter. She looks like she hain't got no sort 'n grit in her. She makes me think o' one o' them slim little slips o' willow every time nor I sees her. She hain't got long ter live, I reckon," concluded Hi Bates, dismally.

Reginald Chevis asked him no more questions about Jerry Shaw's daughter.

Not long afterward, when Chevis was hunting through the deep woods about the base of the mountain near the Christel road, his horse happened to cast a shoe. He congratulated himself upon his proximity to the forge, for there was a possibility that the blacksmith might be at work; according to the account

which Hi Bates had given of Jerry Shaw's habits, there were half a dozen chances against it. But the shop was at no great distance, and he set out to find his way back to the Christel road, guided by sundry well-known landmarks on the mountain side: certain great crags hanging above the tree-tops, showing in grander sublimity through the thinning foliage, or beetling bare and grim; a dismantled and deserted hovel, the red-berried vines twining amongst the rotting logs; the full flow of a tumultuous stream making its last leap down a precipice eighty feet high, with yeasty, maddening waves below and a rainbow-crowned crystal sheet above. And here again the curves of the woodland road. As the sound of the falling water grew softer and softer in the distance, till it was hardly more than a drowsy murmur, the faint vibrations of a far-off anvil rang upon the air. Welcome indeed to Chevis, for however enticing might be the long rambles through the redolent October woods with dog and gun, he had no mind to tramp up the mountain to his tent, five miles distant, leading the resisting horse all the way. The afternoon was so clear and so still that the metallic sound penetrated far through the quiet forest. At every curve of the road he expected to see the log-cabin with its rail fence, and beyond the low-hanging chestnut-tree, half its branches resting upon the roof of the little shanty of a blacksmith's shop. After many windings a sharp turn brought him full upon the humble dwelling, with its background of primeval woods and the purpling splendors of the western hills. The chickens were going to roost in a stunted cedar-tree just without the door; an incredibly old man, feeble and bent, sat dozing in the lingering sunshine on the porch; a girl, with a pail on her head, was crossing the road and going down a declivity toward a spring which bubbled up in a cleft of the gigantic rocks that were piled one above another, rising to a great height. A mingled breath of cool, dripping water, sweet-scented fern, and pungent mint greeted him as he passed it. He did not see

the girl's face, for she had left the road before he went by, but he recognized the slight figure, with that graceful poise acquired by the prosaic habit of carrying weights upon the head, and its lithe, swaying beauty reminded him of the mountaineer's comparison, — a slip of willow.

And now, under the chestnut-tree, in anxious converse with Jerry Shaw, who came out hammer in hand from the anvil, concerning the shoe to be put on Strathspey's near fore-foot, and the problematic damage sustained since the accident, Chevis's own theory occupied some minutes in expounding, and so absorbed his attention that he did not observe, until the horse was fairly under the blacksmith's hands, that, despite Jerry Shaw's unaccustomed industry, this was by no means a white-letter day in his habitual dissipation. He trembled for Strathspey, but it was too late now to interfere. Jerry Shaw was in that stage of drunkenness which is greatly accented by an elaborate affectation of sobriety. His desire that Chevis should consider him perfectly sober was abundantly manifest in his rigidly steady gait, the preternatural gravity in his bloodshot eyes, his sparingness of speech, and the difficulty with which he enunciated the acquiescent formulæ which had constituted his share of the conversation. Now and then, controlling his faculties by a great effort, he looked hard at Chevis to discover what doubts might be expressed in his face concerning the genuineness of this staid deportment; and Chevis presently found it best to affect too. Believing that the blacksmith's histrionic attempts in the rôle of sober artisan were occupying his attention more than the paring of Strathspey's hoof, which he held between his knees on his leather apron, while the horse danced an animated measure on the other three feet, Chevis assumed an appearance of indifference, and strolled away into the shop. He looked about him, carelessly, at the horseshoes hanging on a rod in the rude aperture that served as window, at the wagon-tires, the plowshares, the glowing fire of the

forge. The air within was unpleasantly close, and he soon found himself again in the door-way.

"Can I get some water here?" he asked, as Jerry Shaw reëntered, and began hammering vigorously at the shoe destined for Strathspey.

The resonant music ceased for a moment. The solemn, drunken eyes were slowly turned upon the visitor, and the elaborate affectation of sobriety was again obtrusively apparent in the blacksmith's manner. He rolled up more closely the blue-checked homespun sleeve from his corded hammer-arm, twitched nervously at the single suspender that supported his copper-colored jean trousers, readjusted his leather apron hanging about his neck, and, casting upon Chevis another glance, replete with a challenging gravity, fell to work upon the anvil, every heavy and well-directed blow telling with the precision of machinery.

The question had hardly been heard before forgotten. At the next interval, when he was going out to fit the horse, Chevis repeated his request.

"Water, did yer say?" asked Jerry Shaw, looking at him with narrowing eyelids, as if to shut out all other contemplation that he might grapple with this problem. "Thar's no fraish water hyar, but yer kin go yander ter the house and ax fur some; or," he added, shading his eyes from the sunlight with his broad, blackened right hand, and looking at the huge broken wall of stone beyond the road, "yer kin go down yander ter the spring, an' ax that thar gal fur a drink."

Chevis took his way, in the last rays of sunshine, across the road and down the declivity in the direction indicated by the blacksmith. A cool gray shadow fell upon him from the heights of the great rocks, as he neared them; the narrow path leading from the road grew dank and moist, and presently his feet were sunk in the still green and odorous water-loving weeds, the clumps of fern, and the pungent mint. He did not notice the soft verdure; he did not even see the beautiful vines that hung from

earth-filled niches among the rocks, and lent to their forbidding aspect something of a smiling grace; their picturesque grouping, where they had fallen apart to show this sparkling fountain of bright up-springing water, was all lost upon his artistic perceptions. His eyes were fixed on the girl standing beside the spring, her pail filled, but waiting, with a calm, expectant look on her face, as she saw him approaching.

No creature could have been more coarsely habited: a green cotton dress, faded to the faintest hue; rough shoes, just visible beneath her skirts; a dappled gray and brown calico sun-bonnet, thrown aside on a moss-grown boulder near at hand. But it seemed as if the wild nature about her had been generous to this being toward whom life and fortune had played the niggard. There were opaline lights in her dreamy eyes which one sees nowhere save in sunset clouds that brood above dark hills; the golden sunbeams, all faded from the landscape, had left a perpetual reflection in her bronze hair; there was a subtle affinity between her and other pliant, swaying, graceful young things, waving in the mountain breezes, fed by the rain and the dew. She was hardly more human to Chevis than certain lissome little woodland flowers, the very names of which he did not know, — pure white, star-shaped, with a faint green line threading its way through each of the five delicate petals; he had seen them embellishing the banks of lonely pools, or growing in dank, marshy places in the middle of the unfrequented road, where perhaps it had been mended in a primitive way with a few rotting rails.

"May I trouble you to give me some water?" said Chevis, prosaically enough. She neither smiled nor replied. She took the gourd from the pail, dipped it into the lucent depths of the spring, handed it to him, and stood awaiting its return when he should have finished. The cool, delicious water was drained, and he gave the gourd back. "I am much obliged," he said.

"Ye're welcome," she replied, in a slow, singing monotone. Had the au-

tumn winds taught her voice that melancholy cadence?

Chevis would have liked to hear her speak again, but the gulf between his station and hers — so undreamed of by her (for the differences of caste are absolutely unknown to the independent mountaineers), so patent to him — could be bridged by few ideas. They had so little in common that for a moment he could think of nothing to say. His cogitation suggested only the inquiry, "Do you live here?" indicating the little house on the other side of the road.

"Yes," she chanted in the same monotone, "I lives hyar."

She turned to lift the brimming pail. Chevis spoke again: "Do you always stay at home? Do you never go anywhere?"

Her eyes rested upon him, with a slight surprise looking out from among their changing lights. "No," she said, after a pause; "I hev no call to go nowhere ez I knows on."

She placed the pail on her head, took the dappled sun-bonnet in her hand, and went along the path with the assured, steady gait and the graceful backward poise of the figure that precluded the possibility of spilling a drop from the vessel.

He had been touched in a highly romantic way by the sweet beauty of this little woodland flower. It seemed hard that so perfect a thing of its kind should be wasted here, unseen by more appreciative eyes than those of bird, or rabbit, or the equally uncultured human beings about her; and it gave him a baffling sense of the mysterious injustice of life to reflect upon the difference in her lot and that of others of her age in higher spheres. He went thoughtfully through the closing shadows to the shop, mounted the reshod Strathspey, and rode along the rugged ascent of the mountain, gravely pondering on worldly inequalities.

He saw her often afterward, although he never spoke to her but once again. He sometimes stopped as he came and went on the Christel road, and sat chatting with the old man, her grandfather,

on the porch, sunshiny days, or lounged in the barn-like door of Jerry Shaw's shop talking to the half-drunken blacksmith. He piqued himself upon the readiness with which he became interested in these people, entered into their thoughts and feelings, obtained a comprehensive idea of the machinery of life in this wilderness, — more complicated than one could readily believe, looking upon the changeless face of the wide, unpopulated expanse of mountain ranges stretching so far beneath that infinite sky. They appealed to him from the basis of their common humanity, he thought, and the pleasure of watching the development of the common human attributes in this peculiar and primitive state of society never palled upon him. He regarded with contempt Varney's frivolous displeasure and annoyance because of Hi Bates's utter insensibility to the difference in their social position, and the necessity of either acquiescing in the supposititious equality or dispensing with the invaluable services of the proud and independent mountaineer; because of the *patois* of the untutored people, to hear which, Varney was wont to declare, set his teeth on edge; because of their narrow prejudices, their mental poverty, their idle shiftlessness, their uncouth dress and appearance. Chevis flattered himself that he entertained a broader view. He had not even a subacute idea that he looked upon these people and their inner life only as picturesque bits of the mental and moral landscape; that it was an æsthetic and theoretical pleasure their contemplation afforded him; that he was as far as ever from the basis of common humanity.

Sometimes while he talked to the old man on the sun-lit porch the "slip o' willow" sat in the door-way, listening too, but never speaking. Sometimes he would find her with her father at the forge, her fair, ethereal face illumined with an alien and fluctuating brilliancy, shining and fading as the breath of the fire rose and fell. He came to remember that face so well that in a sorry sketch-book, where nothing else was

finished, there were several laborious pages lighted up with a faint reflection of its beauty. But he was as much interested perhaps, though less poetically, in that massive figure, the idle blacksmith. He looked at it all from an ideal point of view. The star in the valley was only a brilliant set in the night landscape, and suggested a unique and pleasing experience.

How should he imagine what luminous and wistful eyes were turned upward to where another star burned, — the light of his camp-fire on the crag; what pathetic, beautiful eyes had learned to watch and wait for that red gleam high on the mountain's brow, — hardly below the stars in heaven it seemed! How could he dream of the strange, vague, unreasoning trouble with which his idle comings and goings had clouded that young life, a trouble as strange, as vague, as vast, as the limitless sky above her.

She understood him as little. As she sat in the open door-way, with the flare of the fire behind her, and gazed at the red light shining on the crag, she had no idea of the heights of worldly differences that divided them, — more insurmountable than precipices and flying chutes of mountain torrents, and chasms and fissures of the wild ravine; she knew nothing of the life he had left, and of its rigorous artificialities and gradations of wealth and estimation. And with a heart full of pitiable unrealities she looked up at the glittering simulacrum of a star on the crag, while he gazed down on the ideal star in the valley.

The weeks had worn deep into November. Chevis and Varney were thinking of going home; indeed, they talked of breaking camp day after to-morrow, and saying a long adieu to wood and mountain and stream. They had had an abundance of good sport and a surfeit of roughing it. They would go back to town and town avocations invigorated by their holiday, and taking with them a fresh and exhilarating recollection of the forest life left so far behind.

It was near dusk, on a dull, cold evening, when Chevis dismounted before the door of the blacksmith's little log-cabin.

The chestnut-tree hung desolate and bare on the eaves of the forge; the stream rushed by in swift gray whirlpools under a sullen gray sky; the gigantic wall of broken rocks loomed gloomy and sinister on the opposite side of the road, — not so much as a withered leaf of all their vines clung to their rugged surfaces. The mountains had changed color: the nearest ranges were black with the myriads of the grim black branches of the denuded forest; far away they stretched in parallel lines, rising tier above tier, and showing numberless gradations of a dreary, neutral tint, which grew ever fainter in the distance, till merged in the uniform tone of the sombre sky.

In-doors it was certainly more cheerful. A hickory fire dispensed alike warmth and light. The musical whir of a spinning-wheel added its unique charm. From the rafters depended numberless strings of bright red pepper-pods and ears of pop-corn; hanks of woolen and cotton yarn; bunches of medicinal herbs; brown gourds and little bags of seeds. On rude shelves against the wall were ranged cooking utensils, drinking vessels, etc., all distinguished by that scrupulous cleanliness which is a marked feature of the poor hovels of these mountaineers, and in striking contrast to the poor hovels of lowlanders. The rush-bottomed chairs, drawn in a semicircle before the rough, ill-adjusted stones which did duty as hearth, were occupied by several men, who seemed to be making the blacksmith a prolonged visit; various members of the family were humbly seated on sundry inverted domestic articles, such as wash-tubs, and split-baskets made of white oak. There was circulating among Jerry Shaw's friends a flat bottle, facetiously denominated "tickler," readily emptied, but as readily replenished from a keg in the corner. Like the widow's cruse of oil that keg was miraculously never empty. The fact of a still near by in the wild ravine might suggest a reason for its perennial flow. It was a good strong article of apple-brandy, and its effects were beginning to be distinctly visible.

Truly the ethereal woodland flower

seemed strangely incongruous with these brutal and uncouth conditions of her life, as she stood at a little distance from this group, spinning at her wheel. Chevis felt a sudden sharp pang of pity for her when he glanced toward her; the next instant he had forgotten it in his interest in her work. It was altogether at variance with the ideas which he had hitherto entertained concerning that humble handicraft. There came across him a vague recollection from his city life that the peasant girls of art galleries and of the lyric stage were wont to sit at the wheel. "But perhaps they were spinning flax," he reflected. This spinning was a matter of walking back and forth with smooth, measured steps and graceful, undulatory motion; a matter, too, of much pretty gesticulation, — the thread in one hand, the other regulating the whirl of the wheel. He thought he had never seen attitudes so charming.

Jerry Shaw hastened to abdicate and offer one of the rush-bottomed chairs with the eager hospitality characteristic of these mountaineers, — a hospitality that meets a stranger on the threshold of every hut, presses upon him, ungrudgingly, its best, and follows him on his departure with protestations of regret out to the rickety fence. Chevis was more or less known to all of the visitors, and after a little, under the sense of familiarity and the impetus of the apple-brandy, the talk flowed on as freely as before his entrance. It was wilder and more antagonistic to his principles and prejudices than anything he had hitherto heard among these people, and he looked on and listened, interested in this new development of the phase of life which he had thought he had sounded from its lowest note to the top of its compass. He was glad to remain; the scene had impressed his cultivated perceptions as an interior by Teniers might have done, and the vehemence and lawlessness of the conversation and the threats of violence had little reality for him; if he thought about the subject under discussion at all, it was with a reassuring conviction that before the plans could

be carried out the already intoxicated mountaineers would be helplessly drunk. Nevertheless, he glanced ever and anon at the young girl, loath that she should hear it, lest its virulent, angry bitterness should startle her. She was evidently listening, too, but her fair face was as calm and untroubled as one of the pure white faces of those flower-stars of his early stay in the mountains.

"Them Peels ought n't ter be let live!" exclaimed Elijah Burr, a gigantic fellow, arrayed in brown jeans, with the accompaniments of knife, powder-horn, etc., usual with the hunters of the range; his gun stood, with those of the other guests, against the wall in a corner of the room. "They ought n't ter be let live, an' I'd top off all three of 'em fur the skin an' horns of a deer."

"That thar is a true word," assented Jerry Shaw. "They oughter be run down an' kilt, — all three o' them Peels."

Chevis could not forbear a question. Always on the alert to add to his stock of knowledge of men and minds, always analyzing his own inner life and the inner life of those about him, he said, turning to his intoxicated host, "Who are the Peels, Mr. Shaw, — if I may ask?"

"Who air the Peels?" repeated Jerry Shaw, making a point of seizing the question. "They air the meanest men in these hyar mountings. Yer might hunt from Copperhead Ridge ter Christel River, an' the whole spread o' the valley, an' never hear tell o' no sech no-'count critters."

"They ought n't ter be let live!" again urged Elijah Burr. "No man ez treats his wife like that dad-burned scoundrel Ike Peel do oughter be let live. That thar woman is my sister an' Jerry Shaw's cousin, — an' I shot him down in his own door year afore las'. I shot him ter kill; but somehow 'noth-er I war that shaky, an' the cussed gun hung fire a-fust, an' that thar pore wife o' his'n screamed an' hollered so, that I never done nothin' arter all but lay him up for four month an' better for that thar pore critter ter nuss. He'll see a mighty differ nex' time I gits my chance.

An' 't ain't fur off," he added threateningly.

"Would n't it be better to persuade her to leave him?" suggested Chevis pacifically, without, however, any wild idea of playing peace-maker between fire and tow.

Burr growled a fierce oath, and then was silent.

A slow fellow on the opposite side of the fireplace explained: "Thar's whar all the trouble kem from. She would n't leave him, fur all he treated her awful. She said ez how he war mighty good ter her when he warn't drunk. So 'Lijah shot him."

This way of cutting the Gordian knot of domestic difficulties might have proved efficacious but for the shakiness induced by the thrill of fraternal sentiment, the infusion of apple-brandy, the protest of the bone of contention, and the hanging fire of the treacherous gun. Elijah Burr could remember no other failure of aim for twenty years.

"He won't git shet of me that easy agin!" Burr declared, with another pull at the flat tickler. "But ef it hed n't hev been fur what happened las' week, I mought hev let him off fur awhile," he continued, evidently actuated by some curiously distorted sense of duty in the premises. "I oughter hev kilt him afore. But now the cussed critter is a gone coon. Dad-burn the whole tribe!"

Chevis was desirous of knowing what had happened last week. He did not, however, feel justified in asking more questions. But "apple-jack" is a potent tongue-loosener, and the unwonted communicativeness of the stolid and silent mountaineers attested its strength in this regard. Jerry Shaw, without inquiry, enlightened him.

"Yer see," he said, turning to Chevis, "'Lijah he thought ez how ef he could git that fool woman ter come ter his house, he could shoot Ike fur his meanness 'thout botherin' of her, an' things would all git easy agin. Waal, he went thar one day when all them Peels, the whole lay-out, war gone down ter the Settlemint ter hear the rider preach, an' he jes' run away with two

of the brats, — the littlest ones, yer onderstand, — a-thinkin' he mought tole her off from Ike that thar way. We hearn ez how the pore critter war nigh on ter distracted 'bout 'em, but Ike never let her come arter 'em. Leastways, she never come. Las' week Ike come fur 'em hisself, — him an' them two cussed brothers o' his'n. All 'Lijah's folks war out'n the way; him an' his boys war off a-huntin', an' his wife hed gone down ter the spring, a haffent mile an' better, a-washin' clothes; nobody war ter the house 'ceptin' them two chillen o' Ike's. An' Ike an' his brothers jes' tuk the chillen away, an' set fire ter the house; an' time 'Lijah's wife got thar, 't war nothin' but a pile o' ashes. So we've determined ter go up yander ter Laurel Notch, twenty mile along the ridge of the mounting, ter-night, an' wipe out them Peels, — 'kase they air a-going ter move away. That thar wife o' Ike's, what made all the trouble, hev fretted an' fretted at Ike till he hev determinated ter break up an' wagon across the range ter Kaintucky, whar his uncle lives in the hills thar. Ike hev gin his consent ter go jes' ter pleasure her, 'kase she air mos' crazed ter git Ike away whar 'Lijah can't kill him. Ike's brothers is a-goin', too. I hearn ez how they 'll make a start at noon ter-morrer."

"They 'll never start ter Kaintucky ter-morrer," said Burr, grimly. "They 'll git off, afore that, fur hell, stiddier Kaintucky. I hev been a-tryin' ter make out ter shoot that thar man ever sence that thar gal war married ter him, seven year ago, — seven year an' better. But what with her a-foolin' round, an' a-talkin', an' a-goin' on like she war distracted — she run right 'twixt him an' the muzzle of my gun wunst, or I would hev hed him that time fur sure — an' somehow 'nother that critter makes me so shaky with her ways of goin' on that I feel like I hain't got good sense, an' can't git no good aim at nothin'. Nex' time, though, thar 'll be a differ. She ain't a-goin' ter Kaintucky along of him ter be beat fur nothin' when he's drunk."

It was a pitiable picture presented to Chevis's open-eyed imagination, — this woman standing for years between the two men she loved: holding back her brother from his vengeance of her wrongs by that subtle influence that shook his aim; and going into exile with her brute of a husband when that influence had waned and failed, and her wrongs were supplemented by deep and irreparable injuries to her brother. And the curious, moral attitude of the man: the strong fraternal feeling that alternately nerved and weakened his revengeful hand.

"We air goin' thar 'bout two o'clock ter-night," said Jerry Shaw, "and wipe out all three o' them Peels, — Ike an' his two brothers."

"They ought n't ter be let live," reiterated Elijah Burr, moodily. Did he speak to his faintly stirring conscience, or to a woful premonition of his sister's grief?

"They 'll all three be stiff an' stark afore daybreak," resumed Jerry Shaw. "We air all kin ter 'Lijah, an' we air goin' ter help him top off them Peels. Thar's ten of us an' three of them, an' we won't hev no trouble 'bout it. An' we 'll bring that pore critter, Ike's wife, an' her chillen hyar ter stay. She's welcome ter live along of us till 'Lijah kin fix some sort 'n place fur her an' the little chillen. Thar won't be no trouble a-gittin' rid of the men folks, ez thar is ten of us an' three o' them, an' we air goin' ter take 'em in the night."

There was a protest from an unexpected quarter. The whirl of the spinning-wheel was abruptly silenced. "I don't see no sense," said Celia Shaw, her singing monotone vibrating in the sudden lull, — "I don't see no sense in shootin' folks down like they war nothin' better nor bear, nor deer, nor suthin' wild. I don't see no sense in it. An' I never did see none."

There was an astonished pause.

"Shet up, Cely! Shet up!" exclaimed Jerry Shaw, in mingled anger and surprise. "Them folks ain't no better nor bear, nor sech. They hain't got no right ter live, — them Peels."

"No, that they hain't!" said Burr.

"They is powerful no 'count critters, I know," replied the little woodland flower, the firelight bright in her opaline eyes and on the flakes of burnished gold gleaming in the dark masses of her hair. "They is always a-hangin' round the still an' a-gittin' drunk; but I don't see no sense in a-huntin' 'em down an' a-killin' 'em off. 'Pears ter me like they air better nor the dumb ones. I don't see no sense in shootin' 'em."

"Shet up, Cely! Shet up!" reiterated Shaw.

Celia said no more. Reginald Chevis was pleased with this indication of her sensibility; the other women — her mother and grandmother — had heard the whole recital with the utmost indifference, as they sat by the fire monotonously carding cotton. She was beyond her station in sentiment, he thought. However, he was disposed to recant this favorable estimate of her higher nature when, twice afterward, she stopped her work, and, filling the bottle from the keg, pressed it upon her father, despite her unfavorable criticism of the hangers-on of stills. Nay, she insisted. "Drink some more," she said. "Yer hain't got half enough yit." Had the girl no pity for the already drunken creature? She seemed systematically trying to make him even more helpless than he was.

He had fallen into a deep sleep before Chevis left the house, and the bottle was circulating among the other men with a rapidity that boded little harm to the unconscious Ike Peel and his brothers at Laurel Notch, twenty miles away. As Chevis mounted Strathspey he saw the horses of Jerry Shaw's friends standing partly within and partly without the blacksmith's shop. They would stand there all night, he thought. It was darker when he commenced the ascent of the mountain than he had anticipated. And what was this driving against his face, — rain? No, it was snow. He had not started a moment too soon. But Strathspey, by reason of frequent travel, knew every foot of the way, and perhaps there would only be a flurry. And so he went on steadily up and up the wild, winding road among the great, bare,

black trees and the grim heights and chasms. The snow fell fast, — so fast and so silently; before he was half-way to the summit he had lost the vague companionship of the sound of his horse's hoofs, now muffled in the thick carpet so suddenly flung upon the ground. Still the snow fell, and when he had reached the mountain's brow the ground was deeply covered, and the whole aspect of the scene was strange. But though obscured by the fast-flying flakes, he knew that down in the bosom of the white valley there glittered still that changeless star.

"Still spinning, I suppose," he said to himself, as he looked toward it and thought of the interior of the log-cabin below. And then he turned into the tent to enjoy his cigar, his æsthetic reveries, and a bottle of wine.

But the wheel was no longer awlirl. Both music and musician were gone. Toiling along the snow-filled mountain ways; struggling with the fierce gusts of wind as they buffeted and hindered her, and fluttered derisively among her thin, worn, old garments; shivering as the driving flakes came full into the pale, calm face, and fell in heavier and heavier wreaths upon the dappled calico sun-bonnet; threading her way through unfrequented woodland paths, that she might shorten the distance; now deftly on the verge of a precipice, whence a false step of those coarse, rough shoes would fling her into the unimaginable abysses below; now on the sides of steep ravines, falling sometimes with the treacherous, sliding snow, but never faltering; tearing her hands on the shrubs and vines she clutched to help her forward, and bruised and bleeding, but still going on; trembling more than with the cold, but never turning back, when a sudden noise in the terrible loneliness of the sheeted woods suggested the proximity of a wild beast, or perhaps, to her ignorant, superstitious mind, a supernatural presence, — thus she journeyed on her errand of deliverance.

Her fluttering breath came and went in quick gasps; her failing limbs wearily dragged through the deep drifts; the

cruel winds untiringly lashed her; the snow soaked through the faded green cotton dress to the chilled white skin, — it seemed even to the dull blood coursing feebly through her freezing veins. But she had small thought for herself during these long, slow hours of endurance and painful effort. Her pale lips moved now and then with muttered speculations: how the time went by; whether they had discovered her absence at home; and whether the fleetier horsemen were even now plowing their way through the longer, winding mountain road. Her only hope was to outstrip their speed. Her prayer — this untaught being! she had no prayer, except perhaps her life; the life she was so ready to imperil. She had no high, cultured sensibilities to sustain her. There was no instinct stirring within her that might have nerved her to save her father's, or her brother's, or a benefactor's life. She held the creatures that she would have died to warn in low estimation, and spoke of them with reprobation and contempt. She had known no religious training, holding up forever the sublimest ideal. The measureless mountain wilds were not more infinite to her than that great mystery. Perhaps, without any philosophy, she stood upon the basis of a common humanity.

When the silent horsemen, sobered by the chill night air and the cold snow, made their cautious approach to the little porch of Ike Peel's log-hut at Laurel Notch, there was a thrill of dismayed surprise among them to discover the door standing half open, the house empty of its scanty furniture and goods, its owners fled, the very dogs disappeared; only, on the rough stones before the dying fire, Celia Shaw, falling asleep and waking by fitful starts.

"Jerry Shaw swore ez how he would hev shot that thar gal o' his'n, — that thar Cely," Hi Bates said to Chevis and Varney the next day, when he recounted the incident, "only he did n't think she hed her right mind; a-walkin' through this hyar deep snow full fifteen mile, — it's fifteen mile by the short cut ter Laurel Notch, — ter git

Ike Peel's folks off 'fore 'Lijah an' her father could come up an' settle Ike an' his brothers. Leastways, 'Lijah an' the t'others, fur Jerry hed got so drunk he could n't go; he war dead asleep till ter-day, when they come back a-fotching the gal with 'em. That thar Cely Shaw never did look ter me like she hed good sense, nohow. Always looked like she war queer an' tetched in the head."

There was a furtive gleam of speculation on the dull face of the mountaineer when his two listeners broke into enthusiastic commendation of the girl's high heroism and courage. The man of ledgers swore that he had never heard of anything so fine, and that he himself would walk through fifteen miles of snow and midnight wilderness for the honor of shaking hands with her. There was that keen thrill about their hearts sometimes felt in crowded theatres, responsive to the cleverly simulated heroism of the boards; or in listening to a poet's mid-air song; or in looking upon some grand and ennobling phase of life translated on a great painter's canvas.

Hi Bates thought that perhaps they too were a little "tetched in the head."

There had fallen upon Chevis a sense of deep humiliation. Celia Shaw had heard no more of that momentous conversation than he; a wide contrast was suggested. He began to have a glimmering perception that despite all his culture, his sensibility, his yearnings toward humanity, he was not so high a thing in the scale of being; that he had placed a false estimate upon himself. He had looked down on her with a mingled pity for her dense ignorance, her coarse surroundings, her low station, and a dilettante's delight in picturesque effects, and with no recognition of the moral splendors of that star in the valley. A realization, too, was upon him that fine feelings are of most avail as the motive power of fine deeds.

He and his friend went down together to the little log-cabin. There had been only jeers and taunts and reproaches for Celia Shaw from her own people. These she had expected, and she had stolidly borne them. But she listened to the

fine speeches of the city-bred men with a vague wonderment on her flower-like face, — whiter than ever to-day.

"It was a splendid — a noble thing to do," said Varney, warmly.

"I shall never forget it," said Chevis. "It will always be like a sermon to me."

There was something more that Reginald Chevis never forgot: the look on her face as he turned and left her forever; for he was on his way back to his former life, so far removed from her and all her ideas and imaginings. He pondered long upon that look in her inscrutable eyes, — was it suffering, some keen pang of despair? — as he rode down and down the valley, all unconscious of the heart-break he left behind him. He thought of it often afterward; he never penetrated its mystery.

He heard of her only once again. On the eve of a famous day, when visiting the outposts of a gallant corps, Reginald Chevis chanced to recognize in a sentinel the gawky mountaineer who had been his guide through those autumnal woods so far away. Hi Bates was afterward sought out and honored with an interview in the general's tent; for the accidental encounter had evoked many pleasant reminiscences in Chevis's mind, and among other questions he wished to ask was what had become of Jerry Shaw's daughter.

"She's dead, — long ago," answered Hi Bates. "She died afore the winter war over the year ez yer war a-huntin' thar. She never hed good sense ter my way o' thinkin', nohow, an' one night she run away an' walked 'bout fifteen mile through a big snow-storm. Some say it settled on her chist. Anyhow, she jes sorter fell away like afterward, an' never held up her head good no more. She always war a slim little critter, an' looked like she war tetched in the head."

There are many things that suffer unheeded in those mountains: the birds that freeze on the trees; the wounded deer that leaves its cruel kind to die alone; the despairing, flying fox with its pursuing train of savage dogs and men. And the jutting crag whence had

shone the camp-fire she had so often watched—her star set forever—looked far over the valley beneath, where in one of those sad little rural grave-yards she had been laid so long ago.

But Reginald Chevis has never forgotten her. Whenever he sees the earliest star spring into the evening sky, he remembers the answering red gleam of that star in the valley.

Charles Egbert Craddock.

PRESIDENTIAL ELECTIONS.

It is now two years since the country was suddenly plunged, after one of the most exciting presidential campaigns in its history, into a dispute over the result of the election quite without precedent. It lasted from the day of voting, in November, until the day of inauguration, in March. It threatened, in the opinion of many people, to involve the country in a civil war, and it excited passions which even yet have been by no means allayed, but which, on the contrary, promise in the next contest, only two years hence, to produce much trouble. The masses of the democratic party still insist that they fairly carried the election of 1876, and the masses of the republican party still insist that, but for the intimidation and frauds resorted to by their opponents, the election would have been in their favor "on the face of the returns." With this persistence of an old quarrel staring us in the face, it might have been presumed that the dangers of popular tumult and commotion revealed by the election of 1876, which it is nobody's interest to perpetuate, would by this time have been thoroughly traced to their causes, and that efficient legislative measures would have been devised to guard against them in the future. The matter has indeed engaged the attention of both houses of Congress, and committees have been appointed to draw up bills; but as yet nothing final has been accomplished. If at the next meeting of Congress no act is passed, it is quite safe to predict that none will be before 1880, and that we shall in that year be confronted again by precisely the same perils which we so

narrowly escaped in 1876. It is not too early, then, to consider what the main features of any measure to be adopted by Congress ought to be.

It is important to observe at the outset that there has been a good deal of confusion in the popular mind and in the public press on the subject of what the dangers revealed by the campaign of 1876 actually were. This is in part due to the great complexity of the presidential electoral machinery, and in part to the protracted duration of the canvas of the returns, which gave ample time for numerous questions to arise calculated to distract and distort the popular judgment. It is difficult, too, even now for any one to approach the subject except from the position of a partisan with preconceived views as to the facts of the election. The question is indeed an extremely simple one from a partisan point of view. To any one who believes Tilden was elected, the return of Hayes by the States of Louisiana and Florida was a mere fraud; it was not a question of machinery, but of honesty. To any one who believes that it was right to go "behind the returns" to see who was really elected, the whole difficulty arose from the fact that large numbers of voters were excluded from the polls by intimidation and violence. It is proper therefore to say that the writer of the present article adopts neither one nor other of these views, but endeavors to look at the facts in the light in which they might present themselves (if there be such a character) to an impartial historian.

Fifty years hence, then, it may be imagined that the disputes of 1876 will appear to our descendants in somewhat this light: The campaign was remarkable as being the first since the war in which the democrats and the republicans were pitted against each other on nearly equal terms. The republicans had held possession of the government for sixteen years, had carried it through a bloody civil war, and were in full possession of all its branches. The democrats, on the other hand, after having been almost destroyed as a party in 1872, had recovered a great part of the strength they possessed before the war, and this mainly through a second time obtaining political control of the South, by means of the negro vote, placed within their grasp by the enfranchisement of the freedmen. This enfranchisement had in fact given them more power than before, inasmuch as it had enlarged the basis of representation. The curious spectacle was therefore presented, twelve years after the close of a war which was supposed to have killed "sectional" politics at the root, of a division on the old party lines of North and South. More strange still, it was seen from the first that the election might very likely turn on the vote of one or two of these very Southern States, in which the majority of the voters were black, and therefore according to the democratic theory probably conservative, according to the republican theory necessarily republican. For there has been nothing more curious about the politics of the South since the war than the manner in which the whites, in State after State, although originally disfranchised and excluded from all participation in politics, have gradually, as they have from time to time again gained political rights, renewed control of their former slaves, even in States in which the latter greatly outnumbered them. That this reassertion of the political supremacy of the white race was natural and inevitable under the circumstances of the South seems clear from the fact that it was the result of a movement extending over the whole South, fiercely opposed at first whenever it

showed its head, and carried on in the teeth of constitutional amendments, statutes, the civil service, and even the army and navy. Every external force which can be brought to bear upon the machinery of government the republicans had tried, and tried in vain. The forces by which, in the long run, the superior race leads and controls the inferior race it was too far off to use. It is not necessary to defend or to attack the means adopted by the Southern whites to recover possession of their States. The important thing to be borne in mind is that by the use of these means the black had already ceased, in most of the Southern States, to count as a political force, except in the hands of his former master; while in the two or three States on which the election turned the process of reducing him to a political nonentity had proceeded just far enough to make each party confident that a majority of the voters was on its side. In Louisiana, Florida, and South Carolina, the whole machinery of government was still in republican hands, and recent elections showed republican majorities; while at the same time the process called by the republicans "intimidation," and by the democrats "conciliation," had reached that point at which the latter felt confident that the negroes had changed sides, and were prepared to change their votes.

It would be difficult to imagine soil better fitted to produce a contested election than this, and to increase the danger the campaign was conducted on both sides with great bitterness, which the revival of a sectional division did not tend to mitigate. The campaign ended, as many people feared it would, in a dispute over the result turning on the election in three Southern States. The quarrel lasted until the middle of the winter, when, by a compromise between the two parties in Congress, a tribunal of final and conclusive jurisdiction was erected which did indeed determine the questions at issue, but unfortunately by such strict party votes as to rob its decision of a great deal of the weight which was hoped for it. For, without expressing

any opinion as to the merits of the decisions of the electoral tribunal, it cannot be disputed that the great good which was hoped for from it — the cessation of all discussion about the title to the presidency — was not attained. The decisions of the tribunal were not accepted as conclusive by those for whose persuasion it was contrived, — the defeated party.

That such a result should have at first suggested much severe criticism of an electoral system under which it was possible was only natural. It was particularly so where, as in the case of this country, the electoral machinery is peculiar and anomalous in character, and the provisions of the law with regard to ascertaining the result of a presidential election scanty, if not obscure. At the same time it by no means follows from this that the criticisms were just, or that we should be any better off under any other system. It is a disagreeable thing for us to have to face, but it is possible that the troubles of 1876 had much deeper causes than any to be found in the electoral system or the provisions of law relating to the count. It will be the duty of the historian to analyze these causes: to decide how far the electoral dispute of 1876 was due to the corruption and partisanship prevalent throughout the country; to the debased condition of the political class; to the failure of both political parties to supply the public with issues formed upon new questions of vital importance which had arisen since the war; to the disappearance from the political stage of statesmanlike capacity and leadership, and the appearance in their room of low jobbery and intrigue; to the loss among the people themselves of their interest in political principles, and the spread among them in its stead of a keen appetite for the excitement of elections and place-hunting; to a deterioration, in fact, of those political qualities of the masses which have hitherto made self-government possible. Speculations of this nature must, however, be left to others. What we have to do with now are the practical questions suggested by the elec-

toral troubles of 1876; and of these the first is whether we have any reason to be dissatisfied with the electoral system considered simply as a piece of political machinery.

At the first blush the answer to this seems obvious. There is nothing in our political system so antiquated and absurd as our electoral machinery. It is admitted on all hands that it does not work as it was intended to by the framers of the government. In fact, nothing can be more ludicrous than the difference between the idea and the reality. The electoral college was to be a college of notables. It is for the most part a college of nobodies. It was intended deliberately to select the president of the United States. It does not either deliberate or select. It was intended that the people should, in the first instance, have nothing to do with the actual choice of president. As a matter of fact they decide it. The only points at which the electoral body or its proceedings correspond with the original scheme are that the voting is by States, and that the electors do actually meet and go through the form of voting.

It is easy to trace numerous evils to this anomalous condition of affairs. The fact that the electoral voting is by States, whose electors formally decide, while the primary balloting is by popular constituencies, who merely choose the electors, makes it a matter of not infrequent occurrence that the majority of the whole people vote for a candidate who fails of his election through the secondary vote of the electors. Again, the insignificance and irresponsible character of most of the persons who compose the electoral colleges make the danger of fraud and corruption very great. The evidence taken recently by the Potter committee shows this very strikingly. Although there has been no proof of actual bribery, witness after witness, on one side and the other, has appeared with stories of attempted corruption which failed through no lack of appetite for bribes; if there was no actual bribery by either party, it must apparently have been due to the fierce

glare of publicity which beat upon the electoral colleges at that time rather than to the purity of the persons approached. In another way the danger of having important political duties devolved upon boards of insignificant and for the most part unknown clerks has been made clear. It appears from the evidence of Mr. Ferry (president of the senate at the time of the count) that in a large number of the States the duties of the electoral colleges were so badly performed that there were irregularities in the certificate of the result of the vote on the outside of the package containing it. The form of this certificate is prescribed by law, and nothing but the grossest carelessness and incompetency could possibly account for such irregularities. But the errors go far below the surface. In Louisiana it is clearly proved that the Hayes electors were so ignorant of their duties that they voted in the first instance for president and vice-president on single instead of separate ballots, in plain violation of the constitution itself. There is no doubt that they intended that their certificate should conform to the requirements of law, but they did not even examine the law to see what it was. It may be said that mistakes of this sort may be made by any board of politicians, and so they may; but it would certainly seem as if bodies charged with a political duty as important as the election of a president should be composed of better and more intelligent material than ordinary political boards. If the possibility of a presidential election being decided by a popular minority is distasteful to large numbers of people, how would they take the determination of a presidential election by a technical error in the returns made by the electors? This question was suggested, though not settled, by the electoral troubles of 1876.

In examining the electoral system, the first question which occurs is, Why was it ever introduced? It is difficult for us to conceive why, a hundred years ago, a device the hollowness of which is so apparent now should have recommended itself to the able men who drew up the constitution. Their debates in conven-

vention, however, leave little room for doubt that the plan of electoral colleges was adopted because, first, every other plan seemed to present insuperable obstacles; second, because this plan had never been tried, and, like many another theoretical scheme, worked well on paper; and, third, because the jealousy of the States made it a *sine qua non* of any plan that it should not let state influence be swamped in the selection of an executive. In the convention there was no plan without its advocates. It was proposed to try election of the executive by Congress; by the people; by the senate; by electors chosen by the state executives; by electors chosen by the state legislatures; by state legislatures in a certain ratio; by electors taken by lot from Congress. It may be worth while to glance at some of the reasons, *pro* and *con*, that were advanced in the debates.

On June 2, 1787, in committee of the whole, the election of president came up, and was discussed by several members of the convention. Mr. Elbridge Gerry, of Massachusetts, criticised and opposed the plan of election by the Congress. "There would be," he urged, "a constant intrigue kept up for the appointment. The legislature and the candidates would bargain and play into one another's hands. Votes would be given by the former under promises or expectations from the latter of recompensing them by services to members of the legislature or their friends." Referring to the plan of James Wilson, of Pennsylvania, of having the States divided into districts which should choose electors who should meet and ballot for president (what is now known as the district plan), he said that he liked the principle put forward, but "feared it would alarm and give a handle to the state partisans, as tending to supersede altogether the state authorities. He thought the community not yet ripe for stripping the States of their powers, even such as might not be requisite for local purposes. He was for waiting till the people should feel more the necessity of it. He seemed," the report continues, "to prefer the taking the suffrages of the States instead of

electors; or letting the legislatures nominate, and the electors appoint. He was not clear that the people ought to act directly, even in the choice of electors, being too little informed of personal characters in large districts, and liable to deceptions." Mr. Williamson, of North Carolina, "could see no advantage in the introduction of electors chosen by the people, who would stand in the same relation to them as the state legislatures."

The question came up again in convention on July 17th. Mr. Gouverneur Morris, of Pennsylvania, urged further objections against electing the president by Congress. "He will," Mr. Morris said, "be the mere creature of the legislature, if appointed and impeachable by that body. He ought to be elected by the people at large, by the freeholders of the country."¹ He admitted that difficulties attended this method, but he pointed out that they had been found surmountable in New York and Connecticut, and would, he thought, be found so in the case of an executive of the United States. "If the people should elect, they will never fail to prefer some man of distinguished character or services; some man, if he might so speak, of continental reputation. If the legislature elect, it will be the work of intrigue, of cabal, and of faction; it will be like the election of a Pope by a conclave of cardinals; real merit will rarely be the title to the appointment." Roger Sherman brought forward what appears now like a very odd argument on the other side. He objected to election by the people, or the freeholders of the country, on the ground that they would "never give a majority of votes to any one man. They will generally vote for some man in their own State, and the largest State will have

the best chance for the appointment."

Mr. Wilson spoke in favor of election by the people. It appears from the report of his remarks that the example of Poland had been brought up as an argument on the other side; but the cases he considered totally dissimilar. "The Polish nobles have resources and dependents which enable them to appear in force, and to threaten the republic as well as each other. In the next place, the electors all assemble at one place, which would not be the case with us. The second argument is that a majority of the people would never concur. It might be answered that the concurrence of a majority of the people is not a necessary principle of election, nor required as such in any of the States. But allowing the objection all its force, it may be obviated by the expedient used in Massachusetts, where the legislature, by a majority of voices, decide in case a majority of the people do not concur in favor of one of the candidates. This would restrain the choice to a good nomination at least, and prevent a great deal of intrigue and cabal." Mr. Wilson added that a particular objection with him against an absolute election by the legislature was that the executive, in that case, would be too dependent "to stand the mediator between the intrigues and sinister views of the representatives and the general liberties and interests of the people."² Mr. Pinckney followed Mr. Wilson against an election by the people, insisting that Congress "being most immediately interested with laws made by themselves will be most attentive to the choice of a fit man to carry them properly into execution;" and mentioning among the "obvious and striking objections" to a popular election

¹ It will be noticed that Mr. Morris's "people" is a much more limited body than that which the term now implies. He cannot fairly be quoted as in favor of what is now known as the plan of "election by the people."

² Throughout these debates the prevailing conception of the executive which the convention was to call into being was derived from England, where the struggles between king and Parliament struck them as the most probable type of the relations between the executive and legislature in all free countries. And it is quite clear that they were right.

We have seen within the last few years a cabal in the senate gain such complete control of a president as to rob him of all desire to stand as a mediator for "the general liberties and interests of the people;" so that his successor felt it necessary to take the position of mediator at the outset of his administration, and to notify Congress of his intention to keep the executive free from its interference. To be sure, the framers of the government did not see that it was through a perverted civil service that the dangers they dreaded were to come; they had no knowledge of any such civil service as ours.

the danger that the people would be led "by a few active and designing men," and that "the most populous States, by combining in favor of the same individual, will be able to carry their points." The zeal of the debate on this point is very curious.

Mr. Gouverneur Morris: "It is said that in case of an election by the people the populous States will combine and elect whom they please. Just the reverse. The people of such States cannot combine. If there be any combination, it must be among their representatives in the legislature. It is said the people will be led by a few designing men. This might happen in a small district. It can never happen throughout the continent. In the election of a governor of New York, it sometimes is the case, in particular spots, that the activity and intrigues of little partisans are successful; but the general voice of the State is never influenced by such artifices. It is said the multitude will be uninformed. It is true, they would be uninformed of what passed in the legislative conclave if the election were to be made there; but they will not be uninformed of those great and illustrious characters which have merited their esteem and confidence. If the executive be chosen by the national legislature he will not be independent of it; and if not independent, usurpation and tyranny on the part of the legislature will be the consequence. This was the case in England in the last century. It has been the case in Holland, where their senates have engrossed all power. It has been the case everywhere. He was surprised that an election by the people at large should ever have been likened to the Polish election of the first magistrate. An election by the legislature will bear a real likeness to the election by the Diet of Poland. The great must be the electors in both cases, and the corruption and cabal which are known to characterize the one would soon find their way into the other. Appointments made by numerous bodies are always worse than those made by single responsible individuals, or by the people at large."

Colonel Mason: "It is curious to remark the different language held at different times. At one moment we are told that the legislature is entitled to thorough confidence and to indefinite power. At another, that it will be governed by intrigue and corruption, and cannot be trusted at all. But, not to dwell on this inconsistency, he would observe that a government which is to last ought at least to be practicable. Would this be the case if the proposed election should be left to the people at large? He conceived it would be as unnatural to refer the choice of a proper character for chief magistrate to the people as it would to refer a trial of colors to a blind man. The extent of the country renders it impossible that the people can have the requisite capacity to judge of the respective pretensions of the candidates."

Mr. Wilson "could not see the contrariety stated by Colonel Mason. The legislature might deserve confidence in some respects, and distrust in others: in acts which were to affect them and their constituents precisely alike, confidence was due; in others, jealousy was warranted. In the appointments to great offices, where the legislature might feel many motives not common to the public, confidence was surely misplaced. This branch of business, it was notorious, was the most corruptly managed of any that had been committed to legislative bodies."

Mr. Williamson "conceived that there was the same difference between an election, in this case, by the people and by the legislature as between an appointment by lot and by choice. There are at present distinguished characters who are known perhaps to almost every man. This will not always be the case. The people will be sure to vote for some man in their own State; and the largest State will be sure to succeed."

A vote was now taken on the question of a popular as against a legislative election, and it was lost by the votes of nine States against one (Pennsylvania). On a motion that the executive be chosen by electors appointed by the state legislatures, the vote was again in the negative,

and the question of the choice by Congress recurring, the vote was unanimous in the affirmative.

But the arguments against putting the election in the hands of Congress had been urged with so much force, and were so strong in themselves, that the question was brought up later (July 24th), in convention, for reconsideration, when two new suggestions were offered. Mr. Williamson said that "he did not like the unity in the executive. He had wished the executive power to be lodged in three men, taken from three districts, into which the States should be divided. As the executive is to have a kind of veto on the laws, and there is an essential difference of interests between the Northern and Southern States, particularly in the carrying trade, the power will be dangerous, if the executive is to be taken from part of the Union, to the part from which he is not taken. . . . Another objection against a single magistrate is that he will be an elective king, and will feel the spirit of one. He will spare no pains to keep himself in for life, and will then lay a train for the succession of his children. It was pretty certain, he thought, that we should at some time or other have a king; but he wished no precaution to be omitted that might postpone the event as long as possible." Mr. Gerry moved that the legislatures of the States should vote by ballot for the executive, "in the same proportions as it had been proposed that they should choose electors." On a vote being taken, the appointment by the national legislature was again adopted, but by a diminished vote. On the next day the clause relating to the executive again came under consideration, but no new arguments or plans of importance were advanced, except by Mr. Gerry, who, reverting to the dangers of popular election, suggested that the ignorance of the people would put it in the power of any one powerful set of men, "dispersed through the Union, and acting in concert, to delude them into any appointment." He observed that "such a society of men existed in the order of the Cincinnati. They are respectable, unit-

ed, and influential. They will, in fact, elect the chief magistrate in every instance, if the election be referred to the people. His respect for the characters composing this society could not blind him to the danger and impropriety of throwing such a power into their hands."

It is not necessary to give any further extracts to show the general drift of the debate. Repeated voting in favor of appointment by Congress left the question still unsettled, and the matter was finally referred to a committee of eleven, which reported the electoral system substantially as it was adopted by the convention, and as it has remained, with slight alterations, down to the present time.

It will be noticed that the convention, after determining originally upon appointment by the national legislature, changed suddenly to the present system. The change was effected through the report of a committee; and nothing is more remarkable in the proceedings of the convention than the slowness of the reasons advanced in favor of the report, compared with the great weight and elaboration of the arguments against every other plan. It devolved upon Mr. Gouverneur Morris to explain (in convention, September 4th) the reasons of the committee and his own, and he did so in a speech which in the Madison papers takes up less than twenty lines. It is plain throughout that the great difficulty was to unite on any plan, and that the great recommendation of that adopted was that it did not arouse state jealousy, and no one really knew how it would work.

No one can examine these early debates on the subject without being convinced that no plan for the choice of an executive which could be devised failed at that time to receive the careful consideration of the convention, and that it is highly improbable that any plan of those which are now talked of has even as much chance of adoption as any one plan had then. After all, there are only a certain limited number of ways in which a president can be elected. He must be chosen, as was pointed out in one

of the speeches in the convention which we have not space to quote, either by some political body now in existence, or by some body to be called into existence for the purpose. That any such body can be created which could do the work much better than the electoral colleges is very doubtful; and it is rendered more doubtful by the fact that, while the election of 1876 produced a general feeling that something was wrong, no strong indications of what the change introduced should be have made their appearance.

But assuming that change is desirable, there is one reason why any hope that the electoral system will be changed by constitutional amendment must be very moderate. The old state jealousy may perhaps be said to have died out. It was founded on state sovereignty and independence, which have been on the decline ever since the constitution was adopted. But there has arisen in place of that feeling a sentiment of political jealousy, which, so far as the presidential elections are concerned, has a force quite as great. The large States have, under the present system, an enormous power, in determining not merely the result of the election, but of the nominations. It is very evident from the extracts from the debates in convention that the framers of the constitution never foresaw the operation of the nominating convention. In this body the effect of the electoral system is to give to one or two States a chance of gaining complete control. And this is inevitable, for in a close contest the control of one or two of the largest States will, in the electoral vote, determine the result. In such a case the leaders of the dominant party virtually say to the nominating body, We can, if such and such a man is nominated, give you a sufficient number of votes completely to neutralize any probable majority against us. Such an appeal is very powerful. It dictated the democratic nomination two years ago, and in the opinion of a good many people is likely to do so again in 1880. The possibility of making this appeal the large States must entirely abandon, if any system of

election were introduced which should be based on districts, or in fact on anything but States. They are therefore likely to take but little interest in any proposed change; and when we consider that any change must be introduced by constitutional amendment, and that in practice the constitution has not in this century been amended except as a consequence of a devastating war, it is not risking a great deal to predict that we shall not see the system modified during the life-time of the present generation.

It should be observed, too, that nothing would completely popularize presidential elections (if that is what is desired) short of an entire destruction of the secondary electoral machinery, and a remission of the whole matter to a popular vote extending over the whole country. The district system, so called, would not do away with the electors, and it would still be possible under it for a popular majority to be represented in the electoral colleges by a minority. There is one particular, too, in which the state system is much less likely to be productive of discontent and disturbance than the other. States can never be gerrymandered; districts can. It is beyond question that if any district system were introduced, the dominant party would attempt to perpetuate itself in power by the simple device of "fixing" the districts, and would probably in the end succeed. Those who have followed the operations of professional politicians in redistricting States best know how serious a danger this is. At constitutional provisions they snap their fingers, because there is no penalty attached to an infraction of them. In New York the republicans have for two or three years now persistently neglected to carry out the provisions of the constitution of that State relating to apportionment, because to do so would throw the legislature into the hands of the democrats; while the democrats have squared accounts with them by redistricting a couple of Western States, so as to increase their congressional majority. Into the electoral college as it at present exists, however, the gerrymander cannot be introduced.

The units are States, and their boundaries cannot be enlarged or diminished. There is no way of stretching New York so as to make it a republican State by taking in part of Massachusetts, nor *vice versa*. This impossibility of gerrymandering is a solid advantage of the present system which ought not to be overlooked.

To what conclusions do these considerations lead us? They show that objections, either of principle or practicality, quite as serious as any that can be brought against the present system may be urged against any system that can be devised. The transfer of the election to Congress would find now few friends; direct election by the people, without regard to state lines, is a change too vast to be thought of at all; election by districts is open to the very grave objection that it makes gerrymandering possible; while the use of the lot, which was seriously considered in the convention (though it would perhaps result in giving us often quite as good presidents as we get now from nominating bodies), is looked upon generally with disfavor, as at once an aleatory proceeding and a confession of impotence in selection. But more fatal than all these objections is the impossibility of getting a sufficient number of States to consent to any change. There is therefore little probability that any alteration will be brought about in our mode of electing presidents.

On the whole, may we not be very well content with this result? The present system has the great advantage of being thoroughly understood; the public have been long accustomed to its operation; and, besides this, the fact that it is based on state action has some strong recommendations in its favor. Without adopting at all the "state sovereignty" theory of the government, it will probably be admitted by dispassionate men of both parties that the opposite view, for a government which is federal in character, has been pushed to an extreme. The war, and the centralization it brought about, produced for the time being a feeling that the States were mere obstacles in the way of good government; that

everything they did could be more effectually accomplished by the general government. But as the war gets farther and farther away we see that this was a mistake, and that it is much more for the public interest that these great corporations should be looked upon and treated as the political units of our system; that their citizens should be taught to regard them at the same time with pride and a sense of responsibility. For this reason, an election by States, in which those States have the greatest influence which by good government and natural advantages have attracted the largest population within their borders, is by no means an unmixed evil, if an evil at all.

But the electoral system is one thing, and the electoral count is another. In 1876 we were brought face to face with the startling fact that no machinery existed for deciding contested presidential elections. This was a singular hiatus, for with regard to every other office, state or national, the most ample provision existed. Not only was there in all such cases a board of canvassers appointed by law, but after the count the courts had still the ancient jurisdiction of *quo warranto* by which to try the title. But for the presidency, to say nothing of the very doubtful applicability of *quo warranto*, there was no board of canvassers. The provisions of the constitution on the subject seem singularly scanty. It is provided (XIIth Amendment) that: "The president of the senate shall, in presence of the senate and house of representatives, open all the certificates, and the votes shall then be counted. The person having the greatest number of votes for president shall be the president, if such number be a majority of the whole number of electors appointed. . . . The person having the greatest number of votes as vice-president shall be the vice-president, if such number be a majority of the whole number of electors appointed."

This (leaving out the contingency of no election by the colleges) is all. It is not to be wondered at that these clauses of the constitution gave rise at the last

election to much trouble. On one side, it was contended that the president of the senate had, under them, complete control of the returns, and practically could declare anybody he pleased elected. On the other, it was contended (and this view in the end was sustained) that Congress had complete control.

The cause of this scantiness of provision is probably not difficult to arrive at. The reason why Congress was not made a canvassing board by the framers of the government was that it was not expected to canvass. Looking forward to the operation of the electoral system they had introduced, they naturally expected the voting in the electoral colleges to be a finality. A number of the most eminent and competent men in the various States were to come together and ballot for a president. After they had balloted, there could be nothing remaining to do but to "count" the votes; if any one had a majority, he became president. The States selected their own electors, and it was hardly conceivable in advance that Congress should have anything to do afterwards but to ascertain what the States had done. It may be observed, too, that any plan looking to a canvass of the returns by Congress laid its advocates open to a suspicion of desiring to throw the election into the hands of Congress under the pretense of leaving it to the States. And it must be confessed that this is a real danger. The election of 1876 was decided not by the States, nor, as is frequently incorrectly said, by the electoral commission. It was decided by the two houses of Congress. The count was really an elaborate canvass of the returns, in which Congress had agreed beforehand to be governed by certain definite rules. The decisions of the commission were binding on the two houses, only because Congress had seen fit to make them so; it might, had it pleased, have decided the Florida case or the Louisiana case by the flight of birds or an examination of the entrails of beasts, just as well as by referring it to the commission. If having, under the constitution, solely the right to count

the votes gave Congress authority to delegate the determination of the particular votes to be counted to a commission, it certainly gave Congress authority to arrive at the result in any way it pleased.

This magnification of the office of Congress from that of counting to that of canvassing is a curious and instructive instance of the way in which some one part of any government always tends to absorb power, no matter how carefully the danger may be guarded against.

But the magnification has now taken place. The duty of counting has been enlarged into the duty of canvassing, and it is to the last degree important that the new function of Congress should not be left in its present unsettled condition. The country could ill afford to go through another presidential campaign and canvass like that of 1876, and so long as party divisions remain what they are now the danger cannot be said to be a remote one. The electoral system may be beyond the reach of amendment, but this is not true of the count.

The count of the electoral votes has been for years the subject of discussion in Congress. At the close of the war, eleven States were practically out of the Union, and only gradually returned. As they slowly came back, it grew evident that they would bring with them a Pandora's box of intrigue and faction, and we believe it is to one of these seceded States that we are indebted for the remarkable invention, "double returns." In the congressional count, or in the canvass into which the count has grown, these returns had begun to play a part before the election of 1876. It is a curious proof, too, of the rapidity with which any assumption of authority extends itself that in the discussions which have taken place on the subject Congress has shown a very decided disposition to take complete jurisdiction over single as well as double returns. There is a much more plausible ground in the latter case for the exercise of authority than in the former. If two sets of returns are sent from a State to the president of the senate, both showing a formal

compliance with the law in all respects, it would seem to be the necessary duty of Congress to determine which one of the two sets contains the constitutional "votes" which it is to proceed to count. The principle is easily extended to the case of single returns. By the XIIth Amendment, already quoted, the electors are directed to perform certain specified acts. They must "meet in their respective States;" vote "by ballot;" name in "distinct ballots" the persons voted for as president and vice-president; make "distinct lists" of all persons voted for for both offices, and the number of votes for each. By the revised statutes the electors are required to make out triplicate returns of their voting, to deposit one in the archives of the State, and to send one by mail and one by messenger to Washington, certifying their contents on the outside of the packages. It is possible, as suggested above, that some of these formalities, in the case of States in which there is only one set of returns, may not have been complied with; and the question at once arises whether votes tainted with such informalities are constitutional votes which can be counted. It is but one step further to ask whether, in the case of single returns which are formally regular, but behind which there are charges of fraud, or corruption, or intimidation, the votes can be counted. Suppose, for instance, that in the election of 1876, in Louisiana, republican electors had, after meeting, been prevented from getting their certificates to Washington; there would in that case have been only one set of returns in the hands of the vice-president, and those democratic. But can it be imagined for a moment that this would have made any difference? It would without doubt have been charged by the republicans that the republican electors had been prevented from getting their returns in by violence, or some other illegal way, and that the certificates ought to be considered as having been sent. There is, in fact, no difference in principle between "single" and "double" returns, the latter only presenting a glaring instance of irregularity

or illegality, which in the former may be quite as serious, though not so obvious. For example, suppose the case of double returns in which one set is concocted by a knot of politicians for the mere sake of making trouble, — a knot of politicians without any popular vote behind them, or any justification for their action. They might easily, in a State tormented by internal dissensions, like Louisiana, do this in any presidential election, and it would of course be impossible to know which of the two sets contained the votes to be counted without an examination into facts not disclosed on their face. On the other hand, single returns might be sent in based on nothing at all (for instance, if no election had really taken place within the State), whose validity might be as questionable as any conceivable sort of double returns. Moreover, behind these questions there is another of equal importance: whether the titles and acts of the electors are to be gone into by Congress at all, or whether the States are to determine questions of this sort. It appears to be the popular notion that this was settled in favor of the latter view by the electoral tribunal in 1876, — a notion probably derived from its frequent refusal to examine evidence "*aliunde* the returns." But apart from the fact that the decisions of the commission are not binding on any one, there is no such principle to be extracted from its published opinions. Each case was decided separately and independently, and the principles which governed the exclusion or inclusion of evidence are nowhere stated.

So far as the count is concerned we are exactly where we were in 1876, and unless some machinery is adopted by Congress we shall in 1880 again find as our only guide the simple constitutional provision that the votes are to be opened and counted. The matter has been referred to committees of the present Congress, and just before the adjournment in June Mr. Edmunds, of Vermont, from the select senate committee, reported an elaborately drawn bill. One of the great difficulties experienced in 1876 was the want of time between the

appointment of electors (in November) and their meeting (in December) for a compromise or settlement of differences as to the result in the State itself. Accordingly, Mr. Edmunds's bill fixes the first Tuesday of October as the day for the popular election, thus gaining a month for this purpose. Another very serious difficulty which arose in 1876 was the frequent election to the electoral colleges of federal office holders, in plain violation of the constitutional provision (art. ii., sec. i.), "No senator, or representative, or person holding an office of trust or profit under the United States, shall be appointed an elector." This is inserted in a statutory form in the committee's bill. The electors are next directed to meet and cast their votes on the second Monday of the following January. The most important provision of the bill, however, is that permitting each State to provide by laws (which must be enacted in advance) for "the trial and determination of any controversies concerning the appointment of electors before the time fixed for the meeting of the electors in any manner it shall deem expedient;" the determination by the State in this way to be "conclusive evidence" of the lawful title of the electors, and to "govern in the counting of the electoral votes" by Congress. This provision would of course remove many difficulties. The trial of the title to elective offices, judicially or otherwise, is a process familiar and common in all the States. There is no reason, in the nature of things, why it should not be applied to presidential electors. The other sections of the proposed act closely follow the electoral compromise of 1876. Congress is to be in joint session on the second Monday in February following every meeting of the electors, the president of the senate presiding, and he is to count the votes by tellers. Objections to the counting of any votes may be made by members, in writing, duly authenticated. They are to be submitted to each house separately, and in the case of single returns no vote is to be rejected except by an affirmative decision of both houses. In

the case of double returns, the decision of the state tribunals of adjudication, erected as provided in the bill, are to govern; and in case of a conflict between state tribunals, only those electoral votes are to be received which are decided by a concurrent vote of both houses to have the support of the lawful and regular tribunals. If the State has made no determination, then also a concurrent vote is required to make any counting possible. In the case of double returns, when the State has failed to adjudicate the question through its local tribunals, the bill would practically prevent any counting at all; and this could hardly be considered a hardship, as the case would really amount to a failure on the part of the State to appoint electors.

If any legislation is to be passed by Congress, it is hard to see how this bill can be improved upon. It does not dispose in advance of all possible questions; but it disposes of all those which have been suggested by experience, and it would effectually prevent any tumult or confusion.

Nevertheless we confess to feeling very skeptical as to the chances of any such measure. Senator Thurman has given notice that he desires to debate Senator Edmunds's measure, and this of itself shows that weighty opposition may be expected. There are many obstacles in the way of any legislation. Politicians who expect to take part in the campaign of 1880 feel that it may be more convenient for them to be governed by circumstances as they arise in the count of that year than to bind themselves in advance by statutory enactment. Counting votes is felt by shrewd politicians to be anxious work, the object of which is certain definite practical advantages rather than the advancement of the cause of justice and fair dealing. The important point in the count is not to settle beforehand what ought to be done with single or double returns, but to count the returns, whether single or double, when they come in, in such a way as to give the election to the party candidate. Besides this, to bind themselves in advance, in the case of an authority so vague and

general as that of counting votes, is to surrender arbitrary power, which is to expect more than it is ordinarily fair to expect of Congress. Moreover, it is not too much to say that each side, in considering any such measure as Mr. Edmunds's, is very suspicious of the other; and as the campaign draws near this suspicion increases in geometrical ratio, as is only natural. For this reason it would probably be easier to pass a measure to take effect twenty years hence, than one to come into play at the time of the next

count. The next Congress meets in December of next year, with a presidential campaign only six months away; and therefore it is almost certain that a measure, if it is to pass at all, must be passed by the present Congress, between December and March. If there is to be opposition to Mr. Edmunds's measure, it is unlikely to pass; and in that case, with the count as with the electoral system itself, we shall enter what promises to be the bitter campaign of 1880 just as we entered that of 1876.

A WHITE CAMELLIA.

IMPERIAL bloom, whose every curve we see
A lovely sculptural symmetry control,
Looking, in your pale, odorless apathy,
Like the one earthly flower that has no soul,

With all sweet radiance bathed in chill eclipse,
Pure shape of colorless majesty, you seem
The rose that Silence first laid on her lips,
Far back among the shadowy days of dream!

By such inviolate calmness you are girt,
I doubt, while wondering at the spell it weaves,
If even Decay's dark hand shall dare to hurt
The marble immobility of your leaves!

For never sunbeam yet had power to melt
This virginal coldness, absolute as though
Diana's awful chastity still dwelt
Regenerate amid your blossoming snow!

And while my silent reverie deeply notes
What arctic quietude in your bosom lies,
A wandering thought across my spirit floats,
Like a new bird along familiar skies. . . .

White ghost, in centuries past has dread mischance
Thus ruined your vivid warmth, your fragrant breath,
While making you, by merciless ordinance,
The first of living flowers that gazed on death?

Edgar Fawcett.

HOME LIFE OF THE BROOK FARM ASSOCIATION.

II.

WITH all our pleasant social intercourse, our industrial powers were not idle, and if in any way one could add a little to the treasury it was cheerfully contributed. All who had skill in any kind of fancy work made it useful, and every effort was used to enable us to continue our life at Brook Farm; and we murmured at no retrenchment that was thought necessary. Baked pork and beans were to us a Sunday luxury, and to hard workers they were not injurious; but an English baronet, not young, and more daintily nurtured, once dined with us on a Sunday, and the consequences were sad to him, for he died of apoplexy that same night. He had placed a man with us in whom he was interested, I do not know from what cause. Perhaps he had been his servant, but a nearer connection was whispered among us; at any rate he was better educated than most of his class at that time in England, and was a close observer and not an unwise thinker. His quaint remarks were very amusing, and there was no peculiarity of person or mind that escaped his observation. One lady, who was tall and very thin and remarkably erect, he always addressed as "your perpendicular majesty," and she good-naturedly answered to the title. He amused us much by his shrewd sayings, which often contained more wisdom than words of more pretension. He was a favorite with all, and particularly with the children on the place, for he had always a kind and merry word for them.

One evening, when we were still in the dining-room, after our tea, I was startled by the appearance at the door of what, for a moment, I really thought must be a ghost, so unearthly seemed the vision; and with dilated eyes and blanched cheeks I turned to Mr. R—, wondering if it were visible to him. His amused smile reassured me, and he whis-

pered, "It is Horace Greeley." My mind was very much relieved, and I became able to study the singular apparition before me. His hair was so light that it was almost white; he wore a white hat; his face was entirely colorless, even the eyes not adding much to save it from its ghastly hue. His coat was a very light drab, almost white, and his nether garments the same. I so long protested that his shoes matched the rest of his dress that I cannot now clearly remember whether they were really black or not. It is impossible for me to describe the effect he produced upon me, and it was not until I became acquainted with his gentle and pleasing manner that I could entirely overcome this first impression. I remember his reading to us, when we were all assembled in the parlor at the Aerie, some paper upon which he was desirous of receiving the criticism of our literary world. I am sorry to say the remembrance of its subject has passed from me, but I have an indistinct idea that it was something in reference to our own enterprise. The modesty of his bearing, the deference with which he listened to the remarks made, impressed me strongly. He was not then a politician, but earnest in his ideas of progress; perhaps not always as practical as common-sense persons would advise, but true and unselfish.

We had many other pleasant visitors whose agreeable conversation amused us for the few hours they stayed, but who left no mark on our minds, and we could think of them only as society callers, for whom we would get up a card receiver if it were not certain they would always find somebody at home. This summer an amusing though rather annoying incident happened. The house I lived in, the Cottage, had been built without a cellar, and it was thought it would be more healthy and less damp if one could be dug under it; so one of our members undertook to have it done. The necessary

workmen were procured, and when I remember the result of their work I feel happy to say they were not residents of the place. We have been often laughed at for our unpractical efforts, for our strange vagaries, and for the want of average common-sense actions, but these outsiders entirely outdid us and overcame us on our own ground. The mover of this enterprise was called away, but supposed he had left his instructions plain enough to be understood by those whom he left to do the work. The work went on with apparent smoothness, and we had no doubt as to its being rightly done, until one day, sitting in the parlor, I heard a strange noise, and looking up was horrified to see a yawning chasm where there ought to be and had been a fire-place. My room, which was over the parlor, was half filled with bricks. The chimney on the other side of the house shared the same fate, but fortunately for the lady who occupied the room she was not present, for her parlor fared worse than mine, the whole chimney having apparently taken possession of it. The workmen did not understand that chimneys without any foundation to support them could not stand, and by digging underneath them and leaving them hanging in the air they prepared the way for their inevitable fall, fortunately in this instance with no more consequence than a little disturbance to the nerves of a few of us. We amused ourselves on the return of the professor in congratulating him on the success of his experiment.

I have spoken of music as being one of our evening recreations at the Aerie. We had some pleasant voices amongst us, whose singing we enjoyed. The piano was also well played by one of our members, although not in the most popular style, and we listened to it with much pleasure. Happily for us, Brook Farm proved very attractive to a lady whose cultivated and sweet voice added much to the enjoyment of our lives. She visited us often, and at last became almost a permanent resident among us; although she was never a member of the association, we loved to think of her as

belonging to us. I cannot speak of all the friends who came to us during this summer, but among them Mr. R. W. Emerson must not be forgotten. His mere presence bore a charm with it which all must feel who have the privilege of associating with him, and I think he did us much good by his visits; the sweetness of his nature reached our hearts. He had always something interesting of his own to read to us, and there was a general feeling of delight when one of his visits was announced.

Although dancing was a very popular amusement, we varied it by others in which the intellect was more called into play. Tableaux were favorites with us, and during this time we had several exhibitions of them, some ludicrous, but oftener pictures in which beauty was aimed at, and sometimes produced in them. Much ingenuity was exerted in manufacturing our costumes and in arranging the groups. As we had no pictures for studies, the composition was entirely our own, and many of them did us credit. History was studied for our subjects, and one can easily imagine that Scott's novels supplied us with many for our most pretentious exhibitions. Charades and proverbs were also frequently acted, and our wits were called into requisition by our impromptu dialogues. These last were entirely unstudied, often our words not having been selected until the moment of performance, and only a rough idea given the actors of the manner in which the meaning should be conveyed to the spectators. There were often brilliant conversations which made one forget they were only for dramatic effect. To those who were entirely unacquainted with any of us it would be impossible to convey an idea of the brilliancy inclosed within this little circle. To be sure, it was a circle within a circle, and was destined hereafter to mar the entire unanimity which now existed among us.

One day two or three gentlemen came out to visit a member of the association, and as in showing the attractions of the place to strangers the pine woods were almost always visited on such occasions, they were escorted thither. One or two

of our gentlemen accompanied the party, and one of them, attracted by something on the other side of a fence, without much thought jumped over it, and to his great surprise sunk in a quagmire to the waist. He struggled to release himself, but ineffectually, for some time. Another of the party, oblivious to the reality and dreaming only of beauty, with his mind filled with musical or poetic visions alone, called to him, "What is it, a flower?" Our poor friend in the mean time was anything but a flower himself, when the more practical members of the party succeeded in assisting him from his very disagreeable situation to firmer ground.

I like to dwell upon this summer, for it was one of the pleasantest in my life. The members of this nucleus are now widely scattered, and, what is still more sad, not more completely separated by length of space than by the total dissimilarity of feeling and opinion which now divides those once so closely bound together. The present generation, to whom Brook Farm is entirely unknown, can never realize the excitement it once produced in its effort for social reform. Human nature must be remodeled before its bright visions can be realized. If social reformers would begin by elevating the moral natures of their followers, instead of exciting their passions, we might feel that in the course of ages Utopia could be a reality on earth; but I fear human nature, as it is, has much to overcome before such results can be obtained. What I have now said does not in the least apply to Brook Farm, for its one idea was to elevate and cultivate all that was good in every one, and a noble ambition that should govern men's moral and intellectual life and lead them to perfection. The so-called social reforms of to-day have a much more worldly object in view, and a spiritual life is very secondary to a material one.

As autumn approached, and a long winter was before us, much anxiety was felt by our leaders as to what the result might be before the spring opened upon us, and whether it might not end in the dissolution of our little community. The

immediate benefits from our industrial pursuits did not meet their hopes; unused to commercial pursuits, the slow process so often needed to establish and successfully prosecute a business was to them a mystery; and I really believe that some of us thought that to place men in a workshop was sufficient to make our fortune. We were children in the ways of the world, financially speaking, and we could not compete with the sharper, trained heads of lifelong workers. I think also that most of our mechanics were those who had not had much success in the world, and the same reason which probably prevented their being able to overcome the difficulties of a struggle which needed more energy than nature had given them was also the cause of their failure with us. I wish to throw no reflection on them, for no one can judge what they had to overcome but those who have been similarly placed. I can only say they did not succeed with us as we had anticipated, and the prospect before us was anything but cheerful. I must here remark that we had several skilled in their own line who under different circumstances would have been of material assistance to us, as has been proved by their after success when again thrown into the world to work their own way in it. It is pleasant to think that whilst with us they may have felt some influence which acted on their after lives. At any rate, success has attended them, and they are now valuable members of society. If at this time of our great need we could have had a good practical, experienced head, with full power to direct the industries of the place, who understood thoroughly the details necessary to insure success, he might have placed us in a situation to overcome the difficulties which beset us. As it was, we still worked on, and did not dare to whisper to each other what we dreaded to hear confirmed.

Our amusements went on as usual, and as the long evenings advanced we added Shakespeare readings to our other recreations. We had several very fine readers; and these were evenings which

we elder persons particularly enjoyed. I can recall many amusing incidents connected with them, such as very bad reading from Romeo, by one who was fully capable of rendering the part to the satisfaction of all, because the Juliet was excessively distasteful to him. For the credit of the place I will say that Juliet did not belong to us, but was an occasional resident. Coasting, during the winter, became a favorite amusement with our young people, and even the older ones joined in it. The hills around us afforded every facility for the exercise, and the moonlight evenings were pleasantly employed in this merry recreation. One evening I remember as being a particularly jovial one, as the boys had collected tar barrels and other materials for bonfires, and all "went merry as a marriage bell" until the runners of an old sleigh were introduced, with seats affixed to them, and three of our ladies were induced to place themselves on this rather risky conveyance; the remainder of the improvised sled was covered with boys hanging on wherever they could get a hold, and in this way was begun the descent of a steep hill. There were no means of guiding the vehicle, and it can easily be seen how dangerous was its progress. It was started all right for its destination, but unfortunately it swerved a little in its descent, and a cry burst forth, "They will go on to the rock!" The boys who were clinging to the mammoth sled threw themselves off, but the three ladies could not extricate themselves; one was thrown immediately on the rock, which was very large, almost making a small hill; another fell beside it, and the third, without knowing how she came there, was picked up on the other side of the rocky elevation. She must have been thrown over it, as she was on the opposite side from where the sled struck; she was totally unhurt. The only sufferer was the poor girl who was dashed on the rock; she was taken up senseless. She was soon carried home, but did not fully recover her consciousness until towards morning. Wonderful to say, her injuries were very trifling and she was only stunned for the time,

and was able to pursue her avocations, or at least a part of them, on the following day. This accident of course broke up the coasting for that evening, and we were rather a doleful returning party. The danger was soon forgotten, and coasting was as much in favor as ever, though sleighs were not again substituted for sleds.

I am writing entirely from memory, with no notes to guide me, for I kept no journal of those days, so I will not be positive that I may not commit some inaccuracies in the placing of incidents. All the facts I state I can vouch for, and the matter-of-fact way in which I have related them will absolve me from any accusation of having drawn on my imagination. I have tried to give some idea of what Brook Farm really was, and to show how quietly our lives passed there. I have said but little of our farming, for its details were unknown to me. Whether our cows were even commonly good I do not know, but I am sure they were not Alderneys. Our head farmer was indeed the only person on the place who really understood what farming should be, and I know that he did all that was in his power to make it profitable for the association. He was one of the most straightforward, upright, honest, and, let me add, industrious persons I ever met with; a man of few words, but what he said was to the purpose, and you knew they might be depended on. Gentle in his manner, I never heard of a rough word escaping him; there was no servility of manner; his nature was mild but with no lack of manliness; and when I met him lately at a social gathering of the remnant of Brook Farmers, I looked upon him as one who had been a guiding star among us. If he had had some half dozen men equal to himself to assist him in his labors, Brook Farm might have been a success; but to depend on men for digging, hoeing, mowing, etc., whose only implement of labor heretofore had been a pen, one could easily see would result in failure. As I look back it does not seem to me difficult to see why we did not succeed; but at the time our enthusiasm made the most of us believe

that failure was impossible, and that in some way, very indistinctly seen, our endeavors would end prosperously. I do not speak of those who held the reins of government, for they knew better, and whilst we romanced and idealized they were anxiously and almost hopelessly endeavoring to avert a catastrophe. I think the idea of only following one's impulses must by this time have received a check in their minds, if it had ever existed there, which I very much doubt, for however visionary they may appear, they must have known that a higher motive than mere self-gratification was necessary to overcome the distaste in many minds for active occupation. Among our more recent inmates, I fear there were many who held this idea, and consequently they were not as useful as had been hoped for. In vain a remedy was sought after. True, they might have been voted out of the association, but who would fill their places?—and labor was absolutely needed in every department, except in that of teaching. No wonder these were dark days for us.

Among the new-comers there had been admitted a man strongly imbued with Fourieristic ideas. He endeavored to inculcate the doctrine, but at first little heed was paid to him. Fourier's works had never reached us, and very vague notions of their contents dwelt in the minds of the most of us. But this ignorance was not to last; sufficient reached the ears of our chiefs to stimulate their curiosity and make them wish to look farther into this philosophy of the French social reformer. His works were procured and an earnest study of them commenced. The regular routine inculcated—continual labor, varied in its character, which would act as a recreation on the laborer—seemed a revelation to those who longed to bring order out of the existing desultory method of conducting our industries. For once New York had taken precedence of Boston in an "ism," and in a small clique of that city Fourier's writings had been much studied. Intercourse was opened with the leader of this clique, and much information obtained from him as to the work-

ing of the system. As he had never practically tried it himself, his knowledge must have been based only on the ideal visions of the author. I believe he was sincere in his own convictions of the good which might result from this mode of life according to his own ideas of what life should be, and his subtle reasonings, if they did not entirely convince, had at least the power to overcome any reluctance to change the entire organization of our association. The determination to do so was no doubt influenced in a great degree by the absolute necessity there was of some bold effort to enable us to exist, and there seemed no other alternative than either to adopt this course or to dissolve the association. To many of us this would have been as a dissolution of family ties, for although much had crept in during the last six or eight months which was distasteful to the æsthetic natures of many of the associates, yet the remembrance of what had been clung closely around them and bound them firmly together. These were weary times; a great change was before us. For myself, personally, I did not at all enter into the Fourieristic movement. Visionary as our past life may have seemed to many, it was really reasonable compared to the one before us. The small details of the Fourier system were, to be sure, extremely dry and unpoetical, but the higher flights to which it pointed soared far beyond reasonable belief or scientific knowledge of the solar system.

I have before said that when I first entered the association it was not from any sympathy with the peculiar views of its members, but because I became so attached to them personally that imperceptibly I dwelt more on the real beauty of their lives than on what had appeared to me fantastic. At first a strong sense of the ludicrousness of my position had been the dominant feeling, and even now I think it wonderful how soon this feeling melted away. At this time I thought much of this change which had taken place in me, and it influenced me in my resolve not to leave the place, as I at one time had serious thoughts of

doing. Perhaps curiosity had also some influence in my remaining. As spring approached, a movement was made towards commencing our new organization. I was notified that my quarters were to be moved to the building known as the Pilgrim House. The reason of its being so named was that it was built by two brothers from Plymouth, who were interested in the first association formed, and who at one time intended occupying it themselves with their families. I do not know why this project was abandoned, or on what terms the house was ceded to the association. Neither externally nor interiorly did it possess much attraction.

Having originally been intended for two families, it had none of the quaint appearance of even a common country house. It was very much like two houses placed *dos à dos* instead of side by side, and was a very uncouth building, with many rooms in it which were useful for our increased numbers, but did not satisfy an eye for symmetrical proportions. Among them were two large parlors, joined by folding doors, which became our ball room whenever we were inclined for a dance, and were occupied on all convivial occasions. As very little furniture was needed at such times, chairs were the only decoration of the rooms, and their every-day appearance was desolate enough, very different from the cheerful parlor of the Aerie.

In speaking of the buildings I would mention one which, although not belonging to us, yet entered into our history, being, excepting for a very short interval, occupied by some of our community. It was directly opposite our entrance and was called the Nest; why so named I do not know, except that among its first occupants was a family with small children. It was a pleasant little place, but somehow those who lived there seemed in a degree separated from us, living more entirely by themselves, more like a separate family who visited us as neighbors, and even in that way seldom joining us in our social meetings. It was as if the atmosphere which encircled us did not reach beyond our gates,

and the moment that we crossed the road we had left Brook Farm far in the distance. I cannot invest with poetry our domestic life, which was, of course, monotonous, for we could not carve out any very original way of making beds, cooking, and washing dishes, all of which fell to our lot, unæsthetic as it may sound. Excepting the cooking, all the domestic duties were generally performed by the younger females on the place, and a more willing set of workers could hardly be found. Among them was one of whom I wish to say a few words. She was uncommonly pretty and had already gained the love of one of the foreign pupils. She was devoted to the ideas which first brought the associates together, but felt no sympathy with the new ideas which afterwards became the governing principle, and left us when the whole nature of the place was changed. She has since become known by her charming stories, which illustrate many of the truths deep-seated in her mind. I remember her as one of the most active in our lighter domestic work, and with five or six of her own age she gave grace and brightness to our life. I cannot call them a merry set, for their lives were deeply impressed with a thoughtfulness beyond their years; yet youth, with the usual happiness attending it, must always give a brighter color to its surroundings than falls to the lot of maturer years. I think there is not one of them now alive who would not say that was one of the happiest periods of her life. Some of them, I have heard, have had greater trials than often occur to us dwellers on earth, but they have nobly borne them and lived them down. There were no feeble spirits among these first members of Brook Farm. Their lives were earnest and their aims noble, and if they did not attain the life they hoped for, their natures enabled them to bear the hardships of life with fortitude. I would once more speak of these young girls and their work. They felt it no grievance to toil for the general good, and their neatness and activity were pleasant to see. To be sure, our rooms did not contain the elaborate adornments

of a fashionable lady's toilet, and their simplicity made the task much easier. There were no carpets excepting on one or two of the parlors, therefore sweeping was easy, and curtains we had none. I am almost ashamed to own that a hired cook ruled in the kitchen when I first became a resident of Brook Farm, and she continued there for five or six months afterwards. Whether the task was considered too arduous, or none felt themselves sufficiently competent to undertake it, I do not know, but think it must have been the latter feeling, for I never knew any one shrink there from work that must be done, if she or he were able to do it. When reduced expenditure became more apparently necessary, a noble woman came forward and offered to undertake the duty. She had had but slight experience and must have felt many disheartening doubts of her capacity, but, with a will to succeed, what cannot be achieved? She conquered all obstacles, and kept her post until our final dissolution. Wages were saved, but her strict economy sometimes caused a small rebellion; still she continued unwaveringly on her course, and if we missed some few delicacies our food was always ample, and we had no right to complain. The laundresses were always of the residents, and Mrs. R——, as I have already said, was among the most efficient. The ironing room was moved to the Pilgrim House as soon as it was finished, and occupied the two kitchens, which were thrown into one. This was a very pleasant, cheerful place, at least inside, and we forgot its lonely exterior in the merriment with which we filled it. I would like to say a few words on one phase of our life which may be interesting to some. I have spoken of our amusements. This was not all our life. We all felt incited to study by the learning which surrounded us, and formed ourselves into different classes, some taking up one study and some another. Botany was a favorite among us, and we had able teachers, who, if they would sometimes pull my well-arranged bouquets to pieces, were nevertheless fully able to repay the desecration by the

pleasant knowledge they imparted. German was a favorite study, and Greek and Saxon were not neglected. Pleasant readings, with annotations, especially of classical authors, were very frequent, and Brook Farm, if it answered no other purpose, was a school for all who entered it.

The Pilgrim House was placed in a very barren spot, with no trees near it, and altogether the change was not pleasant to me. I had always lived at the Cottage, which was in itself a beautiful little home, and I had become attached to it. Of course I must yield my own personal comfort for what was thought to be advantageous for the good of the whole. The educational plan was to be remodeled, at least so far as concerned the smaller pupils on the place, who before had never been strictly confined to hours and rules. This was evidently a very good move, as it had always appeared wonderful to me how they had ever gained any book knowledge at all, and a more systematic course would certainly be an advantage to them, if it were only for the sake of acquiring orderly habits, which are a great help in the routine of common life. The Cottage was looked upon as the proper building to be appropriated to educational purposes. As it was decidedly the prettiest house on the place, it was thought the youthful mind would be impressed by it and lessons become easier; and it was held that every means should be employed to make the hours of school discipline pleasant, so that the pupils should forget it was not an agreeable recreation. This view is delightful in theory, but in my compulsory move I could not help remembering the state of the desks in a school-room, as well as the more immovable parts of the apartment, such as I had seen in my youth when attending an academy for both sexes. However, go I must, and I was soon domiciled in my new apartment. The new Fourierite system began to be organized, and the poetry of our lives vanished in what we hoped would prove more substantially advantageous.

Of the Cottage and its inmates I must

add a few words. It was the next building erected after the Aerie, and was altogether the best finished house on the place. The form was something like a Maltese cross, the centre being devoted to the staircase and each of the four points containing a room. It was very pretty to look at on the outside, but as three sides of each room were necessarily exposed to the weather, the Cottage was warm in summer and cold in winter, picturesqueness having been more studied than commonplace comfort. Still it was a very pleasant place to live in, bright and cheerful, and I was very loath to leave it when the necessities of the association destined it for other purposes.

The two most prominent occupants of this house were so very different in their natures that the wonder is they could have belonged to the same species. Mr. —, the elder of the two, was of a most delicately sensitive organization, and discords of every kind were as antagonistic to him as were false chords in music. His whole life seemed one dream of music, and I do not think he was ever fully awake to all the harsh gratings of this outer world. We were indebted to him for much of the pleasure of our evening social life. He was too really musical to endure the weariness of teaching beginners the first rudiments of his own art, although for some time he was our only teacher. I must say he was wonderfully patient, considering his temperament, in the task he had assumed, for his nerves must have been most fearfully taxed in some of his labors; but his outward demeanor did not bear testimony to what must often have been his earnest desire to tear his hair out by the roots. Mr. —, the younger, was so entirely different in his physical con-

struction that even his tread told you that his nerves as well as his muscles were of iron. Both these gentlemen were fine classical as well as German scholars, but the latter had more power in imparting his knowledge and was one of the finest teachers at Brook Farm. The pupils dreaded coming with an imperfect lesson to him, for although not harsh in his manner towards them, they respected his power and did not like to come under his censure. He was exceedingly pleasant in his social intercourse with us, but entered less into it than the others; yet when he could be induced to join in any amusement, no one added more to the enjoyment of the evening than himself, and it was a real pleasure to engage him in a charade.

In closing my description of this first period of Brook Farm I wish to mention the very pleasant reunion which took place since I first commenced writing my reminiscences of this exceptional part of my life. To me it was a great pleasure to meet even a small gathering of my former associates, and the mutual wonder expressed on the faces as we were made known to each other was very amusing. Many of us had not met for at least thirty years, and in that time wonderful changes had taken place. Young girls who were then in their teens were now grandmothers, and middle-aged persons were white with age. But we were none of us too old for our eyes not to brighten as we warmly shook hands and uttered our greetings. It was a good thought of those who originated this festival, and from my heart I thank them. Pleasant letters were read from many of those who from various causes could not be present, and for a time space was obliterated and we again felt ourselves Brook Farmers.

FLORENCE, AND ST. MARY OF THE FLOWER.

I.

"NEVER was our city"—says Machiavelli, speaking of Florence as she was at the close of the thirteenth century—"never was our city in a greater or happier condition than at this time, being full of men, of riches, and of renown. Her citizens capable of bearing arms numbered thirty thousand, and those of her territory seventy thousand. All Tuscany, partly as subject to her, partly as friendly to her, obeyed her."¹ Nowhere in Italy was trade more flourishing, or the arts more zealously cultivated. Her citizens, however divided by party discords, were united in a common pride in their city. The fame of her strength and her beauty was wide-spread; "so that many," says a chronicler of the time, "come to see her, not of necessity, or because of the excellence of her trades and arts, but because of her beauty and adornment." Yet this beauty and adornment had been wrought out for her in spite of internal contention and division. Peace seldom dwelt within her walls. The eager and restless spirit of her citizens was quickly kindled into passionate outbreaks and tumultuous uproar, in which civil order was often imperiled, and the very life of the state seemed to be at stake.

The thirteenth century had been a long struggle between the feudal and civic nobility and the mass of the common people, in which the *grandi* had for the most part gained the upper hand. Through the confused record of a hundred years one may trace the baffled but

persistent effort of the compact and industrious democracy to achieve such a combination of their forces as to enable them to get the better of their aristocratic oppressors. The rule of an unscrupulous, quarrelsome, and tyrannical privileged class was incompatible with the institutions requisite for the prosperity of the industrious community. Gradually a form of organization was worked out by the trades, resembling that of the guilds of northern cities, but more political in its character, which, in spite of various checks and numerous futile endeavors, at length, toward the end of the century, succeeded in mastering the old nobility, and in establishing itself as the chief element in the government of the city. This result was reached in 1292.

The opening clauses of the Ordinances of Justice, by which the new order of the state was regulated, indicate the spirit of those by whom this revolution had been accomplished: "Whereas justice is a steady and constant will that gives to each man his rights, therefore the following ordinances, properly called the Ordinances of Justice, are ordained for the benefit of the republic," to the end of establishing "true and perpetual concord and unity, and of securing peace and tranquillity for the artificers and arts, and for all the people of Florence."²

The political administration was concentrated in the *arti* or organized trades of the city. These comprised twelve *arti maggiori*, or chief trades, and nine *arti minori*, or lesser trades; under the banner of one or the other of these trades the mass of the citizens was enrolled.³

¹ *Istorie Fiorentine*, lib. ii. § xv.

² The *Ordinamenti di Giustizia* are to be found in the *Archivio Storico Italiano*, Ser. Sec. I. 1-93, Firenze, 1855; and also in *Emiliani-Giudici, Storia dei Comuni Italiani*, iii. 5-147, Firenze, 1866. They are remarkable for the display of the political sense and vigorous resolve of their framers.

³ There is much discrepancy in the lists of the *Arti* given by different annalists and historians. Their number and division varied at different times. The twelve chief arts in 1292 were those of lawyers and

notaries, foreign cloth merchants, bankers, wool merchants, silk merchants, physicians and druggists, furriers, butchers, shoemakers, smiths, masons and carpenters, retail dealers; the nine lesser arts were those of wine-sellers, innkeepers, dealers in salt, oil, and cheese, leather dressers, cuirass and sword makers, locksmiths and dealers in old and new iron, buckler and shield makers, wood sellers, bakers. See *Ordinamenti in Emiliani-Giudici*, iii. 11, and compare Machiavelli, *Ist. Fior.*, lib. ii. § viii. An interesting account of the character

Florence, like other Italian cities, was accustomed annually to call upon some personage from a remote but allied city to exercise the functions of *podestà*, or chief executive officer, within her limits; but all the other magistrates of the commonwealth were to be chosen from the members of the twelve chief Arts. The *grandi*, or nobles, were expressly excluded from office. Each of the Arts had its own officers, and each was required to maintain a military organization for the support of order and the defense of the city. Each of them had its written statute, by which its members were governed, while provision was made that the various statutes should be in harmony one with the other so far as the common interest required. It was the object of these statutes to secure at once the good order of the city and the prosperity of the trades. The provisions of these codes, so far as judgment may be formed from the only one of them which has come down to us,—the Statute of the Art of Calimala, or foreign cloth merchants,—indicate the sound political sense of the Florentine tradesmen, and their full understanding that permanent commercial prosperity depends upon moral conditions; first of all upon the uprightness and integrity of the individual tradesman. Every precaution is taken to secure fair dealing, and to maintain firm credit. Heavy penalties are enacted against fraud, perjury, misrepresentation, and unfair competition. It is required of the merchants “to use pure, loyal, and simple truth” in all their dealings. There is a stamp of piety and uprightness on the whole statute. The four consuls who were chosen to rule the Art, holding office for six months, were to be selected from “the best and most useful merchants;” and they were to be “Guelfs and lovers of the Holy Roman Church, and in their choice no cavalier was to take part.” It was from these consuls of the trades that the priors of the city were chosen, and neither Ghibelline nor noble was to have part in the

and political influence of the Arts is given by Von Reumont, in his *Lorenzo de' Medici*, i. 18, seqq., Leipzig, 1874; and a notice of the devices on their banners, and other particulars of interest concern-

ing them, in the same author's earlier and very useful work, *Tavole Cronologiche e Sincrone della Storia Fiorentina*, Firenze, 1841, *Introduzione*, p. 11, n. 3.

government of the state. The provisions in respect to the method in which accounts were to be kept, to the terms of credit, to bankruptcy and the recovery of debts, to usury and prices, are ample, careful, and minute. In the trade of Florence there was nothing of the looseness of modern competitive dealings; nothing of the spirit that seeks gain at any cost, even that of truth and honesty; nothing of the disposition to make undue profit, and to reckon every trick fair in trade. There was a standard of commercial morality as exact as that to which the weights and measures of the shops were made to conform. Florence was resolved that her credit should be good, and that neither rival nor enemy should have a right to reproach her with slackness in the fulfillment either of public or of private obligations.

The Arts thus combined and organized could control the most powerful and lawless of the great, and for some years Florence experienced the benefit of the new order of affairs in an unwonted sense of security and a rapid increase of prosperity. The strength that lies in union and concord inspired her with confidence in herself, and she made a splendid display of the great qualities and designs of her trading and industrious democracy. The citizens of a compact walled town, having no regular or general communication with the distant outside world; occupied with few interests but those of their households, their shops, and their city; engaged in pursuits that kept them close within the narrow circuit of their native streets, were naturally filled with a spirit of local attachment, little short of devotion, that was the source of great undertakings, in which their religion, their pride, and their patriotism might find expression. The Arts, each a little commonwealth in itself, served to quicken and intensify the public spirit; to bring home to their members the sense of common interests and duties; and to maintain a standard of principle and of action to which each

ing them, in the same author's earlier and very useful work, *Tavole Cronologiche e Sincrone della Storia Fiorentina*, Firenze, 1841, *Introduzione*, p. 11, n. 3.

member was compelled to conform, by the strong pressure of a concentrated public opinion.

Seldom has a nobler activity or a more abundant productiveness been displayed than Florence exhibited at this period. The quick wit, the lively fancy, and the poetic imagination of her people were aroused. Her poets drew inspiration from her, and gave it back through their verses for the quickening of the hearts of her people. They were the most noted in Italy, even before Dante lifted Florence to the topmost peak of fame, and Dante was now already meditating his Divine poem. Her painters had broken the bonds of tradition which had long restrained their progress, and Cimabue held the field against all rivals. Her architects and builders were showing themselves masters in their art, and the number of great works of building, many of which are still among the chief ornaments of the city, begun in the ten years between 1290 and 1300, indicates alike the ability of the architects and the energy and abundant resources of the community. During these years the churches of Santa Maria Novella and of the Carmine, as well as the *loggia* of Or' San Michele, were in process of construction; the foundations of the churches of Santo Spirito, of San Marco, of Santa Maria in Cafaggio (now known as the Annunziata), of Santa Croce, together with its vast convent, were all laid; and the building of the Palace of the Priors and of the Hospital of St. Bartholomew was begun. Nor does this complete the list. The thriving city was extending her limits, and building a new circuit of walls with towers for the common defense, erected in part out of materials obtained by the demolition of some of the tall and massive towers which had served as the dens and strongholds of those grandi whose lawless power she was engaged in repressing.¹

But besides all these works, she set about what was to prove a much more important undertaking. The old church of Santa Reparata, that had long served as her Duomo, stood in need of repair, and on the 11th of September, 1294, an appropriation from the public treasury of four hundred lire was voted for this purpose. On the 2d of December of the same year a similar appropriation was made, with a slight but significant change in terms, for the church "the repairing and *renewal* of which are now in progress."²

No more definite information than this remains concerning the beginning of the work of construction of that new cathedral which was destined to become the most characteristic and impressive edifice in Florence, and to employ her chief artists for the next two hundred years. But there is an apocryphal decree, the invention probably of the seventeenth century, in which its author expressed what he not unfitly conceived to have been the spirit and intent of the earlier time. As reported, the decree runs thus: "Whereas it is the highest concern of a people of illustrious origin so to proceed in their affairs that men may perceive from their works that their designs are at once wise and magnanimous, it is therefore ordered that Arnolfo, architect of our commune, prepare the model or plan for the rebuilding of Santa Reparata with such supreme and lavish magnificence that neither the industry nor the capacity of man shall be able to devise anything more grand or more beautiful; inasmuch as the most judicious in this city have declared and advised in public and private conferences that no work of the commune should be undertaken, unless the design be to make it correspondent with a heart which is of the greatest nature, because composed of the spirit of many citizens concordant in one single will."³

¹ See Moise, *Santa Croce di Firenze*, Firenze, 1845, pp. 51, 52, and Reumont, *Tavole Cronologiche*, for these years.

² Gaye, *Carteggio d' Artisti*, i. 425, 427. Every student of the history of Italian art finds himself under obligations to this invaluable collection of documents.

³ This decree was first published by Del Migliore, in his *Firenze, Città Nobilissima*, 1684, p. 6. He does not say whence he derived it; and no such decree exists in the archives of the state. The style is too rhetorical for the thirteenth century.

Although the words of this decree cannot be trusted, there is evidence that the Florentines soon gave up the thought of repairing the old church, and resolved to reconstruct and enlarge it, so as to have a Duomo of size capable of accommodating the increasing crowds of worshippers, and in its design worthy of the wealth and spirit of the city. To such a work the Florentines were especially called as the head of the Guelph party, a party that claimed to be in a peculiar sense the support of the interests and authority of the church, while they were also stimulated to it by the spirit of rivalry in arts no less than in arms that burned deep in the hearts of citizens of neighboring states contending for preëminence. Florence could not easily brook that Pisa, Siena, and Orvieto, inferior to herself in numbers, wealth, and power, should each boast a cathedral far more spacious, more costly, and more beautiful than the old church that had long served her needs.

"And so," says the trustworthy Giovanni Villani, who was a youth in Florence when the work was begun, "in the year 1294, the city of Florence being in a state of tranquillity, the citizens agreed to rebuild the chief church of Florence, which was very rude in form and small in proportion to such a city, and they ordered that it should be enlarged, and extended at the back, and that it should be all made of marble, and with carven figures. And the foundation was laid with great solemnity, by the Cardinal Legate of the Pope, on the day of St. Mary in September,¹ and many bishops, and the Podestà and the Captain, and all the Priors, and all the ranks of the Signory of Florence were present, and it was consecrated to the honor of God

and St. Mary, under the name of St. Mary of the Flower,² although the original name of Santa Reparata was never changed by the common people. And for the building and work of the said church a tax was ordered by the commune of two denari upon every lira paid out of the public treasury, and a poll tax of two soldi. And the Legate and the bishops bestowed great indulgences and pardons, to be gained by every one who should contribute aid or alms to the work."³

The work was indeed the common interest of all Florentines, and the supply of means for it their common duty. The decree establishing the poll tax to which Villani refers was made in December, 1296, under the title of "*Super impositione pro opere ecclesiæ Sæ. Reparatæ faciendæ.*" It provides, not, as Villani states, for a uniform poll tax, but for a tax graduated according to the property and family of the citizen. It was still further ordered that every person making a written will should bequeath a certain sum to the work; the notary employed to draw the will was required to remind the testator of this obligation, and in case of non-compliance with it the heirs were bound to make good the omission. For the gathering in of these sums the bishop was empowered to employ two or more of the clergy, without salary, in each district of the Florentine territory. And, in order to quicken the liberality of testators, special indulgences were to attach to bequests for the building, over and above "the graces already conceded to the benefactors of the work."⁴

The architect of the commune at this time was Arnolfo, the son of Cambio; a great artist of whose life little is recorded, but whose works at Florence are

¹ The 8th of September, the day of the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin.

² The Blessed Virgin of the Flower, the lily, alike the flower of Mary and of Florence, named for its flowers. The lily of Florence is the fleur-de-lys, while the flower of the Virgin is the true white lily; but the two were associated in their symbolic attributes in the fancy of the Florentines. When in their flourishing state they laid the foundations of their great church, they might read the words of Ecclesiasticus as if addressed to themselves: *Floreto flores quasi liliū et date odorem, et frondete in*

gratiam, et collaudate canticum et benedicite Dominum in operibus suis.

³ Giovanni Villani, *Cronica*, lib. viii., c. ix. Villani's dates are not always to be trusted, even when he gives account of contemporary events. An old inscription in the wall of the church, itself of uncertain date, may be read in two ways, so as to give either 1296 or 1293 as the year of the consecration of the corner stone by the legate. The most trustworthy Florentine antiquaries conclude from various evidence that the ceremony took place in 1296.

⁴ Gaye, *Carteggio*, i. 431.

his sufficient memorial.¹ He was busy with the construction of Santa Croce when he was called upon to take charge of the work on the Duomo. It has been generally believed that Arnolfo designed the cathedral in its general ground plan, in form and dimensions such as it exists to-day. But recent investigations have shown that this was by no means the case, and that the building as we have it is at least as different from Arnolfo's design as his design was from that of the church which it was to replace. The old church of Santa Reparata had been constructed in that beautiful style of which the church of San Miniato was till lately an exquisite example. Though this was a thoroughly national and vigorous style, it was now giving way before the foreign and intrusive modes of Gothic art. Arnolfo inherited from Niccola Pisano the love of Gothic forms, and he had shown his preference for them in the design of Santa Croce. His work was doubtless approved by the popular taste. Such Gothic façades as those of Siena and Orvieto were indeed far more brilliant and striking, far more impressive to the uneducated taste, than the simple design and exquisite incrustation of San Miniato or Santa Reparata. The new style suited the new age, and Arnolfo undertook to rebuild Santa Reparata into a church in which the pointed should take the place of the round arch, the stone vaulted roof should be substituted for the flat timber ceiling, and the façade should form a splendid screen adorned with gable and pinnacle, rich with carving, glowing with mosaics, and shining with gold.

The deserts of Arnolfo were recognized by Florence, and in 1300, when the work on the Duomo was in active progress, a decree was passed which exhibits the mode taken by the commune for his

recompense. "Considering," says the decree, "that Master Arnolphus is the chief master of the labor and work of the church of the Blessed Reparata, the principal church of Florence, and that he is a more famous master and more expert in the building of churches than any one else in neighboring parts, and that through his industry, skill, and wit the commune and people of Florence, judging from the magnificent and visible beginning of the said work of the aforesaid church, hope to have a more beautiful and honorable temple than any other in the region of Tuscany," therefore "the priors of the Arts, and the standard-bearer of Justice, wishing to do honor to the person of this master," after deliberation and a vote by ballot, "have resolved and established that the aforesaid Master Arnolphus, so long as he shall live, shall be totally exempt and free from every tax and cess of the commune of Florence."²

This decree is dated April 1, 1300. The most significant date in the history of Florence lies within a week of this day, the date of Dante's journey through the three spiritual realms.³ A little more than two months afterward, on the 15th of June, Dante entered on his office as one of the priors of the city; and in that priorate, he himself declared, all the ills and calamities of his after years had their occasion and beginning.⁴

The year 1300 was in truth a disastrous year for Florence. The old party passions, quenched for a time, but not extinguished, blazed up with new fury, and wrapped the whole city in smoke and flame. The story of this wretched time has been often written. The city had never been so prosperous and so happy, says Villani, but this year was the beginning of its ruin. Bitter and

¹ Vasari's life of Arnolfo di Lapo, as he miscalls him, is full of errors. He was born near the middle of the thirteenth century in the little town of Colle in the Val d'Elsa. It has been suggested, not without reason, that he was the Arnolfo, the pupil of Niccola Pisano, who was employed by his master on the pulpit for the Duomo of Siena. The impulse to the progress of the arts given by the genius of Niccola would thus have been transmitted through a genius hardly inferior to his own.

² Gaye, Carteggio, i. 445.

³ Whether this journey began on the supposed actual day of the death of Christ, the 25th of March, or on Good Friday of 1300, the 8th of April, or on the Jewish Passover, the 5th of April of the same year, is doubtful and unimportant. See the note of Philalethes, *Inferno*, canto xxi., v. 114.

⁴ "Tutti li mali, e tutti gl' inconvenienti miei dagl' infausti comizii del mio priorato ebbero cagione e principio." (Letter cited by Leonardo Bruni Aretino in his *Vita di Dante*, Firenze, 1672, p. 16.)

destructive as had been the quarrels of former generations, they had brought less calamity to the city than those which now made of its people its own worst enemies. The people seemed to have gone mad. Year after year things went from bad to worse. Dino Compagni, who witnessed and had share in the events of the period, has described them in his brief chronicle with the moving eloquence of an upright, clear-minded man, saddened by the misery he had witnessed and been unable to prevent.¹ "In these deeds of ill," he says, "many became great who before had had no name," many citizens were driven into exile, many houses ruined. No one was safe; neither relationship nor friendship availed aught. Friends became enemies, brothers deserted each other, the son fell away from the father; all love and humanity were extinguished; great riches were wasted; trust, pity, pardon were in no one to be found. Who cried loudest, Let the traitors die! he was the greatest. Many a palace was burned and sacked within the city; many a village burned and many a field wasted in the territory that lay round about. Falsehood, perjury, robbery, murder, and all crimes of violence and treachery made every man afraid. "Rise up, ye evil citizens," exclaims the chronicler, "take fire and flame in your hands, and spread wide your wicked deeds. Go, bring to ruin the beauty of your city. Shed the blood of your brothers; strip yourselves bare of faith and love, refuse aid and service one to another. Scatter the seed of lies till they shall fill the granaries of your children. But do ye believe that the justice of God has failed? Even that of this world rendereth one for one. Delay not, ye wretches. One day of war con-

¹ Within late years the authenticity of the Chronicle of Dino Compagni has been vigorously impugned by both German and Italian critics. It is a work which if genuine is of such extraordinary interest, and which in style of narration and quality of character holds so exceptional a place, that to have to hold it as a forgery of the sixteenth century would be matter for serious regret. The question is not yet authoritatively settled. I am inclined to believe that the Chronicle as we now have it is in great part genuine, but that it was worked over, added to, and its integrity impaired by an anonymous writer of a comparatively late period.

sumeth more than many years of peace can gain, and there needs but a little spark to bring a great city to destruction."²

On the 4th of November, 1301, the feeble, cruel, and treacherous Charles of Valois, commissioned by Pope Boniface VIII. to restore peace to the city, entered Florence. His doings served but to make things worse and to gain for him there, says Dante, "sin and shame."³ But in the stress of storm and confusion, the order of civil life was not wholly broken up. Though troubles come and endure, yet must men eat, drink, and labor. Morning and evening, summer and winter, recur in their order, with their appointed tasks and their familiar gifts. The nature and the desires of men undergo no sudden change; old interests remain alive to struggle with new passions. All parties in the strifes of those dark days, however otherwise they might be divided, were united at least in common faith in the doctrines of that religion of which the visible church was the minister; and thus, on the 24th of November, twenty days after the entry of Charles of Valois, — nicknamed Carlo Senzaterra, Charles Lackland, — when he was extorting money from the rich by treachery and threats, and amusing himself with the sight of palaces ablaze, and while the government of the city was powerless to prevent or redress the wrongs hourly committed, the Signory, still mindful of the work the commune had undertaken for its glory, voted the large subsidy for the fabric of the Duomo of eight thousand lire for two years.⁴

Two months later, on the 27th of January, 1302, Cante dei Gabrielli, podestà of Florence, a tool in the hands of the ruling faction, condemned Dante, on the

² "Più si consuma in uno dì nella guerra, che molt'anni non si guadagni in pace." (Cronica, lib. ii.)

³ Purgatorio, xx. 76.

"Quindi non terra, ma peccato ed onta Guadagnerà."

⁴ Gaye, Carteggio, i. 447. Dino Compagni describes the events of this time with vigorous and picturesque strokes: "Quando una casa ardea forte, messer Carlo domandava, 'Che fuoco è quello?' eragli risposto che era una capanna, quando era uno ricco palazzo."

ground of malversation during his term of office as one of the priors, to a fine of five thousand florins. Dante was absent from Florence, as one of her envoys to Boniface VIII. in Rome, but his sentence ran that unless the fine were paid within three days, all his possessions should be laid waste, and then be confiscated to the benefit of the commune: "*omnia bona talis non solventis publicentur, vastentur, et destruantur, et vastate et destructa remaneant in communi.*" Building with one hand, destroying with the other, was the rule. Should the fine be paid within the allotted time, still Dante was to remain for two years in banishment. On the 10th of March he was proclaimed as in contumacy to the state, and condemned, should he ever fall into the power of the commune, to be burned to death: "*igne comburatur sic quod moriatur.*"¹

The answer of Dante to this sentence is in the words with which he begins one of the latest cantos of the *Divine Comedy*:—

"If e'er it happen that the Poem Sacred,
To which both Heaven and earth have set their
hand,
So that it many a year hath made me lean,
O'ercome the cruelty that bars me out
From the fair sheepfold, where a lamb I slumbered,
An enemy to the wolves that war upon it,
With other voice forthwith, with other fleece,
Poet will I return, and at my font
Baptismal with I take the laurel crown."

But he was never again to pass the sacred threshold of his beautiful St. John, nor again to see the rising walls of the cathedral, to which popular tradition has attached the memory of his interest, still pointing out the spot whence he was wont to watch the laying of their deep foundations and the lifting of their massive stones.

The records of the work during the next few years are scanty. In 1310 Arnolfo died, and irreparable as was the loss of such genius as his, he had yet lived long enough to leave the building so far advanced that his successors in

office would find little difficulty in continuing the main parts of the construction according to his design. During his many years of service as architect of the commune, Arnolfo had set his stamp ineffaceably upon the aspect of the city, giving to it many of the most striking features by which it is still adorned. The Palace of the Signory, — the old palace, as it is called, — the Palace of the Bargello, each with its aspiring belfry, now surmounting all other towers of the city, the vast pile of Santa Croce, the still vaster pile of the Duomo, of all of which the first design and in great part the construction were his, remain unsurpassed by later buildings with a single exception; and in the midst of more modern edifices preserving their ancient character, they give proof of the marvelous energy of the republic and the not less marvelous gifts of the artist by whom she was served. Arnolfo had also overseen the beginnings of the great new circuit of turreted and battlemented wall that was to inclose and defend the city, and which stood as a picturesque and impressive memorial of the conditions of mediæval life till but a few years ago it was swept away to give place to what are called modern improvements. Recent centuries have so relentlessly waged war against the picturesqueness of mediæval cities that it is difficult for the fancy to reproduce the full effect of the aspect of Florence at the beginning of the fourteenth century. In every street rose stronghold palaces, built for the needs of war as well as of peace, flanked by lofty towers, the shape of whose battlements gave sign to which of the great parties, Guelf or Ghibeline, their possessors owed allegiance. The number of the towers of Florence was to be reckoned by hundreds. The Florentine masons had inherited the old Roman art of solid building. They knew how to lay stones so that they should lie as firm in wall or buttress as they had lain in their native beds.² Adjoining

¹ The text of the decrees against Dante may be found in Fraticelli, *Storia della Vita di Dante Alighieri*, Firenze, 1861, pp. 147, seqq. The originals may still be seen in the Florentine archives.

² Palaces and towers were built with a double wall of cut stone, of blocks of uniform thickness, and the space between the sections of the wall was filled in with a concrete of lime and pebbles by

the palaces of the chief families was a loggia, or covered portico or arcade, where the rich and noble were wont to celebrate those ceremonies in which the common people—the *popolo minuto*—had a share of interest, or at which their presence as witnesses was desirable. Here marriage contracts were signed, here festivals for public honors were held, and here victories over domestic or foreign enemies were proclaimed with feasts and rejoicings. Tower and loggia were the signs of dignity, power, and wealth, and were objects of special pride and jealous care to the members and retainers of the house to whose greatness they bore testimony. The gates of the city, new built by Arnolfo, were so many fortresses, and the strong wall now extending its defense around it was furnished, “for beauty as well as for strength,” with towers, at a distance of less than four hundred feet one from another, no one of them less than twenty-five feet square or than seventy-five feet in height, and many much larger and higher. “And in order,” says Giovanni Villani, “that the memory of the greatness of this city may last forever, and for the sake of those people who have not been at Florence and may see this chronicle, we will describe in order the construction of this wall, and the measures of it as they were diligently measured at our instance, we the writer being the officer of the commune to superintend the walls.”¹ From the account he gives, it would seem that there must have been more than two hundred of these towers on the circuit of the walls. The walls themselves were nearly forty feet in height, and more than six feet in thickness, and their construction, begun in 1284 and completed, in spite of many periods of interruption in

which the whole was bound together in a solid mass. The towers were usually square, few were less than one hundred feet, many were more than two hundred feet in height. They were entered by a small door opening directly upon the narrow staircase which filled their whole interior space, with here and there a passage in the wall leading to a loop-hole, or to the door by which the defenders of the tower if assailed might pass out at a safe height on to a movable platform which was supported by brackets of stone, many of which may even now be

their progress, in 1327, is another of the many proofs of the vigor and wealth of the city at this time. For two hundred years the towers kept watch and ward around Florence, but in the days of her decline and misery, when Pope Clement VII. was her master, they were thrown down that the city might be put in order of defense against the artillery of the Emperor Charles V. “Within these walls,” says Villani, writing in 1324, “there are, what with cathedral and abbeys and monasteries, and other chapels, at least a hundred churches, and close by every door there is a church, a convent, or a hospital.” And now we will leave the description of the city of Florence, for we have said enough of it, and will return to our subject.

It is probable that even before Arnolfo's death, in 1310, the means for the building of the Duomo had fallen off, owing to the confusions and disasters of the first years of the century. Besides the usual calamities and destructions of civic warfare, Florence had suffered in 1304 from a conflagration more terrible and wasteful than she had ever before experienced. In the heat of a most embittered fight between the factions that divided the state, one of the partisans, a priest, Neri Abati by name, a man of lewd and dissolute life, set fire to two houses near the Mercato Vecchio, the most crowded part of the city. A high wind was blowing from the north, the flames soon got beyond control, and, spreading fast, wrapped possessions and palaces of both parties in common destruction. “In fine,” says Villani, with pathetic simplicity, “the fire burned all the marrow and core and dear places of the city of Florence, and the number of them, between palaces, towers, and houses, was seventeen hundred. The loss of furni-

seen in the still existing remains of these old monuments of the fights and feuds of those passionate days that were the discipline of Florentine character, and the training of her art. See Passerini's note in Ademollo's *Marietta de' Ricci*, Firenze, 1845, vol. ii. p. 735. The notes to this elaborate historical romance, in six volumes octavo, contain an immense amount of information concerning Florence, not easily found elsewhere.

¹ Cronica, lib. ix., capp. cclvi., cclvii.

ture, treasure, and merchandise was infinite, for in those places were almost all the merchandise and precious things of Florence; and that which was not burned was carried off by thieves, for the fighting was still going on through the city; so that many trading companies and many families were stripped and made poor by the burning and the robbery. This calamity happened to our city on the 10th of June."

Though the fire had destroyed the core of the city, it had not killed the worm that had so long been gnawing at it. The flames were but the type of the more malignant fires of rancorous jealousy and hate, of party and personal passion, which wasted the energies and consumed the strength of great and small, of noble and workman alike. Civil anarchy was followed by war abroad, war abroad by new domestic discords. There was little spirit left for works that the needs of the time did not immediately require. Private fortunes demanded repair. A new generation had arisen since the cathedral was begun, a generation with less zeal for its construction than that by which it had been undertaken, and after the death of Arnolfo the work came almost to a stop. At length, in 1318, through the wise efforts of a stranger, Count Guido di Battifolle, vicar of King Robert the Good, of Naples, a new and better order was established both in public and in private affairs. Quiet was restored to the city, and prosperity began to return with peace. Old quarrels were made up, old enmities appeased. Works of improvement were taken in hand, and the cathedral was no longer neglected. A decree was passed assigning for the term of five years a fifth of all sums paid to the chamberlain of the commune, for the benefit of the fabric of the Duomo, which, in the words of the decree, "had for some time past made slow progress, nay, had been almost given up through want of money."¹

¹ "Quæ a tempore citra lente processit, immo quasi derelicta est propter defectum pecuniæ." (Gaye, i. 452.)

² The revenues of "the office of the sin of heresy" were probably derived from fines and confiscations of the property of condemned heretics. The petition is in Gaye, i. 455.

This new supply of funds, or such other supplies as the piety of the people may have ministered, at once produced great activity. The superintendents of the works (*ufficiali presidentes*) presented a petition to the Signory, stating that a large quantity of marble had been bought by them at Carrara, that they had increased the number of master workmen on the building (*ut in eodem opere plus solito laborent*), and praying that the commune would according to its wont (*more solito*) "extend the helping hand," and would assign one third of the revenues of the "office of the sin of heresy" in aid of the work.² The petition was approved.

After this sign of life and activity there is again a wide gap in the records of the Duomo. In the next year, 1320, began the most disastrous war in which Florence was ever engaged. Her enemy was Castruccio Castracani, lord of Lucca, who by his energy and extraordinary ability raised himself to the head of the Ghibelline party in Tuscany, and from this time till his death, in 1328, waged unrelenting and relentless war against Florence and her Guelf allies. A soldier trained by years of service in France, England, and Lombardy, embittered against his enemies by experience of exile and wrong at their hands, a man of popular arts, of stern temper, full of resource, acquainted with men and knowing how to rule them, of large ambition and of steady mind, he succeeded in his long struggle with Florence, in spite of her superior resources of wealth and of men, in defeating her armies, in wasting her territory, and in subjecting her to the bitterest humiliations.

The war told with disastrous effect on the trade and the prosperity of the city. Her merchants became unable to fulfill their agreements, and in the summer of 1326 there were many commercial failures, the chief among them being that of the great banking house of the Scali and Amieri and the brothers Petri, which

had been in existence for more than one hundred and twenty years, and which was indebted to domestic and foreign creditors for the enormous sum of more than four hundred thousand florins, an amount to be measured by the fact that it was not far from that of the ordinary revenue of the state for two years and a half. It was a terrible blow to Florence, for, says Villani, "every man who had money lost with them, and many other good companies in Florence were held in suspicion, on account of this failure, to their great harm."

One event that took place in the next year is too characteristic of the spirit of the times to be left unmentioned. This was the burning as a heretic of Master Cecco d'Ascoli, one of the most learned and enlightened men of his age, who in spite of his sharing in the widespread belief in the influence of the stars upon human fate and fortune, and his profession of the science of astrology, shows himself in the works still left to us as an original and serious investigator of nature, as a man of elevated sentiment and no mean poet. His poem entitled *L'Acerba*, or *L'Acerba Vita*, is an encyclopædia of the knowledge and the beliefs of the age. It was in direct opposition to the vain imaginings, as he esteemed them, of Dante, —

"Qui non si canta al modo del poeta
Che finge imaginando cose vane

Le favole mi son sempre nemiche."

He was an old man, seventy years old, when he was burned, and there is hardly to be found a more striking record of passion and superstition than that which, beginning with the condemnation of Dante to the flames, ends with the death by fire of the most learned of his contemporaries. That Cecco met his death manfully may be believed from the testimony of his own verse, in which he says, "I have had fear of three things: to be of a poor and mendicant spirit; to do

harm and to give displeasure to others; and through my own fault to lose a friend."¹

The war went on with various fortune, but with little check of Castruccio's rising power. In 1328 he was lord of Pisa, Lucca, and Pistoia, and of three hundred castles and fortified places; he was master of great part of the seaboard south of Genoa, and held rule over wide territory. He was planning new victories, when in the summer of this year he fell ill. On the 3d of September he died. Florence was safe, relieved from the most dangerous external foe that ever threatened her, for the fabric of Castruccio's power was supported by his mighty hand alone, and, that support withdrawn, it fell with a crash to the ground. Throughout the whole period of her adversity, Florence had been sustained by the thought, which the historian Ammirato calls "the general comfort of republics," that she was in a certain way eternal, not depending on the life of any individual, and able to endure great shocks without ruin, while the power of a prince, depending on himself alone, was subject to the chance of evil fortune and of death.² The reflection is a just one as drawn from the experience of Italy in this age, when tyrant after tyrant rose by force of personal qualities into sudden power, which was shattered as suddenly by his death.

Relieved from war, Florence set to work to reform her government. Reverting to her old democratic system, changes of great significance were introduced into its forms, with the intent to remedy some of the defects that experience had shown in it, and with especial aim to securing greater stability of administration, to excluding unfit persons from office, and to establishing the power of the Party, which was the title now arrogated by the Guelfs. The bitter irony of Dante's reproach³ of his fellow

Compared with thee, who makest such fine-spun
Provisions that to middle of November
Reaches not what thou in October spinnest.
How oft within the time of thy remembrance,
Laws, money, offices, and usages
Hast thou remodeled, and renewed thy members?"

(Purgatory, vi. 139-147. Longfellow's translation.)

¹ G. Villani, lib. x., c. 40. *Libri, Histoire des Sciences Mathématiques en Italie*, ii. pp. 191-200.

² Scipione Ammirato, *Istorie Fiorentine*, Firenze, 1824, tom. iii., libro vii., p. 8.

³ "Athens and Lacedæmon, they who made
The ancient laws and were so civilized,
Made towards living well a little sign

citizens on their frequent change of laws was indeed deserved, but their fickleness may be regarded in another light as an indication of their very intelligence and eager quest of good. They were at the beginning of the long series of experiments, not yet near its conclusion, to determine the limits and relations of law and liberty, the proper functions of government, the rights of the individual in society. The Florentines, forming the most civilized and intelligent popular community in existence, were trying to discover the modes by which they might secure the blessings of good order, prosperity, and strength. Many of their attempts were childish; they made many mistakes, they were impatient, and as in all republics so here were many who preferred their personal interests to those of the state. The conflict between private selfishness and the public good was sharp, constant, and often disastrous.

Though Castruccio had failed to become master of the city, he had wrought desolation around her, and the year after his death she, in common with the greater part of Tuscany, suffered from a distressing famine. The price of grain rose to triple and quadruple its usual level. There was great misery among the poor. Perugia, Siena, Lucca, Pistoia, pitilessly drove the destitute beggars from their gates. But Florence, with wise counsel and good foresight, "in piety toward God" kept her gates open to all, and, sending at public cost for shiploads of grain to Sicily, kept the market supplied with it at a low rate. But this did not suffice to relieve the suffering, and therefore at length the commune, withdrawing the grain from market, employed all the bakeries to bake for the public use, and sold the bread every day at a price much below its cost. "The commune of Florence," said Villani, "lost in these two years," for the famine, beginning in 1328, lasted into the year 1330, "more than sixty

thousand florins of gold in the support of the people." "And though I, the writer, was not worthy of so great an office, I found myself officer of the commune, with others, in this bitter time, and by the grace of God we were inventors of this remedy and method whereby the people were kept quiet, and violence was prevented, and the poor folk made content without scandal or uproar. And with this witness to the truth that nowhere else were such alms ministered to the poor, by powerful and compassionate citizens, as during this unwonted famine were ministered by the good Florentines; wherefore I firmly reckon and believe that for the sake of the said alms and provision made for the poor God has guarded, and will guard, our city from great adversities."¹

Even during the last ten years, strained as the public resources had been, private luxury seems to have met with no serious check, while the effeminate refinements of fashion, *le morbidezze d'Egitto*, of which Boccaccio complains, had increased to a degree which indicates a decline in the moral temper and ideals of the people. The worst calamity attending a long protracted stress of war in a narrow community is the breaking up of the orderly habits of society, while the influence of its keen excitements leads to the adoption of irregular and extravagant modes of life.

The war with Castruccio had so diminished the resources of the commonwealth that some years passed after its close before Florence felt able to go on with the long interrupted work upon her Duomo. At length, in 1331, a year of great abundance and prosperity, the commune resolved to take the building once more in hand; a portion of the taxes was assigned to the work, and the charge of it was committed to the Art of Wool,² that is, to the corporation of the dealers in wool, the richest and most powerful of the Arts of Florence. It was no new thing to intrust the superintend-

ficazione aliqua." See Cavallucci, *Cenni Storici sulla Edificazione della Cattedrale Fiorentina*, Firenze, 1871. An ancient inscription inserted in the wall of the Duomo records the entrusting of the work to the Art of Wool.

¹ Cronica, lib. x., cap. 118.

² Villani, Cronica, lib. x., c. 192. In the decree making these provisions the church was spoken of as having been begun "tam formosa et pulere, sed remansit iam est longum tempus et est absque hedi-

ence of a public work to one of the Arts. Not only the building, but the charge and maintenance of churches, hospitals, and prisons were committed to them.¹ For the heads of the Arts — consuls, rectors, or captains, as they might be called — were men chosen by the body of the Art to conduct its affairs, chosen by those who knew them well, and they might be trusted as of approved capacity and integrity, trained to business, and accustomed to the conduct of large affairs. A natural spirit of emulation among the Arts led them to take pride in the honorable fulfillment of such trusts, and enlisted the personal interest of each member in the mode of their discharge. It was an admirable method for securing the best public servants, and for keeping them under the constant supervision of a vigorous, sensitive, and intelligent public opinion. Florence was the first city of modern times thus to take advantage of the power that resides in the free but organized opinion of a well-ordered community.

It was long since the most precious building in Florence, its ancient baptistery, — Dante's "my beautiful St. John," — had been thus intrusted to the Art of Calimala, or foreign wool merchants.² St. John Baptist was the special patron of Christian Florence; the city was his sheepfold (*ovile di San Giovanni*), and in his church all her children gained entrance to the kingdom of Christ. Cacciaguida tells the story of every Florentine when he says to Dante, —

"And in your ancient baptistery, at once
Christian and Cacciaguida I was made."³

¹ Ammirato, *Istorie Fiorentine*, lib. iv., ann. 1293, 1294; Paolini, *Della legittima Libertà del Commercio*, t. i., nota 64; Gaye, *Carteggio*, i. 532, 12 Jun. 1388.

² The origin and etymology of the name Calimala are uncertain. The members of this Art found their gain in purchasing the rough cloths of Flanders, France, and England, and sending them in bales to Florence, where they were sheared, dyed, and finished, and thence exported to all parts of Europe and to many parts of the East. The traffic was on a great scale, and for a long period was one of the chief sources of the commercial prosperity of the city.

The statute of this Art, as revised in 1337, is to be

The third book of the statute of the Art of Calimala begins with the following rubric: "In the name of God, amen. To the honor of the omnipotent God, and of his mother, and of the blessed messer St. John Baptist, and of messer St. Eusebius, and of messer Saint Miniatus (San Miniato), and the other saints of Paradise, here below are writ the rules that relate to the work⁴ of St. John, that of San Miniato aforesaid, and of the hospital or house of St. James at St. Eusebius's, ruled and governed under the ancient and modern defense and firm guardianship of the praiseworthy Art and university of the consuls and merchants of the Art of Calimala in the city of Florence." Following this rubric come the chapters of the statute concerning the charities to which the Art was held bound. Among others, every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday morning the vice-operaio of St. John, who was to be "a good, discreet, and trustworthy layman, of sound body, of good report and condition, and of upright life," was to distribute in the church twenty dozen loaves of bread. In addition, two good men, appointed for a six months' term of service, were every week to give alms to the shamefaced poor (*poveri vergognosi*) in the shape of grain sufficient for thirty dozen loaves. This grain was to be supplied from the funds of the opera, and the two agents of the Art were required to give the said alms in company, after diligent inquiry into the condition of the poor and needy of the different sections of the city and district of Florence. (Lib. iii., cap. ii.)

Charles Eliot Norton.

found in the third volume of Emiliani-Giudici's *Storia dei Comuni Italiani*, Firenze, 1866; and from it may be gained exact knowledge of the modes of superintendence by the Arts of the public works entrusted to their charge.

³ "My whole history of Christian architecture and painting begins with this baptistery of Florence, and with its associated cathedral," says Mr. Ruskin in his *Ariadne Florentina*, page 59.

⁴ The "opera," used to denote the official board of works. The chief officer was the *operarius* or *operaio*; he administered the funds of the opera, was responsible for contracts made in its name, and had the general oversight of the execution of the works undertaken by it.

ROBA DI ROMA.

JULIETTA appears above at a balcony.

ROMÈO! Hist! Madonna, saints, and all!
 How the man sleeps, stretched out beneath yon wall,
 Deaf as the wall itself! I shall be missed
 Before I make him hear. Romèo, hist!
 Ah, well! Thank Heaven, I've waked him up at last!
 Quick, Mèo, catch this bottle I've made fast
 To this long cord! 'Tis English wine, as strong
 As aqua vita. Quick! don't be so long!
 I found it in the pantry set away
 For the great dinner that we give to-day.
 And catch this package: there are candied pears
 For your sweet tooth, and sugar cut in squares,
 And other bomboms. Now, be off at once!
 There, round the corner, — not that way, you dunce,
 Or they will see you! — and come back at ten.
 Who knows what I may find to give you then?
 A rivederci caro, ah! va ben!

That dear old Mèo mine, — what luck it was
 That through the pantry I should chance to pass
 Just when old Frangsaw had slipped out a minute,
 And no one nêar to see! The saints were in it!

Ah, well, he's gone! I'll draw the water now.
 All's silent yet; but won't there be a row
 When Frangsaw comes and finds, instead of ten,
 There are nine bottles only! Well, what then?
 He can't accuse me. Let him, if he dares!
 I'll settle him, for all his mighty airs!

Perhaps 't was not quite right to take the wine;
 But then the fault was his as well as mine.
 Why should he leave it there exposed to sight,
 To tempt whoever saw it? 'T was not right!
 Does not the Lord's own catechism say
 No one should lead us in temptation's way?
 And they who do so are in part to blame;
 As we forgive them, let them do the same.

Besides, next Sunday I'll confess the whole
 To Padre Giacomo, — the good old soul,
 Old *omnia sæcula, amen*, — no doubt
 He'll set all right, and smooth the matter out.

And then, again, I say enough's enough!
 Why should these rich signori swill and stuff,

While we, who toil and slave our life away,
 Must live upon their leavings? Grazie!
 It is not fair! It is not fair, I say!
 There are five grand signori come to dine,
 And want ten bottles, and they'll get but nine!
 Dreadful to think of! How will they survive?
 And how, then, on one bottle can we live?
 I'm sure we only take what they can spare;
 No one could call that stealing!

Hark! Who's there?

That Mèò's not come back again, I hope!
 No; 't was the old goat tugging at his rope.
 All's safe, thank Heaven!

Madonna, what a row!

That's Frangsaw — who has missed the bottle now —
 Screaming for me, and swearing at them all.
 Vengo! I am not deaf, — I heard you call.
 What is the matter? Blessed saints! I say
 I hear you, — any one could, miles away.
 I am coming. Bottle? A black bottle? Oh!
 How in the name of mercy should I know?
 I've just come up to draw some water here.
 Wine? I know nothing of your wine, mounseer!
 It's water that I'm drawing. Wine of cost?
 Ten bottles were there, and one bottle lost?
 How should I know, indeed? How can I tell
 Where it has gone to? I'm here at the well
 Drawing up water. Ten? Was it the wine
 In those black bottles? Ten? There were but nine
 When I last saw them. Oh, yes, that's your way:
 There's not a thing you stupidly mislay
 But some one stole it; 't is thief here, thief there,
 When you've missed anything. Why don't you swear
 There were twelve bottles, — twenty! What is ten
 In your outlandish lingo? Search me, then!
 I steal your wine? I've other work to do.
 Thief, if there's any one here thief, 't is you.

Who was it I was talking to below?

When? Nobody! I say there was n't. No!
 Go look yourself, and see. You heard me say
 Something to somebody? What was it, pray?

"Pst! via! quick, be off at once!" Oh, *that*?

That's what you heard? You idiot! you flat!
 Why, what I called to was the cat, — the cat!

W. W. Story.

SOME RECENT BOOKS OF TRAVEL.

LAMB's lines, —

" 'Tis pleasant, lolling in our elbow chair,
Secure at home, to read descriptions rare
Of venturous traveler in savage climes :
His hair-breadth 'scapes, toil, hunger,' " —

although they do not rank high as poetry, express a widely felt truth. No one can be insensible to the contrast between the peace of the library and the turmoil that has made the traveler's book interesting; and even the less exciting volumes give some entertainment to those who are curious about their fellow-men in foreign climes. When the statement of facts is such fascinating reading one cannot help wondering that Jules Verne — who is the most prominent offender in this respect — should find it necessary to cram his books with the charlatany that has made his name notorious. In his melodramatic books he caricatures science, and falls in interest far behind those writers who simply record the truth. Yet no one can ever read the description of a journey without being reminded of his old friends, Eyes and No-Eyes. Some travelers will go round the world and come home with hardly anything more than a list of their breakfasts, and especially of the breakfasts they did not eat. Others, again, seem to have that most desirable quality, a touch of omniscience. Indeed, a traveler in remote regions has to fit himself out with a good knowledge of botany, geology, philology, etc., before he can observe properly strange countries and their inhabitants, and before he can satisfy the public at home that is ever growing more exacting in what it demands of those who write about their journeys.

The report of the Challenger Expedition¹ is, as one would naturally expect, a model of completeness. The

aims of the investigators were clearly defined beforehand, the main object being the study of the physical and biological conditions of the great ocean basins. Precise instructions were given with regard to all the details of this vast task. They were to record the temperature of the air, of the surface of the water, of the sub-surface strata, — that is to say, at every five fathoms down to twenty fathoms, at every two hundred and fifty fathoms down to twelve hundred and fifty fathoms, and at the bottom, — with especial attention to any marked deviation. Currents and tides were to be carefully investigated. So far as possible the elevation or subsidence of the land was to be noted. The specific gravity and transparency of the water were to be ascertained, and chemical observations made of the water and sea-bottom. The botanist, too, had his work cut out for him, and the zoölogist was not to be idle.

For the thorough performance of these complex labors a good part of the ship was converted into a floating laboratory, with the various scientific instruments required — and they were many — neatly placed in the compactest space, and with the best accommodations for work that could be devised. A chapter is devoted to the description of the means at the command of the scientific men in their manifold occupations, with illustrations showing the various instruments used, sounding-machines, trawls, etc., as well as the stationary apparatus. The two volumes are mainly filled with a full account of the work done by the men who were thus admirably prepared. The men themselves were carefully chosen: Professor Wyville Thomson was appointed the head of the

¹ *The Voyage of the Challenger. The Atlantic. A Preliminary Account of the General Results of the Exploring Voyage of H. M. S. Challenger, during the year 1873 and the early part of the year 1876.* By Sir C. WYVILLE THOMSON, Knt., LL. D., D. Sc., F. R. SS. L. and E., F. L. S., F. G. S., etc.,

Regius Professor of Natural History in the University of Edinburgh, and Director of the Civilian Scientific Staff of the Challenger Expedition. In two volumes. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1878.

civilian scientific staff, with numerous assistants, among whom was a young German, Dr. Rudolf von Willemoes-Suhm. He died on the 13th of September, 1875, and an interesting volume, written, if we are not mistaken, by his mother, gives not only an admirable account of his zoological investigations, but also an inspiring picture of scientific enthusiasm. It is a book that might repay translation; certainly those who know German would find it worth reading.

As may be imagined, this report does not waste space on what fills the ordinary entertaining book of travels. That vague person, the general reader, to whom all is caviare except the narration of incidents and accidents, will not find much here to delight his soul. It is no indirect attack against this book to say that there are other scientific reports which are more generally interesting reading. Darwin's account of the voyage of the *Beagle*, for instance, will fascinate almost every one, mainly because the multitude of diverse subjects that the author writes about is pretty sure to strike some stray whim or fancy of almost every reader, while there are few who care for more than very vague information about the temperature of the sea and the formation of the seabottom. Of course, these volumes were not written for the humoring of the popular taste, which will be fully gratified by very weak dilutions of the mass of information they contain. Those, however, who care for a full account of so well organized an expedition will be duly grateful for Sir Wyville Thomson's thoroughness. He gives a satisfactory description of those parts of the long voyage which have to do with the Atlantic Ocean, with a log of the scientific work in compact tables, diagrams, and lists, and clear statements of the general results obtained.

The course of the ship, on its departure from England, December 21, 1872, was first to the Canary Islands, this part being regarded as merely tentative, and as an opportunity to get everything into working order, and it was only after

sailing from that port that the real labor began. The run was made from Teneriffe to Sombrero, thence to the Bermudas, and from them to Halifax, across the Gulf Stream. Returning to the Bermudas, they sailed eastward to the Azores and Madeira, and thence to the coast of Brazil, and so, across the South Atlantic, to the Cape of Good Hope, which they reached October 28, 1873. It was not until January 20, 1876, that they sailed into the Atlantic again, through the Strait of Magellan, on their somewhat less tortuous homeward voyage.

Although the author explains that it is yet too early to make a full report of all the scientific information that has been acquired, there is certainly enough included in the final summary to attract every one's attention. Some of the most interesting results, briefly condensed, are the following: The supposition that the depth of the Atlantic increases rather suddenly to between two thousand and twenty-five hundred fathoms along the coasts of Europe and North Africa is confirmed. From Teneriffe westward, except at one spot, the water deepens to thirty-one hundred and fifty fathoms at the bottom of a wide valley which extends more than half-way across the Atlantic. Then there is a rise to nineteen hundred fathoms, and another depression to three thousand and fifty fathoms, and thence it shoals rapidly up to the West Indies. The greatest depth discovered in the Atlantic was thirty-eight hundred and seventy-five fathoms, at a point north of the Virgin Islands, between St. Thomas and the Bermudas. The mean depth of the Atlantic is a little over two thousand fathoms. For the outlines of the different basins of greatest depth the reader must be referred to the book.

The bottom of the main Atlantic, at depths between four hundred and two thousand fathoms, is covered with a calcareous deposit, the globigerina ooze, which consists to a great extent of the more or less decomposed shells of pelagic foraminifera. These foraminifera Sir Wyville Thomson now holds, in opposi-

tion to his opinion before taking this voyage, to be inhabitants of the surface and upper strata of the water. At a greater depth than two thousand fathoms the ooze is replaced by a more or less homogeneous red clay, produced mainly by the decomposition of feldspathic minerals.

The distribution of the ocean temperature is reported at too great length to receive even the rough condensation of the two subjects just treated. The general facts and conclusions are to be found briefly recapitulated, vol. ii., pp. 279, 280, and these are what the reader would do well to consult. The first conclusion being "that the Atlantic must be regarded in the light of an inlet or gulf of the general ocean of the water hemisphere, opening directly from the Southern Sea," the temperature, with some few exceptions, is dependent on that of the Southern Sea, and, with the exception of the Labrador current (which gives the Boston east wind its diabolical sting) and the Spitzbergen current, the Atlantic is not specially affected by any cold indraught from the Arctic Ocean.

With regard to the fauna, even less can be said here. Animal life is to be found in the bottom of the ocean at all depths, though less abundantly at great depths, with a belt of complete, or nearly complete, absence of life between the surface and the bottom. Farther down than five hundred fathoms the ocean is inhabited throughout by a fauna presenting generally the same features. The forms most nearly related to extinct types seem to occur in the greatest abundance and of the largest size in the Southern Ocean.

But one might almost as well form an idea of the Atlantic Ocean from a tea-cupful of salt water as judge of the thoroughness and the fullness of these two volumes by this inadequate sketch. They are valuable store-houses of information, recording most lucidly the results of careful observation by trained men, and may serve another good pur-

pose as the memorials of a wise and generous act on the part of the English government. It is doing them injustice to try to skim scraps of information from these painstaking chronicles of scientific work.

Archdeacon Gray's book on China¹ will be found well worth attention. There is no need of repeating the many causes that have kept that country comparatively unknown; it is enough to say that we have here a book written, not by a traveler, but by a man who can be fairly considered an inhabitant of the land he describes. The archdeacon nowhere tells us exactly how many years he has passed in China, but from the various dates he mentions it may be gathered that he has spent nearly, if not quite, twenty years there. They were years well spent. It would be hard to give any one who has not read the two volumes at all an adequate notion of the immense mass of information he has put together for us. He traces the course of the Chinaman from the cradle to the grave: he describes the ceremonies at his birth, his education, his marriage, or, more frequently, his marriages; he tells us about his death and his funeral rites; we find all his religious feelings, his numerous superstitions, set before us, as well as the care the government takes of good citizens, and the pains and penalties imposed on the vicious. We hear how the Chinaman who is refractory is tortured; and this is certainly curious reading at the present day, when the question of the treatment of the criminal classes is one of so great interest. In China torture is a recognized method of judicial procedure, and the punishments inflicted on those deemed guilty are indeed terrible.

What the author tells us about the religions of the Chinese is of importance, for it has been by no means easy to form a definite notion of the relation of Buddhism, for instance, to the people and to the other religions. That religion has indeed sunk from its old estate;

¹ *China: A History of the Laws, Manners, and Customs of the People.* By JOHN HENRY GRAY, M. A., LL. D., Archdeacon of Hongkong. Edited by

WILLIAM GOW GREGOR. In two volumes. With One Hundred and Forty Illustrations. London: Macmillan & Co. 1878.

most of the priests appear to be but little more than lazy monks, who are addicted to opium-smoking, although there are some who obey the laws of their creed by begging their bread from door to door. On the whole, Buddhism in China would seem to be a mass of superstition. At any rate, this is Dr. Gray's verdict in the comparison he makes between this religion and Taonism on the one side, and Confucianism on the other.

A long article might be made out of judicious selections from these two well-packed volumes, which surprise the reader by the great variety of the information collected. There seems to be nothing that has escaped the author's careful observation; no subject seems strange to him; he speaks as one having knowledge of Chinese ways of thought and action, of their occupations, of the appearance of the country, etc., so that it will be only with a smile that the reader will receive Dr. Gray's very humble apology for his ignorance of geology, and his consequent inability to speak of the geological formation of the country. Surely something must be pardoned to fallible man, and this slight omission would never have been noticed by the reader if attention had not been thus called to it. Other books, notably Baron Richthofen's *Travels in China*, supply this gap, which is more than made up by the really immense mass of information given us about Chinese life.

A book of a very different kind is a volume on Constantinople,¹ by Edmondo de Amicis. It makes no pretensions to adding to the sum of human knowledge, but it contains a brilliant and picturesque account of many of the wonders of that famous city. It is empty of statistics, being only a vivid record of what the traveler sees as he wanders about the narrow streets of the town and its surroundings, but it is written with so much real interest in the subject, and it shows such genuine admiration for the abundant artistic richness of Oriental life, that

no one can fail to be affected by the writer's enthusiasm. The travelers are not so very many who go to Constantinople, and they are still fewer who can equally well describe what is to be seen there. Everything fascinated the ardent young writer, and he put down on paper his impressions while they were still fresh; consequently, thanks to his vivid style, which well survives translation, the reader gets most glowing pictures of what can be best presented by such treatment. Though we may smile here and there at the writer's excessive earnestness, it is to just this quality that the book owes its value. It is by no means a mere story of sight-seeing; the author reflected wisely on what he saw so keenly, and what he has to say concerning the Turkish character is worth reading. It will be found in one of the last chapters of this interesting book.

Canoeing in Kanuckia,² by Messrs. C. L. Norton and John Habberton, describes a little tour in canoes made by those gentlemen and certain of their friends. They seem to have enjoyed their trip exceedingly, — one might almost say, excessively. They found everything amusing: if it rained, they were delighted; if the sun was hot, that too was an entertaining joke; but the height of happiness was attained when one or more of the canoes upset and its owner was ducked. One of the more important incidents of the voyage was the destruction of a coffee-pot by being held in the flames by an indiscreet amateur cook; but this is made much of, and the generally meagre outline of events is filled in with a faithful report of the incessant chaff in which the various members of the party indulged at each other's expense. All this was doubtless amusing enough at the time, but it may be questioned whether it was of the texture of which entertaining books are made. It is safe to say that most readers will fail to find on the printed page

¹ *Constantinople*. By EDMONDO DE AMICIS. Translated from the Seventh Italian Edition by CAROLINE TILTON. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1878.

² *Canoeing in Kanuckia; or, Haps and Mishaps*

Afloat and Ashore of the Statesman, the Editor, the Artist, and the Scribbler. Recorded by the Commodore and the Cook (C. L. NORTON and JOHN HABBERTON). Illustrated. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1878.

the delight that the talk gave when it was uttered, and it would not be surprising if the authors, on reading it over, felt very much as those feel who are so deeply impressed by the strangeness of a dream that they try to narrate it to others and find their audience singularly indifferent. Half of the pleasure of the trip was the freedom from work, the novel excitement of change, and the intoxication of moderate physical toil in the fresh air. The feeble, harmless little jokes sounded funny on account of the general exhilaration, but to print them in a book is as much a mistake as it would be to put up a statue to Helen's Babies.

Mr. Bishop,¹ on the other hand, made a very different journey in his canoe, and he has written a very different sort of book. Out of sheer love of adventure, he started from Quebec and found his way, with as little transportation of his canoe over land as possible, to the Gulf of Mexico. He made the journey as far as Troy with a companion, and the remaining part alone, in a paper canoe. The most interesting result of the trip is the proof that is given of the existence of a lagoon-like water-course along almost the whole length of the Atlantic coast, which of course stands in need of more improvements,—light-houses, canals, etc.,—but is yet, for long distances at least, open to vessels of light draught. Mr. Bishop's account of his lonely journey is capital reading. He writes with great modesty, but it is impossible not to see the canoeist's energy and courage. He made his way down the coast late in the autumn, and although there was consequently less danger from malaria at this season, the storms were frequent and severe. It was by no means a holiday trip, and his capsizing in Delaware Bay was very dif-

ferent from the ordinary upset of the canoe which gives its occupant a sudden but not always disagreeable bath. As may be imagined, the arrival of a boat, made of paper, that had come from the Hudson River created a good deal of excitement in the Southern ports, and it is unnecessary to say that the adventurous explorer was received with the warmest hospitality. Mayors of cities greeted him with ceremonious welcome, and more than this, all along the comparatively remote course he followed, private citizens, "low-down" whites, crackers, and negroes treated him most generously. Some of the light he throws upon the people he met in this way is curious and interesting. Like many another traveler he has learned with his own eyes that our black brother is not a wholly upright citizen, and he corroborates all that is told of the general demoralization which the war and the subsequent legislation produced, while at the same time he does justice to the negro's good qualities. In fact, the aim of the book is not to support any political theory, but to state what the author saw. Some of his anecdotes are very amusing, as, for instance, that of the debating society of the negroes at a town in Georgia; they called their club *De Lyceneum*; their two managers were respectively "*de disputaceous visitor*" and "*de lachrymal visitor*." One of their subjects of discussion was, Which is de best, Spring Water or Matches?

Dr. Klunzinger's book on Upper Egypt² comes well recommended, with its introduction written by Schweinfurth, and it will be found to deserve all that is said in its praise. The author spent about ten years in Egypt, most of the time at Koseir on the Red Sea, and also in the Nile Valley, and this volume is a compact record of what fell under

¹ *Voyage of the Paper Canoe: A Geographical Journey of Twenty-Five Hundred Miles, from Quebec to the Gulf of Mexico, during the Years 1874 and 1875.* By NATHANIEL H. BISHOP, Author of *One Thousand Miles' Walk across South America*, and Corresponding Member of the Boston Society of Natural History, and of the New York Academy of Sciences. Boston: Lee and Shepard. New York: Charles T. Dillingham. 1878.

² *Upper Egypt: Its People and its Products.* A

Descriptive Account of the Manners, Customs, Superstitions, and Occupations of the People of the Nile Valley, the Desert, and the Red Sea Coast, with Sketches of the Natural History and Geology. By C. B. KLUNZINGER, M. D., formerly Egyptian Sanitary Physician at Koseir on the Red Sea, Member of the Gesellschaft für Erdkunde zu Berlin, etc. With a Prefatory Notice by Dr. GEORG SCHWEINFURTH, Author of the *Heart of Africa*. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co. 1878.

his observation in his intimacy with the Egyptians. What he has undertaken to do is to describe just what would meet the eye of the visitor of that region. He brings the Nile town clearly before us, with its inhabitants, and their manners and occupations are depicted by one who has sympathy as well as knowledge. The neighborhood of the Red Sea is the subject of some interesting chapters. A trip through the desert brings another kind of life and scenery before the reader.

Dr. Klunzinger, through his character as physician, saw the native Egyptians more intimately than do most Franks, and his tribute to their many good qualities attests his own freedom from prejudice and his kindliness of heart. He has written an entertaining book that is at the same time a store-house of information. No Nile traveler — and who that travels at all does not sooner or later visit the Nile? — can dispense with this useful volume. He will learn from it to take an interest in something beside the scenery and the ruins.

The late Turco-Russian war taught a good deal of geography to readers, and among the books that give agreeable instruction it will be hard to find one superior to Mr. James Bryce's *Transcaucasia and Ararat*.¹ The author, who is an experienced observer, entered the outlying Russian territories from Nijni-Novgorod by rail and post to Tiflis; thence he went to Erivan and back by rail to Poti, from which port he took the steamer along the southern shore of the Black Sea to Constantinople.

He describes the Volga and the scenery of Southern Russia entertainingly, but of course it is the part of the book which deals with the Transcaucasian provinces that is at present the most important. The remote dependencies are inhabited by a motley group of tribes, — Lesghians, Mingrelians, Ossetes, Suans, — to say nothing of the more numerous Georgians and Armenians. Of them all the Armenians alone seem living people; the rest are only half-civilized at the

best, or are wholly devoid of the energy which seems to distinguish the Armenians among the other western Asiatics. All that Mr. Bryce has to say about the Russian policy in these countries is of value, because this is a bugbear to those who dread the future of that country, and also because it may be compared almost on the spot with the merits and failings of the Turkish rule. On the whole, the showing is good for Russia; not merely in comparison with Turkey, but with any other country that is stretching out its hand over weaker races. Of course a thick book might be written about the corruption of the administration, and, doubtless, about the faults of individual officials, but these annexed provinces would seem to have no very serious cause for complaint. Mr. Bryce is by no means a prejudiced observer, and here is what he says on an interesting point: "The sort of good nature and susceptibility to impressions which is so marked a feature in the Russian character makes them get on far better with strange races than either we, or the Dutch, or the Spanish have ever been able to do. It is not occasional acts of cruelty, it is not even a permanently repressive system, that makes conquerors hated nearly so much as coldness, *hauteur*, contempt, an incapacity to sympathize with a different set of customs and ideas."

The process of amalgamation between the Russians and the natives is very slow, and in many places imperceptible; but the Georgians and Armenians are sharing some of the advantages of the foreign civilization which is thrusting itself upon them. The state of the adjacent Turkish provinces is simply terrible, and apparently without hope of relief at the hands of the present rulers. While the Russians move slowly and clumsily forwards, the Turks move backwards, if at all.

In a brief notice like this it is impossible to give all the arguments Mr. Bryce uses to confirm a feeling of hopefulness regarding Russia, but they will be found

¹ *Transcaucasia and Ararat*. Being Notes of a Vacation Tour in the Autumn of 1876. By JAMES

BYRCE, Author of *The Holy Roman Empire*. London: Macmillan & Co. 1877.

throughout this book, put together in a distinct and unpartisan fashion by a man of knowledge and experience, who judges what he sees before him. This is the most important side of the book, which has also a great charm as a book of travel, as a record of adventure in comparatively unknown lands. It is full of humor and intelligence. One of the most noteworthy of the incidents is the author's account of his solitary ascent of Mount Ararat. There are but few recent books of travel which are better worth reading.

Mr. Anderson's book about the Silver Country¹ will remind the reader of those circulars which are written by men with real estate to sell. All will recall the lavish praise, the gentle, euphemistic blame, the silence concerning insuperable faults, with which one place after another is sung. This is just the way in which Mr. Anderson has prepared his little manual, so that one turns instinctively to the end of the book to find the price of a snug farm in that delicious region, where a man can pick up gold and silver nuggets as easily as he can gather whortleberries in a New England pasture, and can support life meanwhile in a temperate climate on the most delicious meats and fruits.

Mr. Anderson will probably brand as provincialism any indifference to his commendation of Arizona at the expense of the bleakness of New England. Here is one instance of the way the heart of the Yankee is wrung by this enthusiastic writer. Under the caption Silk are these words: "The raising of silk cocoons was, many years ago, quite an industry in parts of New England, and many a fine field was covered with mulberry-trees, the leaves of which furnished food for the worms. But little remains of that industry there except the stumps of the trees. It has reappeared in New Spain, and has been accompanied with marked success. Of the 3937 pounds of silk cocoons," etc.

And he goes on in this way about barley, wheat, corn, making his odious comparisons, and exulting over the New Spanish sugar, cochineal, wine, etc., by the side of which hard cider and ice make no show at all. And there are the gold and silver to boot.

Some prejudiced writers have spoken of deserts in New Spain; but they must be mistaken, since Mr. Anderson, who gives lists, covering pages, of authorities, says nothing about them. He throws in all Central America as the proper place for the emigrant to go to, with the easy grace map-makers used to show in placing the Mountains of the Moon in different parts of Central Africa. The hardy son of New England who has grown weary of pork and beans will find his mouth watering over accounts of the banquets of the Aztecs and of the Halls of the Montezumas, with the human sacrifices left out.

At the end of the book its real meaning appears: it is a plea for more railways. The reader who had not already guessed this explanation of the accumulation of so much second-hand lore and strictly original rhetoric will find himself led on from a discussion of Roman roads, with a quotation from Gibbon, through a few words on rivers and canals, to a fine outburst on railroads: "The second half of the first century of the republic witnessed the commencement of the first railway in this country. It was in New England instead of New Spain, and near Boston. But it was simply a freight line of a few miles, to bring to market the products of a stone quarry. . . . A glance at the map in the forepart of this volume shows that they [railways] have not yet crossed the great interior of New Spain, but end abruptly near the borders, as if afraid to trespass upon a country so rich in treasures."

It is needless to point out to the reader the delicate way in which Mr. Anderson manages to mention two qualities of

¹ *The Silver Country; or, The Great Southwest. A Review of the Mineral or other Wealth, the Attractions and Material Development, of the Former Kingdom of New Spain, comprising Mexico and the*

Mexican Cessions to the United States in 1848 and 1853. By ALEXANDER D. ANDERSON. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1877.

railways that are generally overlooked by writers, namely, their humility and their delicate perception of right and wrong. It would seem as if he wanted only passenger trains to bring passengers to this Eldorado, and possibly he would not object to the annexation of Mexico. What does Colonel Thomas A. Scott think of this book?

Mr. Munro - Butler - Johnstone¹ has written not only an entertaining but a very intelligent account of the famous fair at Nijni-Novgorod, with some discursive remarks on Russia and the Russian people. The reader can judge for himself exactly what the book is from

the statement that it was first written in the form of letters to the London Daily News. This gives a certain warrant that it will be found worth reading and instructive, and such is the case. The author describes the great fair, not simply as if it were a device for the reward and delight of adventurous travelers, but in its manifold commercial and industrial relations. He has the best of feelings towards the little-known country that he visited, and what he has to say tends to encourage the same feelings in his readers. The clearness and fairness of the book make it a most startling contrast to the one just noticed.

AN IMPRESSIONIST AT THE PARIS EXPOSITION.

THE great moment is when, after an ocean, frontiers, and inexorable Paris landlords, you arrive, disembarassed of everything, on the inner terrace of the Trocadéro palace. You hold yourself open to the impressions that may naturally be expected to seize upon you. There is a school of "impressionist" painters here, who give, as it were, the first broad flash of anything, immediately turned away from, and not looked back at or reflected about. Flash! some rapid patches of pink, of white, scattering blue, a ground tone of tawny yellow, — a young woman with a parasol walking in a wheat-field. Let us try that. Flash! a blue sky; four large shining spots, colossal golden animals, close in front. They are a horse, an ox, an elephant, and a rhinoceros, rearing defiantly around a basin of numerous streams, with rainbows in them. The mailed rhinoceros is particularly picturesque. Long bars of orange and the yellow of new oak, on both sides of the river, for pavilions of navigation and railway supplies and the pavilion of forestry; bars of

Venetian red above them for their roofs of earthen tiles; pale striped greens for the café of Morocco, the French restaurant on the right, the Spanish — balancing it — on the left; dusty greens for the grass-plots, with enameled borders; drab and pink for the Egyptian temple; slate and scarlet for the Chinese pagoda; delicious white amid embowering foliage for the mosque of Algiers, with a bit of the river reflecting the sky behind it. In the distance, the palace of the Champ de Mars extends its sections of glass a little mistily between the strong patches of cream color which are the solid supports of the domes at the ends and in the centre. Projecting spires and small points everywhere, indicating a complication of objects hidden in the shrubbery. A staring tone of gravel for the highways and paths, needlessly vast and sterile, as it seems, fills all the central portion. Then, flags of all nations, gay marquees, kiosks of terra cotta, canary of regimented chairs and white of marble-topped tables at the restaurants, scattered into all the inter-

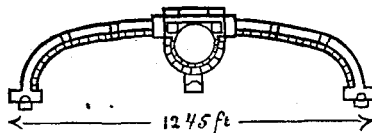
¹ *A Trip up the Volga to the Fair of Nijni-Novgorod.* By H. A. MUNRO-BUTLER-JOHNSTONE, M. P.
VOL. XLII. — NO. 253.

With Thirteen Illustrations. Philadelphia: Porter and Coates. 1878.

stices, to make up the Joseph's coat of many colors spread upon the astonished ground, — this poor ground, when it thinks what a commonplace territory it was so recently!

Around the whole, Paris, a mosaic of gray patches laid one against another, vanishing to the horizon. St. Sulpice, the Pantheon, and Notre Dame rise distantly out of it. The gilded dome of the Invalides — not so imposing as that of the Boston State House — rises nearer, and does not keep its place, but insists upon coming forward, by reason of its holiday attire, and joining the revelry in front.

This may pass for an "impression." An impression is as much as the general view is worth. The interest lies more and more in the details. Conceive that the locality is an oblong strip, of more than a mile, cut by the river. One quarter of it, sloping rapidly, is on this side. It is crowned by a singular building, — to remain, — which contains the concert hall for five thousand persons, and museums of retrospective art. I cannot think of a bulky central edifice anywhere else, like an Italian baptistery or the royal Albert Hall, with long curving wings. It is something entirely new. They are really *wings*, bent inward, as if beating the air. A rude diagram shows it better than explanations.



It makes too startling a profession of its originality, it seems to me. The sweeping wings are weak, and do not get clutch enough on the ground. There is something disagreeable, too, — you get it from the lithographs as well, — in the conflict of the curves of the rotunda which rise, as they come out towards you, with the others which fall. The façade first visible on coming down the Avenue Roi de Rome, on which lives the uncomely queen of Spain behind a gilded grating, is really railroad-station-like.

It is a mammoth structure in its scale.

Its two yellow campaniles, forty feet higher than Notre Dame, signal to all Paris the merry-making in progress within, and, coming nearer, you find that the profuse ornamentation which seemed to be merely the vacant device of "rustication" is bands of alternate light and dark; that the Palazzo Vecchio campaniles are daintily gilded and have polished marble angle-shafts; and that the material in general is of the most expensive. Still, it is not going to be such a reminiscence of the Exhibition of 1878 as was left by that of 1854 in the present Palais de l'Industrie, in which our Philadelphia art gallery found its motive. In its original state the Trocadéro was a park, and the Champ de Mars a parade-ground, as all the world knows, and the bridge of Jena connects them. It was but a minor feat of the costly enterprise partly to raise the ground and partly sink the level of the streets crossing them, so that the tide of ordinary traffic surges through between high walls that give only such enticing suggestions of the interior as are contained in the bracketed roofs and flying banners showing above.

We have been looking out from the frame of a bay of the curving cloisters, and over the edge of a basin in violent ebullition, which seems to drop, but does not, directly into the basin of the golden beasts below. It is only a matter of going down to find that it reaches it by a series of steps, with plume-like jets spouting beside them, which go to make up the *grandes eaux* at a cost of nearly a million dollars for themselves alone. There are golden figures about this upper basin, too, — Europe, Asia, America, gazing massively at the fervid panorama, with their wheat sheaves, their styllets, their wheels of industry, disposed about them. It is a great day for Allegory. I know not to what enormous total the admissions for some one date would rise could her representatives in the grounds be added. They spring lightly from domes; they point this way and that; they suspend wreaths of victory and undying fame. Two splendid bronze geniuses cross hands over the arch of the

main portal of the Champ de Mars; two others upon each pier guard the emblazoned shield of a nation, with a long pennant above them. The most singular of all is the section of Bartholdi's Liberty, which is not here a hand, but an enormous head. It is the only thing on a scale with the Exposition. Casting a far-looking, level glance over the whole from its deep-set eyes, it has in its knitted brows a strangely troubled expression, as though it bore the entire burden of responsibility. One is ready to ask, "Why did you ever try to hold it?"

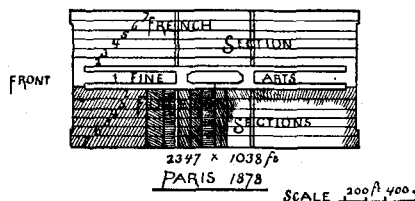
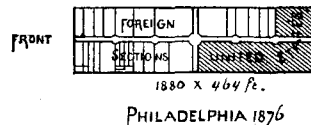
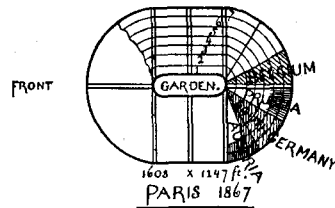
An allegory with a political significance is the statue of the Republic, in the position of honor on the terrace in front of the industrial palace. The artist has conceived a very mature, substantial republic, a sort of rule-Britannia figure, in a helmet, sitting, and holding a sword. There is nothing to allude to its comparative youth but the virgin newness and whiteness of the material. A Bonapartist caricature represents that it is a crafty republican leader inside of the statue, thinly plastered over. But it is an up-hill task to produce a conviction like that. On the contrary, I see a number of indications every day, an Anglo-Saxon style of things, that makes me think that the republic covers not a few only, but a great number of people, and is likely, this time, to be an institution of permanence.

A row of colossal figures of nations, rough-cast in terra cotta, — they must be eighteen feet high, — against the piers of the façade, have, in spite of their dimensions, a pronounced individual character. You could expect the regal Spain, the stalwart, peasant Norway, the charming Japan, with the texture of the silk sash and gown given even in the bold work, to step down from their pedestals and be really intelligent and amiable.

Is the almost monopoly of woman here, I wonder, anything of an offset to her partial exclusion from the trades and professions? And why is it that allegory has so little use for man in its symbolizations? He has more or less to

do, in his way, with the subject matter of them.

It is the habit of expositions to have a main building. In it more of their essential character inheres than anywhere else. They are not of extraordinary occurrence now. They are becoming a regular industry, with three of the greatest in five years. What is the progressive sense as to imposing effect? as to the most convenient means of display of the prodigious quantities of goods poured together into their laps? It is not easy to find as yet points of agreement in the more general and important particulars. At Paris, in '67, it was an ellipse, with a central garden that held the main volume of matters; at Vienna, in '73, an interminable nave, with transepts; at Philadelphia, a moderate parallelogram, with three great classes, machinery, agriculture, and art, dismissed to separate edifices; at Paris, at the present time, an enormous parallelogram.



There is not a more pronounced unanimity, as this indeed is closely connected with the form, upon the classification

of articles, or upon the precise objects which it is desirable to subserve. Thus at Paris in '67 it was thought useful — and I do not see how there can be more than one opinion on this point — to have a double classification, so that nations could be inspected as a whole, and at the same time whoever was interested in a special line of products might be able to follow it easily from one to the other through them all. To secure this, seven groups of products were distributed in seven concentric corridors, and the nations cut them, according to their requirements of space, in sectors. If you followed a radius, you traversed, say, Spain only. If you followed the sixth corridor, say, you passed from the machinery of Belgium to that of Prussia, then to that of South Germany, then to that of Austria.

At Vienna nothing of this was attempted, nor at Philadelphia, except in the special detached buildings. We occupied an end and one half of the right-hand side, it will be remembered, while foreign nations had strips opening both ways from a fine central aisle seventy feet high and a hundred and twenty wide, of which they made much for characteristic entrances. On the present occasion, it is returned to in good part; an orderly comparative arrangement can be followed in lines through all of the foreign sections, while the same system prevails in the French exhibit, to which, on account of its naturally greater size, one half of the building is allotted. To traverse any department takes two lengths of the building, — little short of a mile in a straight line, — one for the French, and one for the foreigners; but it can be done. If I should have the laying out of an international exhibition at some time, I think I should propose the flat-iron plan, the shape of the New York post-office. The entertaining nation would occupy the wide portion. The aisles would converge to the small end, where the minor nations would find proper accommodation according to their diminishing exhibits. The ellipse of '67 being deemed unadvisable for repetition, expensive by

reason of the endless curvature of all the joinery, unsalable when taken down, and hardly capable of anything more than a huge circus-tent effect, I do not see why this would not pretty well meet the requirements. It is cheerfully submitted, without demand for remuneration, to any whom it may concern.

It was the opinion of General Banks, apropos of the moderate appropriation required to give us a representation there, that the classification of '67 was the most sublime category of human products ever drawn out in order. If so it is a commendation that still applies, since the present classification follows very closely that of '67. In the mean time that of Philadelphia appears to me more clear-cut and logical. Seven departments: one for things under the ground, mining and metallurgy; another for those on the surface, agriculture, including the life of the woods and the sea as well; manufactures, the shapes into which the primary materials from these are wrought by human ingenuity; machinery, the apparatus by which it is done; education, the training of the directing intelligence; art, the flower of beauty that comes to solace and give a character of rejoicing to the whole. There it was the earth principally which served as the point of departure. Here it is more directly man: one department for his food, another for clothing, another for furniture. At Vienna, this system was developed to twenty-six different groups.

We have in '78 nine groups, while in '67 there were ten. This tenth group was arranged by Napoleon III., with a special view to the working classes. It was for objects "ameliorating the moral and physical condition of populations." It included, among other things, food, clothing, and furniture distinguished for useful qualities combined with cheapness, and examples of work showing peculiar individualism, such as have most resisted the influence of machinery. An American commissioner thought that the institution of this group alone was sufficient to place the name of the emperor "on the roll of permanent history in

letters of light." There is less tenderness for the workmen at present, and these articles have been distributed under such heads as convenience dictated. Two main groups of agriculture, which consist largely of changing exhibitions of live stock, and horticulture are naturally either out-of-doors or housed in pavilions. Seven in-door groups are to be provided for. It is done by ranging them in parallel sheds (as they may be called without an intention to be derogatory) down the thickly built parallelogram. The nations cut across their half at right angles, and face upon a central breathing strip, which holds also the continuous pavilions of the fine arts, as well as an individual display of especial elegance by the city of Paris.

They have made a charming place of it, this street of nations, except for its narrowness. One is drawn to many a well-pleased promenade there, — issuing out at the hour of closing, and postponing his fatigue to follow, with an enduring interest, the complexity of turrets, arcades, belfries, broken roofs, and gable ends retiring down the fantastic line. Spain has a Moorish façade; Portugal, the luxuriant carvings of Belem; Russia and the Scandinavians, fronts in massive varnished wood; and Belgium, a civic palace, at six hundred thousand francs, like some of the best of those which ornament the modern streets of that favored country, surprisingly skilled, tasteful, and prosperous in all of its appointments. Switzerland recalls her Genevas and Neufchâtel with an arching belfry, in which a man in armor strikes the hours stiffly with a hammer.

As to the matter of exterior effect in international exposition main buildings, the first of the two of Paris did not much try for it. The long, low range of Vienna, with its painted plaster decoration, is spoken of as tame; Philadelphia strove for a monumental air as well as it could, pinched by a severe economy. It has been reserved for the present industrial palace to do something really brilliant. It does not strike you as vast, — except perhaps from a point up or down the

river, where two sides of it can be seen. The whole extent of the space under cover is not visible, because the sheds are surrounded by the high outer galleries, which are the palace as far as the spectator is concerned. The matter of vastness is not the thing here, either, it is with us. It has too much to contend with. What extent could there be to draw more than a moderate astonishment from populations used to the London houses of Parliament, and the grandiose, solid court of the Louvre?

It is of iron and glass, and avows itself ephemeral, and the narrow end is that which is principally seen. It throws itself upon the charm of an original design, gay and pleasing color, and above all of valuable materials. You like it better the nearer you approach. You recognize with growing surprise not only that it is not going to be cheap, but that it is impressively expensive. It is a remark that applies to the Exposition throughout. The panel of decoration on the pilasters, for instance, which seemed to be a stenciled pattern, is found to be a lovely mosaic tiling in high relief. The iron frame is zinc color; the doors are the red of wine-lees; the interiors of the lofty entrance half-domes, bronze gilt; the windows, traced a little with patterns of blue and amber. It impresses you like a magnified specimen of one of those cheerful tankards in the department of Bohemian glass, which are ornamented with arabesques, mottoes, and touches of gold. There are charming views through the clear glass: either within, at the lapis-lazuli vases and heaped-up treasures, or without, at the profusely landscape-gardened prospect and the moving people. The sky shows through the edifice from a proper distance, and adds to its bluish tint. The clouds pile up behind it at sunset, and once I have seen, in a sultry atmosphere, a yellow moon, the size of a cart-wheel, rise out of the very midst of it, with a ravishing effect.

Though ephemeral, it has a certain seriousness too. It is not of the bubble-like order. The great frames of glass and most of the other shapes are square-

headed. This is sincere, now that I think of it; iron has no need to be arched. Conceive, then, that it stands upon a long terrace, — the stately feature of which, with the *quille*, we have not learned yet to make use of in America, — with flower beds about it, and palms in blue and white porcelain tubs on the ramps of the steps.

The spectacular aspect of expositions is, after as much argument as may be expended, their principal aspect. There is no doubt about the number of things for reflection; but it is not the handful of earnest students pursuing these, inspectors with no language but their own, preparing reports among yawning shop boys retained for police duty, for oblivion in government printing-offices, or even parties of personally-conducted British workmen arrived for eight days, for whom they are given. It is for the great five millions, eight millions, ten millions, who come to pay their franc for once or twice, pass through in a daze at the illimitability of things, and take back a description of a swimming doll to their friends in the country. I doubt, too, about those British workmen, whether they are going to give all of the eight days to the strict line of mechanics in which lies their profession in life. Expositions are the best of advertising mediums for articles whose points catch the attention easily, and there is no doubt about their containing the best thing of its kind in any particular line. The views they give of foreign lands cannot be relied upon to take the place of actual visits. What you find is too much a matter of hazard. It does not follow that the public instruction of Spain is better than that of England because the latter is represented by but a single, pushing, private boarding-school; nor that a country is the strongest as a whole in some respect which may make a remarkable showing from a particular locality. I would rather take what I could learn of a country, reading its newspapers at breakfast, while taking my coffee, for a week in its capital, than the selected and ticketed facts of a number of expositions. There is talk of one

at Rome presently. They will no doubt go on, since numerous important powers are still to be heard from. If commerce finds, as it does, its interest in them, there is no reason why they should stop from any considerations of *ennui* and a general resemblance, — the main constituency every time. It was the United States that sent most of the ten millions of admissions to Philadelphia, and it will be Italy, Germany, or Russia that will send the necessary millions next to Rome, Berlin, or St. Petersburg, as the case may be.

I am not sure, therefore, that an apology is not demanded for passing by at first the most obvious spectacular attractions, the strange peoples and their hamlets clustered about the grounds. A droning music issues from an Arab café, as though the wake of a mummy might be in progress. An ancient Gaul, in granite, one of four at the angles of the bridge, having dismounted, is reining back his fiery steed, and may have come to attend. But let us plunge in, nevertheless, among the improving contents of the industrial palace.

The names of the groups of goods we are to find are over the arches of the interior promenades: fine arts, liberal arts, furniture, raiment, products (primary and manufactured), machinery, aliment. It is so managed that some of the most perfect specimens of each — the Sèvres porcelain; the Gobelin and Beauvais tapestries; Thebaut's trophy of metals, with the splendid Charlemagne on top; the Russian malachites; the treasures brought by the Prince of Wales from India — come out at the ends into the transverse galleries, where they can hold the most brilliant court. The groups are cut up into appropriate classes. To each its jury, ninety in all. They are liberal juries. Three men out of five of the fifty thousand exhibitors will go away with something for their trouble. Little short of thirty thousand medals and diplomas will be hung in various parts of the world, and will serve to convey the impression that each and every spectator paused before the article in question, after a rigid examination of all

the others, and unhesitatingly declared, "Yes, it is the best."

These liberal arts include, a little at random it seems, education, photography, stationery, surgical and musical instruments, and the calculating machine, just as you find fire-arms and traveling apparatus attached to the department of clothing. The minister of public instruction makes first a display of the results of French scientific explorations. The French have been more active than one would think, now that their colonial period is so nearly over. The educational progress of the citizen is next traced from the bottom to the top.

If he be of humble circumstances, it begins with the *crèche*. It is increasingly difficult in an old civilization for the labor of one person to be the maintenance of two. Both parents work. The infant is left at the *crèche* in the morning, to toddle in a central ring with his compatriots, as if a board of superannuated stock-brokers; or to lie in an extremely neat crib, with an inscription showing that it was founded by Madame la Marquise Montjoie St. Denis, and to be called for at night. At the age of two and a half it is eligible for the *asile*, attached to the primary schools. He is amused here all day with kindergarten exercises, and called for in the same way. I have seen him, by some legerdemain of a new process, spelling three-syllable words at sight. The ambition of decorations begins to be inspired in him already. He wears, for this and that, on the breast of his small blouse a red ribbon with a sparkling cross that leaves little for the Legion of Honor to do. I find very interesting the provision which is made to usher him into life as a self-sustaining and contented member of society after his education. There are schools of apprenticeship, and societies of patronage to aid to places and to keep an oversight of the young mechanic who has learned his trade in them. Large industrial establishments, such as those of the silk weavers at Lyons, and the great printing-house of Chaix, have technical schools for the training of hands for their work. It is not a system

peculiar to France. To take only one instance, Owtchinnihow, the Moscow jeweler, whose napkins in filigree of silver pleased us so much at Philadelphia, maintains for one hundred pupils a school of primary instruction, design, sculpture, singing, and gymnastics. There is a close connection between these European states. What one has, the others are not long in adopting.

Then there are the systems of *prévoyance*, economy, and provision for old age, upon which an interesting congress has just been held here. It is the practice in forty establishments of Paris to set aside weekly a sum, added to the regular wages of the laborer, or reserved from them, for the *caisse de retraite*, a retiring pension. The foreign workman has not the horizon of the American. More is done, therefore, to make his condition tolerable. The chance with us that it is to be something only quite temporary is taken as reason enough for letting it be as it happens. It is not the boy alone; the girl also is an object of forethought. Here are beautiful sewing and embroidery from a primary school of Lucca, and here a programme of similar works and domestic economy from the primary system of the Canton de Vaud.

For upper female instruction an immense portfolio of lead-pencil copies after lithographs, from the Royal College of Verona, need cause no discouragement at Wellesley or Vassar. On the other hand, the portfolio of life studies in oil from the female college of Cracow, Austrian Poland, is calculated to arouse the warmest enthusiasm. A Portuguese pedagogue has had the good idea of affixing the photographs of his scholars to their exercises, so that we can see the precise snubby features and shaven heads of the calm young intellectual victors whose superior arithmetic is posed for our inspection. It is but a glance we can take here and there. A fly-leaf blown back discloses the composition of Léveadie Duval, age fourteen: "*Mon futur métier* [my future profession in life]. What shall it be? *Certes*, you ask a formidable question. I have

thought — But in fine I think it would be the best of all to engage in the tuition of the young, to follow [one suspects a sly flattery here] in the footsteps of my devoted instructresses." It is quaint, this, in the midst of the two million three hundred thousand square feet of space roofed over. It gives one a sense of the way in which every minute part of it is quivering with life.

Japan has the most charming school-houses, though I know well they would never do to imitate; Russia, a museum of pedagogy, the most complete collection of appliances. The history of itself which the University of Saragossa has caused to be written expressly for the Exposition does not at all compare with the elegant Harvard book, which is here also. Models of every kind, planispheres, maps in high relief, abound with a profusion which is possible in quarters where the technical skill to construct them is not rare. Seeing them, you feel that you did not have a fair chance in your time. There is no telling what you might have arrived at with all the motions and shapes of things so clearly presented, instead of having to revolve them dimly in your head. It is possible that we can teach the French something in the ordering of the discipline of primary schools. They have a respect for us educationally, I know. On the other hand, we can learn immensely of them in the way of making the superior instruction interesting by utilizing in it real scholarship and current research.

To pursue the liberal arts: if the English astronomical and photographic apparatus be the best, France and Switzerland divide the honors of the array of smaller instruments of precision, and Russia and Austria have the most satisfactory photographs, of a straightforward kind, without too much retrenching, though this is a department in which scarcely any participant is weak. We excel in false teeth. It is strange, is it not, that prominence in this particular branch should fall to us? I wonder, in passing the intensely respectable cases of red and white, and gold plate and

ominous steel drills, if it be connected with our fondness for sweet things, which the Old World does not share.

Our book-binding, it is pleasant to find, — one does not inquire the prices too sedulously, — is less over-florid in the cheaper sorts, and as simply elegant in the better as that of any competitors. There are some peculiar felicities of tree calf, and plain calf in colors, and the *reliure d'amateur*, — of red morocco back and corners and paper sides, after the French, — that leave nothing to desire. I wish we could add to the repertory, for cheap, strong bindings, the plain gray linen of the French scholar libraries. It is refreshing enough almost to make one read through an algebra for pleasure. For the interiors of books, it is only in the corner of the Paris publishers that you find the exquisite small classics, the Paul and Virginia, the poesies of Béranger and De Musset, on vellum-like paper with red lettering, and with small etchings between the leaves. There, too, you may bend for half a day over the Bible of Bida, with its tender sentiment and faithful portraiture of the unchanging life of the East, and cast off forever allegiance to Doré's.

The furniture of England, which she presents, for the inspection of different effects, in complete apartments, rather more than any other, is of the kind which has most taken the fancy of our expositors of household art at home, and has been a good deal shown to us. It is open to the general remark of being too slight, and wanting in dignity, compared to that about it. It is "niggled," in fact, and you are surprised at the English. They have a character for being steady-going. It is allied to the ephemeral things of the Chinese. The vogue of the Gothic style of solid oak and bolted hinges, like a camp chest of Harold Hardrada, is quite over. A liberal deck-load would crush the tables; and then everything must be cut up into interminable niches, bracketed shelves, imitation arcades, and small railings, for the accommodation in each of an article of bricabrac. One sees in the solid, carved cabinets of the Spaniards, Ital-

ians, Hungarians, the habit of more simple and complete effects, the taste for a stately instead of a purely comfortable luxury. The goods is left more untroubled in the piece. The ornamentation is always some variety of Renaissance scrolls and columns. If there is not real tapestry for the walls and upholstery, its place is taken by a printed tapestry, which is becoming an important industry. The English attempts evince a warm personal interest, however, while the others seem more the easy doings of formal decorators.

There is an apartment got up by the painter Whistler,—in what tones, think you? Gold, buff, ochre, but mainly tones of mustard yellow. It is not glaring, either, but harmonized with a very superior talent,—art. There is a high-wainscoted Queen Anne room, with a bust of Pope, the peculiar poet of the period, over the mantel, and views from the Rape of the Lock on the walls. It is surpassed in the direction I have indicated by a quite similar Belgian apartment. Against the Queen Anne house, with wainscots in wood stained claret color, hangings in softened sulphur yellow, and flowered muslin curtains drawn on rods across the long, low windows, I cannot invent a word of fault-finding. The vastest and most Sybaritic easy-chair is Russian. A Hungarian maker bends wood, without regard to the size of the stick, into extraordinary curves for light furniture. An example of almost incredible luxury is a French bed-chamber, in which the gilded couch, with mattresses of pink, and coverlids and a light canopy of pearl satin, all richly embroidered with flowers, lies under another lofty canopy of velvet, depending triangularly from the centre of the apartment like the drapery of a royal throne. To keep in countenance this principal piece, a few of the objects are a golden figure on a low column, a lion skin, a silver table, and a lemon-tree growing in a tub of Mexican onyx.

In ceramics, the French potters have the air of pursuing a steady course, without revivals and sudden spasms of interest. They have long been accus-

tomed to supplying a demand which required the graceful as a matter of course. Most of their wares are comfortably for use. You are not required to strike an attitude before the charming plates with the horn-of-plenty patterns, the blue and dull red flowers traced over them, because there are more in the shop-windows. The designs derived so long ago from Persian fabrics, and domesticated at Rouen and Nevers, persist. Newer establishments like Gien and Quimper seem almost to excel the old, by a greater liveliness of fancy in the same general style, though none are remarkably new. There are from Quimper violins and even a violoncello in *faïence*, the making of which was represented not long since as something fabulous. The bold Limoges *faïence* of the Havilands, painted in thick, creamy pastes of itself, is a sharply distinguished branch. It is satisfactory to find that we are sent the very best examples of it for our Broadway shop-windows.

I have a prejudice, which I am almost afraid to state, against views of persons and scenery on porcelain. What is the most agreeable is a decoration that takes hold with a real grip. You would like it if the different colored pastes went through and through. An excessively finished elegance, too, is capable of exciting a sort of malice. For this reason I can walk away from Sevres and its imitators and Dresden and its imitators everywhere, and enjoy myself with probably quite a shameful indifference among the majolicas, the stone-wares, and the earthen-wares a long way down. A collection has been made of the potteries actually in use among the Italian peasants. Nothing is more *naïve* than the rude ornamentation. It is almost the only place where there is a surprise in the forms. The corresponding utensils of Spain and Portugal are akin to this. When you go into the departments of Tunis and Morocco you find that it is an ancient Arabian influence still prevailing in them both. It is an influence that has been improved upon. The derivative shapes are not so extravagant as the original, and the decoration never stops

at smears and dots of vermilion paint alone.

The Japanese influence, elsewhere, seems to have been made over, for its own good, in somewhat the same way. It is used in the silver work of Christofle and Tiffany, the crystal of Baccarat, the royal Worcester porcelain, — there are exquisite specimens of the latter resembling carvings in ivory, — with a certain temperance which it does not always preserve at home. With its normal profusion wholly turned on, the Orient is almost too overwhelming.

A Swiss ware, of red and green figures on cream and black grounds, made brilliant by a tin enamel, is an original spot, like the English Doulton. For the simple *potiches* and the rest, of the usual patterns in blue and white, or with the crimson flowers of old Delft added, there is nothing, even from Delft, — very meagrely represented, and eclipsed by Maestricht, — so nice as those from Louvrières, of Belgium. Happy country, that can present in every line, if not the best, something so very near to it!

The lovely porcelain stoves, of which every section has some examples to present! It is only because I am not sure enough about their working in winter that I do not enter upon an instant propaganda of porcelain stoves. It is the point in our decorative reconstruction that has been fatally neglected. Will there not yet arise some prophet of wrath — not to be appeased by the sight of nickel-plated grates — against the cast-iron stove, with its inane attempts at ornament, who will go on to show that the most conspicuous piece of furniture in the room for eight months in the year can be not only improved to the point of toleration, but can be made an extremely beautiful object?

For textile fabrics, in the spinning of cottons the English excel, and in the heavier weaving, but it is only the French for light tissues like those of St. Quentin. These are exposed here unbleached. The bleaching is done by the middle-men, according to their trade. It appears that there is a nicety in this matter. Each department has a pref-

erence of its own as to the more or less bluing and the surface it requires on its cottons. Our own familiar-looking sheetings and prints, the Wamsuttas and Washington Mills, and I may add our silks as well, are spoken of with high favor by connoisseurs for certain honest and solid qualities, — it is not what we are allowed usually to pride ourselves upon. In textile fabrics it is the highest and the lowest that have an interest for the non-professional spectator. A tameness runs through the provision for the middle class in this respect as in so many others. We pause before the gorgeous tapestries and carpets, the shawls of the *Compagnie des Indes*, the cases of Lyons velvets, the faint amber-hued chamber of laces; and then the bright kerchiefs of Southern field hands, the patterns for the women of Frisia, the stuffs from Manchester and Glasgow for South Africa, the *rouennerie* for Algiers. In the last especially there are attractive things enough to make a little museum. There is then a whole order of pleasing coarse stuffs, perhaps of Spanish origin, extending through Southern Europe and to the South American republics. The horse-cloth of the Biscayan muleteers, in bright bars profusely bordered with ball tassels, is a type.

Whoever has seen more international expositions than one will appreciate the facilities of the nation which is at home and the difficulties of the others in putting their goods in evidence, and will distrust a little the local assumptions of leading the world in this or that with flippant ease. The catalogue of this exhibition alone comprises five volumes of encyclopædia size, and the United States, for instance, occupies but a few pages of one of them. Follow for two days — it can hardly be done in less, glancing with moderate haste to the right and the left — the two vast humming parades of machinery, local and foreign; and then there remain annexes that seem to dwarf them both. Here are ribbon saws that enable small blocks, cut into unmeaning sinuosities, to be offered at a franc apiece, as they were at Philadelphia. Here are tongue-and-

groove machines; the Marinori press, which turns off twenty-five thousand copies of a newspaper an hour, folded for delivery; brick and tile machines; stills; pumps; a sort of steam Sam Weller that takes boots on one arm and polishes them with the other; a magnificent compact locomotive for the steep gradients around Lille; one for steeper gradients still, — the railway that climbs the Righi. Spain sends a ninety horse-power horizontal engine, claiming to be the most economical of fuel known to the present time; Palermo, an enormous derrick; Milan, jointed ladders to shoot up to a dizzy height for burning buildings; Moscow, a great array of agricultural machinery.

I do not maintain that these tongue-and-groove machines; this winder, clucking sedately as it lifts and drops its multifarious cut-offs; this beetler, moving by a line of eccentrics, like a Brobdignagian steel caterpillar; this screw-cutter, which rests and deliberates in its various parts in turn to deliver perfected from the hopper the material it has taken in formless at the other end, are the ultimate perfection of their kind. Like some millions of my fellow-travelers who give too little attention to the wonders of the machine-shops of their native towns, and would hardly know of them except for such occasions as this, I am capable of being astonished by quite an inferior tongue-and-groove machine. The point is that they exist. I should not wish to say, without at least the opportunities of a special juryman, which nation leads the world in machinery with a nonchalant superiority.

Still there is no telling how much of all this has been taken from the extraordinary American mechanical movement for the last forty years. The sewing-machines everywhere are frankly American; the agricultural machines only thinly disguised imitations. Inscriptions like the J. W. Lamb *machines à tricoter* have a familiar American sound. Three of the most splendid engines in the Exposition are on the Corliss principle, of variable and reversible cut-offs, — one built at Rouen, one at St. Ouen, an-

other in Belgium. There are English names among the thickest of the French makers. I should not wonder if it could be shown that the real inventive germ is Anglo-Saxon, and the mission of the French in this, as in the other matters in which Guizot claimed it for them, is to centralize and give the idea its most perfect form.

It is in the groups of products and alimentation that South America and the colonies rise to prominence, — the countries of raw materials *par excellence*. Hardly a European state is so poor that it has not a section of the Indies or a tropical island. The programme of the gourmand is no doubt to wander continuously in these comfortable galleries of aliments, to obtain permits for the pavilion of *degustation* and the Swiss cave of cheeses, and then to seek samples of as much as possible of the rest in the polyglot restaurants. The most spiritual artist need not altogether keep away. There is a taste in the stout jars and bottles that allies them to genuine ceramics, and a feast of color in the cordials, the white double beer of Bruges, the spice bread, the *pièces montées* of the confectioners, the sausages of Bologna with the silver paper half unwrapped, not to be overlooked.

For our part, we show cottons, tobaccos, packed meats, specimens from the Bonanza mines, — the universally respected products we so easily get together. There is no excuse for a façade like one of the poorest of the state headquarters at the Centennial, since if we have no national style we have designers of ability; but one comes at last to being reconciled to our narrow strip of exhibit, which was at first disappointing, and taking quite an interest in it. It is compact in things of solid usefulness, while some others resolve themselves finally into taking curtains and ingenuities of wine bottles.

This must do for the main building, apart from the pictures, which I have purposely omitted. The illumination in the great interior, from above, sifted through canvas screens, is agreeable. The floors are kept clean and cool with

watering-pots. Sometimes, in remote alcoves, you are alone, except for a leisurely attendant who emerges from behind a case with a dust-brush. A piano tinkles, as if playing a delicate accompaniment to your acquirement of information. But it is the indefatigable passage of feet, and their grind, grind, grind, upon the gravel all day long, that is the normal accompaniment. You think that intelligence is kindled by this laborious friction, as the gas may be lighted after sufficient shuffling round over a thick-piled carpet.

SONG.

O NEW-FOUND earth! O wondrous birth!
 The very grass and clover
 Have caught the sense of sweet suspense, —
 The mystery brooding over
 All life that lies beneath the skies,
 When eyelids first uncover;
 For old things pass — the world is new
 When love is young, and hearts are true.

But hark, but hush! a wakening thrush
 Sets all the air a-quiver;
 And look! the brook has left its nook
 And grown a rushing river;
 And buds unclothe the perfect rose
 To lose in gift the giver!
 O 'green, glad earth! O heavens blue!
 When love is grown, and hearts are true.

And now, — what now but weighted bough,
 Gold, rubies, without measure,
 And scarlet leaf and yellow sheaf
 Heap up the royal treasure;
 While purpling vine, full-veined with wine,
 Thrills with intenser pleasure,
 And earth robs heaven of every hue
 When love is ripe, and hearts beat true.

Yet stay! although the falling snow
 The warm, bright earth is hiding,
 Though dull and gray the shortening day
 Comes like a sudden chiding,
 Full well we know the hearth fire's glow
 In dearest eyes abiding;
 For last is best, the whole world through,
 When love is tried, and hearts keep true.

E. E. Brown.

THE LADY OF THE AROOSTOOK.

I.

IN the best room of a farm-house on the skirts of a village in the hills of Northern Massachusetts, there sat one morning in August three people who were not strangers to the house, but who had apparently assembled in the parlor as the place most in accord with an unaccustomed finery in their dress. One was an elderly woman, with a plain, honest face, as kindly in expression as she could be perfectly sure she felt, and no more; she rocked herself softly in the haircloth arm-chair, and addressed as "father" the old man who sat at one end of the table between the windows, and drubbed noiselessly upon it with his stubbed fingers, while his lips, puckered to a whistle, emitted no sound. His face had that distinctly fresh-shaven effect which once a week is the advantage of shaving no oftener; here and there, in the deeper wrinkles, a frosty stubble had escaped the razor. He wore an old-fashioned, low black satin stock, over the top of which the linen of his unstarched collar contrived with difficulty to make itself seen; his high-crowned, lead-colored straw hat lay on the table before him. At the other end of the table sat a young girl, who leaned upon it with one arm, propping her averted face on her hand. The window was open beside her, and she was staring out upon the door-yard, where the hens were burrowing for coolness in the soft earth under the lilac bushes; from time to time she put her handkerchief to her eyes.

"I don't like this part of it, father," said the elderly woman, — "Lyddy's seeming to feel about it the way she does right at the last moment, as you may say." The old man made a noise in his throat as if he might speak; but he only unpuckered his mouth, and stayed his fingers, while the other continued: "I don't want her to go now, no more than ever I did. I ain't one to

think that eatin' up everything on your plate keeps it from wastin', and I never was; and I say that even if you could n't get the money back, it would eost no more to have her stay than to have her go."

"I don't suppose," said the old man, in a high, husky treble, "but what I could get some of it back from the captain; may be all. He did n't seem any ways graspin'. I don't want Lyddy should feel, any more than you do, Maria, that we're glad to have her go. But what I look at is this: as long as she has this idea — Well, it's like this — I d' know as I can express it, either." He relapsed into the comfort people find in giving up a difficult thing.

"Oh, I know!" returned the woman. "I understand it's an opportunity; you might call it a leadin', almost, that it would be flyin' in the face of Providence to refuse. I presume her gifts were given her for improvement, and it would be the same as buryin' them in the ground for her to stay up here. But I do say that I want Lyddy should feel just so about goin', or not go at all. It ain't like goin' among strangers, though, if it is in a strange land. They're her father's own kin, and if they're any ways like him they're warm-hearted enough, if that's all you want. I guess they'll do what's right by Lyddy when she gets there. And I try to look at it this way: that long before that maple by the gate is red she'll be with her father's own sister; and I for one don't mean to let it worry me." She made search for her handkerchief, and wiped away the tears that fell down her cheeks.

"Yes," returned the old man; "and before the leaves are on the ground we shall more'n have got our first letter from her. I declare for 't," he added, after a tremulous pause, "I was goin' to say how Lyddy would enjoy readin' it to us! I don't seem to get it rightly into my head that she's goin' away."

"It ain't as if Lyddy was leavin' any life behind her that's over and above pleasant," resumed the woman. "She's a good girl, and I never want to see a more uncomplainin'; but I know it's duller and duller here all the while for her, with us two old folks, and no young company; and I d' know as it's been any better the two winters she's taught in the Mill Village. That's what reconciles me, on Lyddy's account, as much as anything. I ain't one to set much store on worldly ambition, and I never was; and I d' know as I care for Lyddy's advancement, as you may call it. I believe that as far forth as true happiness goes she'd be as well off here as there. But I don't say but what she would be more satisfied in the end, and as long as you can't have happiness, in this world, I say you'd better have satisfaction. Is that Josiah Whitman's hearse goin' past?" she asked, rising from her chair, and craning forward to bring her eyes on a level with the window, while she suspended the agitation of the palm-leaf fan which she had not ceased to ply during her talk; she remained a moment with the quiescent fan pressed against her bosom, and then she stepped out of the door, and down the walk to the gate. "Josiah!" she called, while the old man looked and listened at the window. "Who you been buryin'?"

The man halted his hearse, and answered briefly, "Mirandy Holcomb."

"Why, I thought the funeral wa' n't to be till to-morrow! Well, I declare," said the woman, as she reentered the room and sat down again in her rocking-chair, "I did n't ask him whether it was Mr. Goodlow or Mr. Baldwin preached the sermon. I was so put out hearin' it was Mirandy, you might say I forgot to ask him anything. Mirandy was always a well woman till they moved down to the Mill Village and began takin' the hands to board, — so many of 'em. When I think of Lyddy's teachin' there another winter, — well, I could almost rejoice that she was goin' away. She ain't a mite too strong as it is."

Here the woman paused, and the old man struck in with his quaint treble

while she fanned herself in silence: "I do suppose the voyage is goin' to be everything for her health. She'll be from a month to six weeks gettin' to Try-East, and that'll be a complete change of air, Mr. Goodlow says. And she won't have a care on her mind the whole way out. It'll be a season of rest and quiet. I did wish, just for the joke of the thing, as you may say, that the ship had been goin' straight to Venus, and Lyddy could 'a' walked right in on 'em at breakfast, some morning. I should liked it to be a surprise. But there wa' n't any ship at Boston loadin' for Venus, and they did n't much believe I'd find one at New York. So I just took up with the captain of the Aroostook's offer. He says she can telegraph to her folks at Venus as soon as she gets to Try-East, and she's welcome to stay on the ship till they come for her. I did n't think of their havin' our mod'n improvements out there; but he says they have telegraphs and railroads everywhere, the same as we do; and they're *real* kind and polite when you get used to 'em. The captain, he's as nice a man as I ever see. His wife's been two or three voyages with him in the Aroostook, and he'll know just how to have Lyddy's comfort looked after. He showed me the state-room she's goin' to have. Well, it ain't over and above large, but it's pretty as a pink: all clean white paint, with a solid mahogany edge to the berth, and a mahogany-framed lookin'-glass on one side, and little winders at the top, and white lace curtains to the bed. He says he had it fixed up for his wife, and he lets Lyddy have it all for her own. She can set there and do her mendin' when she don't feel like comin' into the cabin. The cabin — well, I wish you could see that cabin, Maria! The first mate is a fine-appearing man, too. Some of the sailors looked pretty rough; but I guess it was as much their clothes as anything; and I d' know as Lyddy'd have a great deal to do with them, any way." The old man's treble ceased, and at the same moment the shrilling of a locust in one of the door-yard maples died away; both voices, arid, nasal, and

high, lapsed as one into a common silence.

The woman stirred impatiently in her chair, as if both voices had been repeating something heard many times before. They seemed to renew her discontent. "Yes, I know; I know all that, father. But it ain't the mahogany I think of. It's the child's gettin' there safe and well."

"Well," said the old man, "I asked the captain about the seasickness, and he says she ain't nigh so likely to be sick as she would on the steamer; the motion's more regular, and she won't have the smell of the machinery. That's what he said. And he said the seasickness would do her good, any way. I'm sure I don't want her to be sick any more than you do, Maria." He added this like one who has been unjustly put upon his defense.

They now both remained silent, the woman rocking herself and fanning, and the old man holding his fingers suspended from their drubbing upon the table, and looking miserably from the woman in the rocking-chair to the girl at the window, as if a strict inquiry into the present situation might convict him of it in spite of his innocence. The girl still sat with her face turned from them, and still from time to time she put her handkerchief to her eyes and wiped away the tears. The locust in the maple began again, and shrilled inexorably. Suddenly the girl leaped to her feet.

"There's the stage!" she cried, with a tumult in her voice and manner, and a kind of choking sob. She showed, now that she stood upright, the slim and elegant shape which is the divine right of American girlhood, clothed with the stylishness that instinctive taste may evoke, even in a hill town, from study of paper patterns, Harper's Bazar, and the costume of summer boarders. Her dress was carried with spirit and effect.

"Lydia Blood!" cried the other woman, springing responsively to her feet, also, and starting toward the girl, "don't you go a step without you feel just like it! Take off your things this minute and stay, if you would n't jus' as lives go.

It's hard enough to have you go, child, without seemin' to force you!"

"Oh, aunt Maria," answered the girl, piteously, "it almost kills me to go; but I'm doing it, not you. I know how you'd like to have me stay. But don't say it again, or I could n't bear up; and I'm going now, if I have to be carried."

The old man had risen with the others; he was shorter than either, and as he looked at them he seemed half awed, half bewildered, by so much drama. Yet it was comparatively very little. The girl did not offer to cast herself upon her aunt's neck, and her aunt did not offer her an embrace; it was only their hearts that clung together as they simply shook hands and kissed each other. Lydia whirled away for her last look at herself in the glass over the table, and her aunt tremulously began to put to rights some slight disorder in the girl's hat.

"Father," she said sharply, "are Lyddy's things all ready there by the door, so's not to keep Ezra Perkins waitin'? You know he always grumbles so. And then he gets you to the cars so't you have to wait half an hour before they start." She continued to pin and pull at details of Lydia's dress, to which she descended from her hat. "It sets real nice on you, Lyddy. I guess you'll think of the time we had gettin' it made up, when you wear it out there." Miss Maria Latham laughed nervously.

With a harsh banging and rattling, a yellow Concord coach drew up at the gate where Miss Maria had stopped the hearse. The driver got down, and without a word put Lydia's boxes and bags into the boot, and left two or three light parcels for her to take into the coach with her.

Miss Latham went down to the gate with her father and niece. "Take the back seat, father!" she said, as the old man offered to take the middle place. "Let them that come later have what's left. You'll be home to-night, father; I'll set up for you. Good-by again, Lyddy." She did not kiss the girl again, or touch her hand. Their decent and sparing adieux had been made in the

house. As Miss Latham returned to the door, the hens, cowering conscience-stricken under the lilacs, sprang up at sight of her with a screech of guilty alarm, and flew out over the fence.

"Well, I vow," soliloquized Miss Latham, "from where she set Lyddy must have seen them pests under the lilacs the whole time, and never said a word." She pushed the loosened soil into place with the side of her ample slipper, and then went into the house, where she kindled a fire in the kitchen stove, and made herself a cup of Japan tea: a variety of the herb which our country people prefer, apparently because it affords the same stimulus with none of the pleasure given by the Chinese leaf.

II.

Lydia and her grandfather reached Boston at four o'clock, and the old man made a bargain, as he fancied, with an expressman to carry her baggage across the city to the wharf at which the Aroostook lay. The expressman civilly offered to take their small parcels without charge, and deliver them with the trunk and large bag; but as he could not check them all her grandfather judged it safest not to part with them, and he and Lydia crowded into the horse-car with their arms and hands full. The conductor obliged him to give up the largest of these burdens, and hung the old-fashioned oil-cloth sack on the handle of the brake behind, where Mr. Latham with keen anxiety, and Lydia with shame, watched it as it swayed back and forth with the motion of the car and threatened to break loose from its hand-straps and dash its bloated bulk to the ground. The old man called out to the conductor to be sure and stop in Scollay's Square, and the people, who had already stared uncomfortably at Lydia's bundles, all smiled. Her grandfather was going to repeat his direction as the conductor made no sign of having heard it, when his neighbor said kindly, "The car always stops in Scollay's Square."

"Then why could n't he say so?" re-

torted the old man, in his high nasal key; and now the people laughed outright. He had the nervous restlessness of age when out of its wonted place: he could not remain quiet in the car, for counting and securing his parcels; when they reached Scollay's Square, and were to change cars, he ran to the car they were to take, though there was abundant time, and sat down breathless from his effort. He was eager then that they should not be carried too far, and was constantly turning to look out of the window to ascertain their whereabouts. His vigilance ended in their getting aboard the East Boston ferry-boat in the car, and hardly getting ashore before the boat started. They now gathered up their burdens once more, and walked toward the wharf they were seeking, past those squalid streets which open upon the docks. At the corners they entangled themselves in knots of truck-teams and hucksters' wagons and horse-cars; once they brought the traffic of the neighborhood to a stand-still by the thoroughness of their inability and bewilderment. They wandered down the wrong wharf amidst the slime cast up by the fishing craft moored in the dock below, and made their way over heaps of chains and cordage, and through the hand-carts pushed hither and thither with their loads of fish, and so struggled back to the avenue which ran along the top of all the wharves. The water of the docks was of a livid turbidity, which teemed with the gelatinous globes of the sun-fish; and people were rowing about there in pleasure-boats, and sailors on floats were painting the hulls of the black ships. The faces of the men they met were red and sunburned mostly, — not with the sunburn of the fields, but of the sea; these men lurched in their gait with an uncouth heaviness, yet gave them way kindly enough; but certain dull-eyed, frowzy-headed women seemed to push purposely against her grandfather, and one of them swore at Lydia for taking up all the sidewalk with her bundles. There were such dull eyes and slattern heads at the open windows of the shabby houses; and there were gaunt, bold-faced

young girls who strolled up and down the pavements, bonnetless and hatless, and chatted into the windows, and joked with other such girls whom they met. Suddenly a wild outcry rose from the swarming children up one of the intersecting streets, where a woman was beating a small boy over the head with a heavy stick: the boy fell howling and writhing to the ground, and the cruel blows still rained upon him, till another woman darted from an open door and caught the child up with one hand, and with the other wrenched the stick away and flung it into the street. No words passed, and there was nothing to show whose child the victim was; the first woman walked off, and while the boy rubbed his head and arms, and screamed with the pain, the other children, whose sports had been scarcely interrupted, were shouting and laughing all about him again.

"Grandfather," said Lydia faintly, "let us go down here, and rest a moment in the shade. I'm almost worn out." She pointed to the open and quiet space at the side of the lofty granite warehouse which they had reached.

"Well, I guess I'll set down a minute, too," said her grandfather. "Lyddy," he added, as they released their aching arms from their bags and bundles, and sank upon the broad threshold of a door which seemed to have been shut ever since the decay of the India trade, "I don't believe but what it would have been about as cheap in the end to come down in a hack. But I acted for what I thought was the best. I supposed we'd been there before now, and the idea of givin' a dollar for ridin' about ten minutes did seem sinful. I ain't noways afraid the ship will sail without you. Don't you fret any. I don't seem to know rightly just where I am, but after we've rested a spell I'll leave you here, and inquire round. It's a real quiet place, and I guess your things will be safe."

He took off his straw hat and fanned his face with it, while Lydia leaned her head against the door frame and closed her eyes. Presently she heard the tramp-

ling of feet going by, but she did not open her eyes till the feet paused in a hesitating way, and a voice asked her grandfather in the firm, neat tone which she had heard summer boarders from Boston use, "Is the young lady ill?" She now looked up, and blushed like fire to see two handsome young men regarding her with frank compassion.

"No," said her grandfather; "a little beat out, that's all. We've been trying to find Lucas Wharf, and we don't seem somehow just to hit on it."

"This is Lucas Wharf," said the young man. He made an instinctive gesture of salutation toward his hat, with the hand in which he held a cigar; he put the cigar into his mouth as he turned from them, and the smoke drifted fragrantly back to Lydia as he tramped steadily and strongly on down the wharf, shoulder to shoulder with his companion.

"Well, I declare for 't, so it is," said her grandfather, getting stiffly to his feet, and retiring a few paces to gain a view of the building at the base of which they had been sitting. "Why, I might know it by this buildin'! But where's the Aroostook, if this is Lucas Wharf?" He looked wistfully in the direction the young men had taken, but they were already too far to call after.

"Grandfather," said the girl, "do I look pale?"

"Well, you don't now," answered the old man simply. "You've got a good color now."

"What right had he," she demanded, "to speak to you about me?"

"I d' know but what you did look rather pale, as you set there with your head leaned back. I d' know as I noticed much."

"He took us for two beggars, — two tramps!" she exclaimed, "sitting here with our bundles scattered about us!"

The old man did not respond to this conjecture; it probably involved matters beyond his emotional reach, though he might have understood them when he was younger. He stood a moment with his mouth puckered to a whistle, but made no sound, and retired a step or two farther from the building and looked up

at it again. Then he went toward the dock and looked down into its turbid waters, and returned again with a face of hopeless perplexity. "This is Lucas Wharf, and no mistake," he said. "I know the place first-rate, now. But what I can't make out is, What's got the Aroostook?"

A man turned the corner of the warehouse from the street above, and came briskly down towards them, with his hat off, and rubbing his head and face with a circular application of a red silk handkerchief. He was dressed in a suit of blue flannel, very neat and shapely, and across his ample waiscoat stretched a gold watch chain; in his left hand he carried a white Panama hat. He was short and stout; his round florid face was full of a sort of prompt kindness; his small blue eyes twinkled under shaggy brows whose sandy color had not yet taken the grizzled tone of his close-clipped hair and beard. From his clean wristbands his hands came out, plump and large; stiff, wiry hairs stood up on their backs, and under these various designs in tattooing showed their purple.

Lydia's grandfather stepped out to meet and halt this stranger, as he drew near, glancing quickly from the girl to the old man, and then at their bundles. "Can you tell me where a ship named the Aroostook is, that was layin' at this wharf — Lucas Wharf — a fortnight ago, and better?"

"Well, I guess I can, Mr. Latham," answered the stranger, with a quizzical smile, offering one of his stout hands to Lydia's grandfather. "You don't seem to remember your friends very well, do you?"

The old man gave a kind of crow expressive of an otherwise unutterable relief and comfort. "Well, if it ain't Captain Jenness! I been so turned about, I declare for 't, I don't believe I'd ever known you if you had n't spoke up. Lyddy," he cried with a child-like joy, "this is Captain Jenness!"

Captain Jenness having put on his hat changed Mr. Latham's hand into his left, while he stretched his great right across it and took Lydia's long, slim

hand in its grasp, and looked keenly into her face. "Glad to see you, glad to see you, Miss Blood. (You see I've got your name down on my papers.) Hope you're well. Ever been a sea-voyage before? Little homesick, eh?" he asked, as she put her handkerchief to her eyes. He kept pressing Lydia's hand in the friendliest way. "Well, that's natural. And you're excited; that's natural, too. But we're not going to have any homesickness on the Aroostook, because we're going to make her home to you." At this speech all the girl's gathering forlornness broke in a sob. "That's right!" said Captain Jenness. "Bless you, I've got a girl just about your age up at Deer Isle, myself!" He dropped her hand, and put his arm across her shoulders. "Good land, I know what girls are, I hope! These your things?" He caught up the greater part of them into his capacious hands, and started off down the wharf, talking back at Lydia and her grandfather, as they followed him with the light parcels he had left them. "I hauled away from the wharf as soon as I'd stowed my cargo, and I'm at anchor out there in the stream now, waiting till I can finish up a few matters of business with the agents and get my passengers on board. When you get used to the strangeness," he said to Lydia, "you won't be a bit lonesome. Bless your heart! My wife's been with me many a voyage, and the last time I was out to Messina I had both my daughters."

At the end of the wharf, Captain Jenness stopped, and suddenly calling out, "Here!" began to hurl Lydia's things apparently into the water. But when she reached the same point, she found they had all been caught, and deposited in a neat pile in a boat which lay below, where two sailors stood waiting the captain's further orders. He keenly measured the distance to the boat with his eye, and then he bade the men work round outside a schooner which lay near; and jumping on board this vessel, he helped Lydia and her grandfather down, and easily transferred them to the small boat. The men bent to their oars, and

pulled swiftly out toward a ship that lay at anchor a little way off. A light breeze crept along the water, which was here blue and clear, and the grateful coolness and pleasant motion brought light into the girl's cheeks and eyes. Without knowing it she smiled. "That's right!" cried Captain Jenness, who had applauded her sob in the same terms. "You'll like it, first-rate. Look at that ship! *That's* the Aroostook. *Is* she a beauty, or ain't she?"

The stately vessel stood high from the water, for Captain Jenness's cargo was light, and he was going out chiefly for a return freight of fruit. Some of the sharp jibs and topsails were already set, and cut their white outlines keenly against the afternoon blue of the summer heaven; the larger sails dripped, half-furled, from the yards stretching across the yellow masts that sprang so far aloft; the hull glistened black with new paint. When Lydia mounted to the deck she found it as clean scrubbed as her aunt's kitchen floor. Her glance of admiration was not lost upon Captain Jenness. "Yes, Miss Blood," said he, "one difference between an American ship and any other sort is dirt. I wish I could take you aboard an English vessel, so you could appreciate the Aroostook. But I guess you don't need it," he added, with a proud satisfaction in his laugh. "The Aroostook ain't in order yet; wait till we've been a few days at sea." The captain swept the deck with a loving glance. It was spacious and handsome, with a stretch of some forty or fifty feet between the house at the stern and the forecastle, which rose considerably higher; a low bulwark was surmounted by a heavy rail supported upon turned posts painted white. Everything, in spite of the captain's boastful detraction, was in perfect trim, at least to land-folk's eyes. "Now come into the cabin," said the captain. He gave Lydia's traps, as he called them, in charge of a boy, while he led the way below, by a narrow stairway, warning Lydia and her grandfather to look out for their heads as they followed. "There!" he said, when they had safely arrived, inviting

their inspection of the place with a general glance of his own.

"What did I tell you, Lyddy?" asked her grandfather, with simple joy in the splendors about them. "Solid mahogany trimmin's everywhere." There was also a great deal of milk-white paint, with some modest touches of gilding here and there. The cabin was pleasantly lit by the long low windows which its roof rose just high enough to lift above the deck, and the fresh air entered with the slanting sun. Made fast to the floor was a heavy table, over which hung from the ceiling a swinging shelf. Around the little saloon ran lockers cushioned with red plush. At either end were four or five narrow doors, which gave into as many tiny state-rooms. The boy came with Lydia's things, and set them inside one of these doors; and when he came out again the captain pushed it open, and called them in. "Here!" said he. "Here's where my girls made themselves at home the last voyage, and I expect you'll find it pretty comfortable. They say you don't feel the motion so much, — I don't know anything about the motion, — and in smooth weather you can have that window open sometimes, and change the air. It's light and it's large. Well, I had it fitted up for my wife; but she's got kind of on now, you know, and she don't feel much like going any more; and so I always give it to my nicest passenger." This was an unmistakable compliment, and Lydia blushed to the captain's entire content. "That's a rug she hooked," he continued, touching with his toe the carpet, rich in its artless domestic dyes as some Persian fabric, that lay before the berth. "These gimcracks belong to my girls; they left 'em." He pointed to various slight structures of card-board worked with crewel, which were tacked to the walls. "Pretty snug, eh?"

"Yes," said Lydia, "it's nicer than I thought it could be, even after what grandfather said."

"Well, that's right!" exclaimed the captain. "I like your way of speaking up. I wish you could know my girls. How old are you, now?"

"I'm nineteen," said Lydia.

"Why, you're just between my girls!" cried the captain. "Sally is twenty-one, and Persis is eighteen. Well, now, Miss Blood," he said, as they returned to the cabin, "you can't begin to make yourself at home too soon for me. I used to sail to Cadiz and Malaga a good deal; and when I went to see any of them Spaniards he'd say, 'This house is yours.' Well, that's what I say: This ship is yours as long as you stay in her. And I mean it, and that's more than *they* did!" Captain Jenness laughed mightily, took some of Lydia's fingers in his left hand and squeezed them, and clapped her grandfather on the shoulder with his right. Then he slipped his hand down the old man's bony arm to the elbow, and held it, while he dropped his head towards Lydia, and said, "We shall be glad to have him stay to supper, and as much longer as he likes, heh?"

"Oh, no!" said Lydia; "grandfather must go back on the six o'clock train. My aunt expects him." Her voice fell, and her face suddenly clouded.

"Good!" cried the captain. Then he pulled out his watch, and held it as far away as the chain would stretch, frowning at it, with his head aslant. "Well!" he burst out. "He has n't got any too much time on his hands." The old man gave a nervous start, and the girl trembled. "Hold on! Yes; there's time. It's only fifteen minutes after five."

"Oh, but we were more than half an hour getting down here," said Lydia, anxiously. "And grandfather does n't know the way back. He'll be sure to get lost. I *wish* we'd come in a carriage."

"Could n't 'a' kept the carriage waitin' on expense, Lyddy," retorted her grandfather. "But I tell you," he added, with something like resolution, "if I could find a carriage anywheres near that wharf, I'd take it, just as *sure*! I would n't miss that train for more'n half a dollar. It would cost more than that at a hotel to-night, let alone how your aunt Maria'd feel."

"Why, look here!" said Captain Jenness, naturally appealing to the girl. "Let me get your grandfather back. I've got to go up town again, any way, for some last things, with an express wagon, and we can ride right to the depot in that. Which depot is it?"

"Lowell," said the old man eagerly. "That's right!" commented the captain. "Get you there in plenty of time, if we don't lose any now. And I'll tell you what, my little girl," he added, turning to Lydia: "if it'll be a comfort to you to ride up with us, and see your grandfather off, why come along! *My* girls went with me the last time on an express wagon."

"No," answered Lydia. "I want to. But it would n't be any comfort. I thought that out before I left home, and I'm going to say good-by to grandfather here."

"First-rate!" said Captain Jenness, bustling towards the gangway so as to leave them alone. A sharp cry from the old man arrested him.

"Lyddy! Where's your trunks?"

"Why!" said the girl, catching her breath in dismay, "where *can* they be? I forgot all about them."

"I got the checks fast enough," said the old man, "and I shan't give 'em up without I get the trunks. They'd ought to had 'em down here long ago; and now if I've got to pester round after 'em I'm sure to miss the train."

"What shall we do?" asked Lydia.

"Let's see your checks," said the captain, with an apparent ease of mind that reassured her. When her grandfather had brought them with difficulty from the pocket visited last in the order of his search, and laid them in the captain's waiting palm, the latter endeavored to get them in focus. "What does it say on 'em?" he asked, handing them to Lydia. "My eyes never *did* amount to anything on shore." She read aloud the name of the express stamped on them. The captain gathered them back into his hand, and slipped them into his pocket, with a nod and wink full of comfort. "I'll see to it," he said. "At any rate, this ship ain't a-going to

sail without them, if she waits a week. Now, then, Mr. Latham!"

The old man, who waited, when not directly addressed or concerned, in a sort of blank patience, suddenly started out of his daze, and following the captain too alertly up the gangway stairs drove his hat against the hatch with a force that sent him back into Lydia's arms.

"Oh, grandfather, are you hurt?" she piteously asked, trying to pull up the hat that was jammed down over his forehead.

"Not a bit! But I guess my hat's about done for, — without I can get it pressed over; and I d' know as this kind of straw *doos* press."

"First-rate!" called the captain from above. "Never mind the hat." But the girl continued fondly trying to reshape it, while the old man fidgeted anxiously, and protested that he would be sure to be left. It was like a half-shut accordion when she took it from his head; when she put it back it was like an accordion pulled out.

"All ready!" shouted Captain Jenness from the gap in the bulwark, where he stood waiting to descend into the small boat. The old man ran towards him in his senile haste, and stooped to get over the side into the boat below.

"Why, grandfather!" cried the girl in a breaking voice, full of keen, yet tender reproach.

"I declare for't," he said, scrambling back to the deck. "I 'most forgot. I been so put about." He took Lydia's hand loosely into his own, and bent forward to kiss her. She threw her arms round him, and while he remained looking over her shoulder, with a face of grotesque perplexity, and saying, "Don't cry, Lyddy, don't cry!" she pressed her face tighter and tighter into his withered neck, and tried to muffle her homesick sobs. The sympathies as well as the sensibilities seem dulled by age. They have both perhaps been wrought upon too much in the course of the years, and can no longer respond to the appeal of distress which they can only dimly realize; even the heart grows

old. "Don't you, don't you, Lyddy!" repeated the old man. "You must n't. The captain's waitin'; and the cars — well, every minute I lose makes it riskier and riskier; and your aunt Maria, she's always so uneasy, you know!"

The girl was not hurt by his anxiety about himself; she was more anxious about him than about anything else. She quickly lifted her head, and drying her eyes kissed him, forcing her lips into the smile that is more heart-breaking to see than weeping. She looked over the side, as her grandfather was handed carefully down to a seat by the two sailors in the boat, and the captain noted her resolute counterfeit of cheerfulness. "That's right!" he shouted up to her. "Just like my girls, when *their* mother left 'em. But bless you, *they* soon got over it, and so 'll you. Give way, men," he said, in a lower voice, and the boat shot from the ship's side toward the wharf. He turned and waved his handkerchief to Lydia, and, stimulated apparently by this, her grandfather felt in his pockets for his handkerchief; he ended after a vain search by taking off his hat and waving that. When he put it on again, it relapsed into that likeness of a half-shut accordion from which Lydia had rescued it; but she only saw the face under it.

As the boat reached the wharf an express wagon drove down, and Lydia saw the sarcastic parley which she could not hear between the captain and the driver about the belated baggage which the latter put off. Then she saw the captain help her grandfather to the seat between himself and the driver, and the wagon rattled swiftly out of sight. One of the sailors lifted Lydia's baggage over the side of the wharf to the other in the boat, and they pulled off to the ship with it.

III.

Lydia went back to the cabin, and presently the boy who had taken charge of her lighter luggage came dragging her trunk and bag down the gangway stairs. Neither was very large, and even

a boy of fourteen who was small for his age might easily manage them.

"You can stow away what's in 'em in the drawers," said the boy. "I suppose you did n't notice the drawers," he added, at her look of inquiry. He went into her room, and pushing aside the valance of the lower berth showed four deep drawers below the bed; the charming snugness of the arrangement brought a light of housewifely joy to the girl's face.

"Why, it's as good as a bureau. They will hold everything."

"Yes," exulted the boy; "they're for two persons' things. The captain's daughters, they both had this room. Pretty good sized too; a good deal the captain's build. You won't find a better state-room than this on a steamer. I've been on 'em." The boy climbed up on the edge of the upper drawer, and pulled open the window at the top of the wall. "Give you a little air, I guess. If you want I should, the captain said I was to bear a hand helping you to stow away what was in your trunks."

"No," said Lydia, quickly. "I'd just as soon do it alone."

"All right," said the boy. "If I was you, I'd do it now. I don't know just when the captain means to sail; but after we get outside, it might be rough, and it's better to have everything pretty snug by that time. I'll haul away the trunks when you've got 'em empty. If I should n't happen to be here, you can just call me at the top of the gangway, and I'll come. My name's Thomas," he said. And then he regarded Lydia inquiringly a moment before he added: "If you'd just as lives, I rather you'd call me Thomas, and not *steward*. They said you'd call me *steward*," he explained, in a blushing, deprecating confidence; "and as long as I've not got my growth it kind of makes them laugh, you know,—especially the second officer."

"I will call you Thomas," said Lydia.

"Thank you." The boy glanced up at the round clock screwed to the cabin wall. "I guess you won't have to call me anything unless you hurry. I shall

be down here, laying the table for supper, before you're done. The captain said I was to lay it for you and him, and if he did n't get back in time you was to go to eating, any way. Guess you won't think Captain Jenness is going to starve anybody."

"Have you been many voyages with Captain Jenness before this?" asked Lydia, as she set open her trunk, and began to lay her dresses out on the locker. Homesickness, like all grief, attacks in paroxysms. One gust of passionate regret had swept over the girl; before another came, she could occupy herself almost cheerfully with the details of unpacking.

"Only one before," said the boy. "The last one, when his daughters went out. I guess it was their coaxing got mother to let me go. *My* father was killed in the war."

"Was he?" asked Lydia, sympathetically.

"Yes. I did n't know much about it at the time; so little. Both your parents living?"

"No," said Lydia. "They're both dead. They died a long while ago. I've always lived with my aunt and grandfather."

"I thought there must be something the matter,—your coming with your grandfather," said the boy. "I don't see why you don't let me carry in some of those dresses for you. I'm used to helping about."

"Well, you may," answered Lydia, "if you want." A native tranquil kindness showed itself in her voice and manner, but something of the habitual authority of a school-mistress mingled with it. "You must be careful not to rumple them, if I let you."

"I guess not. I've got older sisters at home. They hated to have me leave. But I looked at it this way: if I was ever going to sea—and I *was*—I could n't get such another captain as Captain Jenness, nor such another crew; all the men from down our way; and I don't mind the second mate's jokes much. He don't mean anything by them; likes to plague, that's all. He's a first-rate sailor."

Lydia was kneeling before one of the trunks, and the boy was stooping over it, with a hand on either knee. She had drawn out her only black silk dress, and was finding it rather crumpled. "I should n't have thought it would have got so much jammed, coming fifty miles," she soliloquized. "But they seemed to take a pleasure in seeing how much they could bang the trunks." She rose to her feet and shook out the dress, and drew the skirt several times over her left arm.

The boy's eyes glistened. "Goodness!" he said. "Just new, ain't it? Going to wear it any on board?"

"Sundays, perhaps," answered Lydia thoughtfully, still smoothing and shaping the dress, which she regarded at arm's-length, from time to time, with her head aslant.

"I suppose it's the latest style?" pursued the boy.

"Yes, it is," said Lydia. "We sent to Boston for the pattern. I hate to pack it into one of those drawers," she mused.

"You need n't," replied Thomas. "There's a whole row of hooks."

"I want to know!" cried Lydia. She followed Thomas into her state-room. "Well, well! They do seem to have thought of everything!"

"I should say so," exulted the boy. "Look here!" He showed her a little niche near the head of the berth strongly framed with glass, in which a lamp was made fast. "Light up, you know, when you want to read, or feel kind of lonesome." Lydia clasped her hands in pleasure and amaze. "Oh, I tell you Captain Jenness meant to have things about right. The other state-rooms don't begin to come up to this." He dashed out in his zeal, and opened their doors, that she might triumph in the superiority of her accommodations without delay. These rooms were cramped together on one side; Lydia's was in a comparatively ample corner by itself.

She went on unpacking her trunk, and the boy again took his place near her, in the same attitude as before. "I tell you," he said, "I shall like to see

you with that silk on. Have you got any other nice ones?"

"No; only this I'm wearing," answered Lydia, half amused and half honest in her sympathy with his ardor about her finery. "They said not to bring many clothes; they would be cheaper over there." She had now reached the bottom of her trunk. She knew by the clock that her grandfather could hardly have left the city on his journey home, but the interval of time since she had parted with him seemed vast. It was as if she had started to Boston in a former life; the history of the choosing and cutting and making of these clothes was like a dream of preëxistence. She had never had so many things new at once, and it had been a great outlay; but her aunt Maria had made the money go as far as possible, and had spent it with that native taste, that genius for dress, which sometimes strikes the summer boarder in the sempstresses of the New England hills. Miss Latham's gift was quaintly unrelated to herself. In dress, as in person and manner, she was uncompromisingly plain and stiff. All the more lavishly, therefore, had it been devoted to the grace and beauty of her sister's child, who, ever since she came to find a home in her grandfather's house, had been more stylishly dressed than any other girl in the village. The summer boarders, whom the keen eye of Miss Latham studied with unerring sense of the best new effects in costume, wondered at Lydia's elegance, as she sat beside her aunt in the family pew, a triumph of that grim artist's skill. Lydia knew that she was well dressed, but she knew that after all she was only the expression of her aunt's inspirations. Her own gift was of another sort. Her father was a music-teacher, whose failing health had obliged him to give up his profession, and who had taken the traveling agency of a parlor-organ manufactory for the sake of the out-door life. His business had brought him to South Bradfield, where he sold an organ to Deacon Latham's church, and fell in love with his younger daughter. He died, a few years after his marriage, of an ancestral con-

sumption, his sole heritage from the good Puritan stock of which he came. His skill as a pianist, which was considerable, had not descended to his daughter, but her mother had bequeathed her a peculiarly rich and flexible voice, with a joy in singing which was as yet a passion little affected by culture. It was this voice which, when Lydia rose to join in the terrible hymning of the congregation at South Bradfield, took the thoughts of people off her style and beauty; and it was this which enchanted her father's sister when, the summer before the date of which we write, that lady had come to America on a brief visit, and heard Lydia sing at her parlor organ in the old homestead. Mrs. Erwin had lived many years abroad, chiefly in Italy, for the sake of the climate. She was of delicate health, and constantly threatened by the hereditary disease that had left her the last of her generation, and she had the fastidiousness of an invalid. She was full of generous impulses which she mistook for virtues; but the presence of some object at once charming and worthy was necessary to rouse these impulses. She had been prosperously married when very young, and as a pretty American widow she had wedded in second marriage at Naples one of those Englishmen who have money enough to live at ease in Latin countries; he was very fond of her, and petted her. Having no children she might long before have thought definitely of poor Henry's little girl, as she called Lydia; but she had lived very comfortably indefinite in regard to her ever since the father's death. Now and then she had sent the child a handsome present or a sum of money. She had it on her conscience not to let her be wholly a burden to her grandfather; but often her conscience drowsed. When she came to South Bradfield, she won the hearts of the simple family, which had been rather hardened against her, and she professed an enthusiasm for Lydia. She called her pretty names in Italian, which she did not pronounce well; she babbled a great deal about what ought to be done for her, and went away without doing any-

thing; so that when a letter finally came, directing Lydia to be sent out to her in Venice, they were all surprised, in the disappointment to which they had resigned themselves.

Mrs. Erwin wrote an epistolary style exasperatingly vacuous and diffuse, and, like many women of that sort, she used pencil instead of ink, always apologizing for it as due now to her weak eyes, and now to her weak wrist, and again to her not being able to find the ink. Her hand was full of foolish curves and dashes, and there were no spaces between the words at times. Under these conditions it was no light labor to get at her meaning; but the sum of her letter was that she wished Lydia to come out to her at once, and she suggested that, as they could have few opportunities or none to send her with people going to Europe, they had better let her come the whole way by sea. Mrs. Erwin remembered — in the space of a page and a half — that nothing had ever done *her* so much good as a long sea-voyage, and it would be excellent for Lydia, who, though she looked so strong, probably needed all the bracing up she could get. She had made inquiries, — or, what was the same thing, Mr. Erwin had, for her, — and she found that vessels from American ports seldom came to Venice; but they often came to Trieste, which was only a few hours away; and if Mr. Latham would get Lydia a ship for Trieste at Boston, she could come very safely and comfortably in a few weeks. She gave the name of a Boston house engaged in the Mediterranean trade to which Mr. Latham could apply for passage; if they were not sending any ship themselves, they could probably recommend one to him.

This was what happened when Deacon Latham called at their office a few days after Mrs. Erwin's letter came. They directed him to the firm dispatching the Aroostook, and Captain Jenness was at their place when the deacon appeared there. The captain took cordial possession of the old man at once, and carried him down to the wharf to look at the ship and her accommodations.

The matter was quickly settled between them. At that time Captain Jenness did not know but he might have other passengers out; at any rate, he would look after the little girl (as Deacon Latham always said in speaking of Lydia) the same as if she were his own child.

Lydia knelt before her trunk, thinking of the remote events, the extinct associations of a few minutes and hours and days ago; she held some cuffs and collars in her hand, and something that her aunt Maria had said recurred to her. She looked up into the intensely interested face of the boy, and then laughed, bowing her forehead on the back of the hand that held those bits of linen.

The boy blushed. "What are you laughing at?" he asked, half piteously, half indignantly, like a boy used to being badgered.

"Oh, nothing," said Lydia. "My aunt told me if any of these things should happen to want doing up, I had better get the stewardess to help me." She looked at the boy in a dreadfully teasing way, softly biting her lip.

"Oh, if you're going to begin *that* way!" he cried in affliction.

"I'm not," she answered, promptly. "I like boys. I've taught school two winters, and I like boys first-rate."

Thomas was impersonally interested again. "Time! You taught school?"

"Why not?"

"You look pretty young for a school-teacher!"

"Now you're making fun of me," said Lydia, astutely.

The boy thought he must have been, and was consoled. "Well, you began it," he said.

"I ought n't to have done so," she replied with humility; "and I won't, any more. There!" she said, "I'm not going to open my bag now. You can take away the trunk when you want, Thomas."

"Yes, ma'am," said the boy. The idea of a school-mistress was perhaps beginning to awe him a little. "Put your bag in your state-room first." He did this, and when he came back from carrying away her trunk he began to set

the table. It was a pretty table, when set, and made the little cabin much cozier. When the boy brought the dishes from the cook's galley, it was a barbarously abundant table. There was cold boiled ham, ham and eggs, fried fish, baked potatoes, buttered toast, tea, cake, pickles, and watermelon; nothing was wanting. "I tell you," said Thomas, noticing Lydia's admiration, "the captain lives well lay-days."

"Lay-days?" echoed Lydia.

"The days we're in port," the boy explained.

"Well, I should think as much!" She ate with the hunger that tranquillity bestows upon youth after the swift succession of strange events, and the conflict of many emotions. The captain had not returned in time, and she ate alone.

After a while she ventured to the top of the gangway stairs, and stood there, looking at the novel sights of the harbor, in the red sunset light, which rose slowly from the hulls and lower spars of the shipping, and kindled the tips of the high-shooting masts with a quickly fading splendor. A delicate flush responded in the east, and rose to meet the denser crimson of the west; a few clouds, incomparably light and diaphanous, bathed themselves in the glow. It was a summer sunset, portending for the land a morrow of great heat. But cool airs crept along the water, and the ferry-boats, thrust shuttlewise back and forth between either shore, made a refreshing sound as they crushed a broad course to foam with their paddles. People were pulling about in small boats; from some the gay cries and laughter of young girls struck sharply along the tide. The noise of the quiescent city came off in a sort of dull moan. The lamps began to twinkle in the windows and the streets on shore; the lanterns of the ships at anchor in the stream showed redder and redder as the twilight fell. The homesickness began to mount from Lydia's heart in a choking lump to her throat; for one must be very happy to endure the sights and sounds of the summer evening anywhere. She had to

shield her eyes from the brilliancy of the kerosene when she went below into the cabin.

IV.

Lydia did not know when the captain came on board. Once, talking in the cabin made itself felt through her dreams, but the dense sleep of weary youth closed over her again, and she did not fairly wake till morning. Then she thought she heard the crowing of a cock and the cackle of hens, and fancied herself in her room at home; the illusion passed with a pang. The ship was moving, with a tug at her side, the violent respirations of which were mingled with the sound of the swift rush of the vessels through the water, the noise of feet on the deck, and of orders hoarsely shouted.

The girl came out into the cabin, where Thomas was already busy with the breakfast table, and climbed to the deck. It was five o'clock of the summer's morning; the sun had not yet reddened the east, but the stars were extinct, or glimmered faint points immeasurably withdrawn in the vast gray of the sky. At that hour there is a hovering dimness over all, but the light on things near at hand is wonderfully keen and clear, and the air has an intense yet delicate freshness that seems to breathe from the remotest spaces of the universe, — a waft from distances beyond the sun. On the land the leaves and grass are soaked with dew; the densely interwoven songs of the birds are like a fabric that you might see and touch. But here, save for the immediate noises on the ship, which had already left her anchorage far behind, the shouting of the tug's escape-pipes, and the huge, swirling gushes from her powerful wheel, a sort of spectacular silence prevailed, and the sounds were like a part of this silence. Here and there a small fishing schooner came lagging slowly in, as if belated, with scarce wind enough to fill her sails; now and then they met a steamboat, towering white and high, a many-latticed bulk, with no one to be

seen on board but the pilot at his wheel, and a few sleepy passengers on the forward promenade. The city, so beautiful and stately from the bay, was dropping, and sinking away behind. They passed green islands, some of which were fortified: the black guns looked out over the neatly shaven glaxis; the sentinel paced the rampart.

"Well, well!" shouted Captain Jenness, catching sight of Lydia where she lingered at the cabin door. "You are an early bird. Glad to see you up! Hope you rested well! Saw your grandfather off all right, and kept him from taking the wrong train with my own hand. He's terribly excitable. Well, I suppose I shall be just so, at his age. Here!" The captain caught up a stool and set it near the bulwark for her. "There! You make yourself comfortable wherever you like. You're at home, you know." He was off again in a moment. Lydia cast her eye over at the tug. On the deck, near the pilot-house, stood the young man who had stopped the afternoon before, while she sat at the warehouse door, and asked her grandfather if she were not ill. At his feet was a substantial valise, and over his arm hung a shawl. He was smoking, and seated near him, on another valise, was his companion of the day before, also smoking. In the instant that Lydia caught sight of them, she perceived that they both recognized her and exchanged, as it were, a start of surprise. But they remained as before, except that he who was seated drew out a fresh cigarette, and without looking up reached to the other for a light. They were both men of good height, and they looked fresh and strong, with something very alert in their slight movements, — sudden turns of the head and brisk nods, which were not nervously quick. Lydia wondered at their presence there in an ignorance which could not even conjecture. She knew too little to know that they could not have any destination on the tug, and that they would not be making a pleasure-excursion at that hour in the morning. Their having their valises with them deepened the mystery, which was

not solved till the tug's engines fell silent, and at an unnoticed order a space in the bulwark not far from Lydia was opened and steps were let down the side of the ship. Then the young men, who had remained, to all appearance, perfectly unconcerned, caught up their valises and climbed to the deck of the Aroostook. They did not give her more than a glance out of the corners of their eyes, but the surprise of their coming on board was so great a shock that she did not observe that the tug, casting loose from the ship, was describing a curt and foamy semicircle for her return to the city, and that the Aroostook, with a cloud of snowy canvas filling overhead, was moving over the level sea with the light ease of a bird that half swims, half flies, along the water. A sudden dismay, which was somehow not fear so much as an overpowering sense of isolation, fell upon the girl. She caught at Thomas, going forward with some dishes in his hand, with a pathetic appeal.

"Where are you going, Thomas?"

"I'm going to the cook's galley to help dish up the breakfast."

"What's the cook's galley?"

"Don't you know? The kitchen."

"Let me go with you. I should like to see the kitchen." She trembled with eagerness. Arrived at the door of the narrow passage that ran across the deck aft of the forecastle, she looked in and saw, amid a haze of frying and broiling, the short, stocky figure of a negro, bow-legged, and unnaturally erect from the waist up. At sight of Lydia, he made a respectful duck forward with his uncouth body. "Why, are you the cook?" she almost screamed in response to this obeisance.

"Yes, miss," said the man, humbly, with a turn of those pleading black eyes of the negro.

Lydia grew more peremptory: "Why — why — I thought the cook was a woman!"

"Very sorry, miss," began the negro, with a deprecatory smile, in a slow, mild voice.

Thomas burst into a boy's yelling laugh: "Well, if that ain't the best joke

on Gabriel! He'll never hear the last of it when I tell it to the second officer!"

"Thomas!" cried Lydia, terribly, "you shall *not*!" She stamped her foot. "Do you hear me?"

The boy checked his laugh abruptly. "Yes, ma'am," he said, submissively.

"Well, then!" returned Lydia. She stalked proudly back to the cabin gangway, and descending shut herself into her state-room.

V.

A few hours later Deacon Latham came into the house with a milk-pan full of pease. He set this down on one end of the kitchen table, with his straw hat beside it, and then took a chair at the other end and fell into the attitude of the day before, when he sat in the parlor with Lydia and Miss Maria waiting for the stage; his mouth was puckered to a whistle, and his fingers were held above the board in act to drub it. Miss Maria turned the pease out on the table, and took the pan into her lap. She shelled at the pease in silence, till the sound of their pelting, as they were dropped on the tin, was lost in their multitude; then she said, with a sharp, querulous, pathetic impatience, "Well, father, I suppose you're thinkin' about Lyddy."

"Yes, Maria, I be," returned her father, with uncommon plumpness, as if here now were something he had made up his mind to stand to. "I been thinkin' that Lyddy's a woman grown, as you may say."

"Yes," admitted Miss Maria, "she's a woman, as far forth as that goes. What put it into your head?"

"Well, I d'know as I know. But it's just like this: I got to thinkin' whether she might n't get to feelin' rather lonely on the voyage, without any other woman to talk to."

"I guess," said Miss Maria, tranquilly, "she's goin' to feel lonely enough at times, any way, poor thing! But I told her if she wanted advice or help about anything just to go to the stewardess. That Mrs. Bland that spent the summer at the Parkers' last year

was always tellin' how they went to the stewardess for most everything, and she give her five dollars in gold when they got into Boston. I should n't want Lyddy should give so much as that, but I should want she should give something, as long 's it 's the custom."

"They don't have 'em on sailin' vessels, Captain Jenness said; they only have 'em on steamers," said Deacon Latham.

"Have what?" asked Miss Maria, sharply.

"Stewardesses. They 've got a cabin-boy."

Miss Maria desisted a moment from her work; then she answered, with a gruff shortness peculiar to her, "Well, then, she can go to the cook, I suppose. It would n't matter which she went to, I presume."

Deacon Latham looked up with the air of confessing to sin before the whole congregation. "The cook 's a man,—a black man," he said.

Miss Maria dropped a handful of pods into the pan, and sent a handful of peas rattling across the table on to the floor. "Well, who in Time"—the expression was strong, but she used it without hesitation, and was never known to repent it—"will she go to, then?"

"I declare for 't," said her father, "I don't know. I d' know as I ever thought it out fairly before; but just now when I was pickin' the pease for you, my mind got to dwellin' on Lyddy, and then it come to me all at once: there she was, the only *one* among a whole shipful, and I—I did n't know but what she might think it rather of a strange position for her."

"Oh!" exclaimed Miss Maria, petulantly. "I guess Lyddy'd know how to conduct herself wherever she was; she 's a born lady, if ever there was one. But what I think is"—Miss Maria paused, and did not say what she thought; but it was evidently not the social aspect of the matter which was uppermost in her mind. In fact, she had never been at all afraid of men, whom she regarded as a more inefficient and feebler-minded kind of women.

"The only thing 't makes me feel easier is what the captain said about the young men," said Deacon Latham.

"What young men?" asked Miss Maria.

"Why, I told you about 'em!" retorted the old man, with some exasperation."

"You told me about two young men that stopped on the wharf and pitied Lyddy's worn-out looks."

"Did n't I tell you the rest? I declare for 't, I don't believe I did; I been so put about. Well, as we was drivin' up to the depot, we met the same two young men, and the captain asked 'em, 'Are you goin' or not a-goin'?'—just that way; and they said, 'We 're goin'.' And he said, 'When you comin' aboard?' and he told 'em he was goin' to haul out this mornin' at three o'clock. And they asked what tug, and he told 'em, and they fixed it up between 'em all then that they was to come aboard from the tug, when she 'd got the ship outside; and that 's what I suppose they did. The captain he said to me he had n't mentioned it before, because he wa' n't sure 't they 'd go till that minute. He give 'em a first-rate of a character."

Miss Maria said nothing for a long while. The subject seemed one with which she did not feel herself able to grapple. She looked all about the kitchen for inspiration, and even cast a searching glance into the wood-shed. Suddenly she jumped from her chair, and ran to the open window: "Mr. Goodlow! Mr. Goodlow! I wish you 'd come in here a minute."

She hurried to meet the minister at the front door, her father lagging after her with the infantile walk of an old man.

Mr. Goodlow took off his straw hat as he mounted the stone step to the threshold, and said good-morning; they did not shake hands. He wore a black alpaca coat, and waistcoat of farmer's satin; his hat was dark straw, like Deacon Latham's, but it was low-crowned, and a line of ornamental open-work ran round it near the top.

"Come into the sittin'-room," said

Miss Maria. "It's cooler, in there." She lost no time in laying the case before the minister. She ended by saying, "Father, he don't feel just right about it, and I d' know as I'm quite clear in my own mind."

The minister considered a while in silence before he said, "I think Lydia's influence upon those around her will be beneficial, whatever her situation in life may be."

"There, father!" cried Miss Maria, in reproachful relief.

"You're right, Maria, you're right!" assented the old man, and they both waited for the minister to continue.

"I rejoiced with you," he said, "when this opportunity for Lydia's improvement offered, and I am not disposed to feel anxious as to the ways and means. Lydia is no fool. I have observed in her a dignity, a sort of authority, very remarkable in one of her years."

"I guess the boys at the school down to the Mill Village found out she had authority enough," said Miss Maria, promptly materializing the idea.

"Precisely," said Mr. Goodlow.

"That's what I told father, in the first place," said Miss Maria. "I guess Lyddy'd know how to conduct herself wherever she was,—just the words I used."

"I don't deny it, Maria, I don't deny it," shrilly piped the old man. "I ain't afraid of any harm comin' to Lyddy any more'n what you be. But what I said was, Would n't she feel kind of strange, sort of lost, as you may say, among so many, and she the only one?"

"She will know how to adapt herself to circumstances," said Mr. Goodlow. "I was conversing last summer with that Mrs. Bland who boarded at Mr. Parker's, and she told me that girls in Europe are brought up with no habits of self-reliance whatever, and that young ladies are never seen on the streets alone in France and Italy."

"Don't you think," asked Miss Maria, hesitating to accept this ridiculous statement, "that Mrs. Bland exaggerated some?"

"She *talked* a great deal," admitted Mr. Goodlow. "I should be sorry if Lydia ever lost anything of that native confidence of hers in her own judgment, and her ability to take care of herself under any circumstances, and I do not think she will. She never seemed conceited to me, but she *was* the most self-reliant girl I ever saw."

"You've hit it there, Mr. Goodlow. Such a spirit as she always had!" sighed Miss Maria. "It was just so from the first. It used to go to my heart to see that little thing lookin' after herself, every way, and not askin' anybody's help, but just as quiet and proud about it! She's her mother, all over. And yesterday, when she set here waitin' for the stage, and it did seem as if I should have to give up, hearin' her sob, sob, sob,—why, Mr. Goodlow, she had n't any more idea of backin' out than—than"—Miss Maria relinquished the search for a comparison, and went into another room for a handkerchief. "I don't believe she cared over and above about goin', from the start," said Miss Maria, returning, "but when once she'd made up her mind to it, there she was. I d' know as she *took* much of a fancy to her aunt, but you could n't told from anything that Lyddy said. Now, if I have anything on my mind, I have to blab it right out, as you may say; I can't seem to bear it a minute; but Lyddy's different. Well," concluded Miss Maria, "I guess there ain't goin' to any harm come to her. But it did give me a kind of start, first off, when father up and got to feelin' sort of bad about it. I d' know as I should thought much about it, if he had n't seemed to. I d' know as I should ever thought about anything except her not havin' any one to advise with about her clothes. It's the only thing she ain't handy with: she won't know what to wear. I'm afraid she'll spoil her silk. I d' know but what father's *been* hasty in not lookin' into things carefuller first. He most always does repent afterwards."

"Could n't repent beforehand!" retorted Deacon Latham. "And I tell you, Maria, I never saw a much finer

man than Captain Jenness; and the cabin's everything I said it was, and more. Lyddy reg'larly went off over it; 'n' I guess, as Mr. Goodlow says, she 'll influence 'em for good. Don't you fret about her clothes any. You fitted her out in apple-pie order, and she 'll soon be there. 'Tain't but a little ways to Try-East, any way, to what it is some of them India voyages, Captain Jenness said. He had his own daughters out the last voyage; 'n' I guess he can tell Lyddy when it's weather to wear her silk. I d' know as I'd better said anything about what I was thinkin'. I don't want to be noways rash, and yet I thought I could n't be too partic'lar."

For a silent moment Miss Maria looked sourly uncertain as to the usefulness of scruples that came so long after the fact. Then she said abruptly to Mr. Goodlow, "Was it you or Mr. Baldwin preached Mirandy Holcomb's fune'l sermon?"

VI.

One of the advantages of the negative part assigned to women in life is that they are seldom forced to commit themselves. They can, if they choose, remain perfectly passive while a great many things take place in regard to them; they need not account for what they do not do. From time to time a man must show his hand, but save for one supreme exigency a woman need never show hers. She moves in mystery as long as she likes; and mere reticence in her, if she is young and fair, interprets itself as good sense and good taste.

Lydia was, by convention as well as by instinct, mistress of the situation when she came out to breakfast, and confronted the young men again with collected nerves, and a reserve which was perhaps a little too proud. The captain was there to introduce them, and presented first Mr. Dunham, the gentleman who had spoken to her grandfather on the wharf, and then Mr. Staniford, his friend and senior by some four or five years. They were both of

the fair New England complexion; but Dunham's eyes were blue, and Staniford's dark gray. Their mustaches were blonde, but Dunham's curled jauntily outward at the corners, and his light hair waved over either temple from the parting in the middle. Staniford's mustache was cut short; his hair was clipped tight to his shapely head, and not parted at all; he had a slightly aquiline nose, with sensitive nostrils, showing the cartilage; his face was darkly freckled. They were both handsome fellows, and fittingly dressed in rough blue, which they wore like men with the habit of good clothes; they made Lydia such bows as she had never seen before. Then the captain introduced Mr. Watterson, the first officer, to all, and sat down, saying to Thomas, with a sort of guilty and embarrassed growl, "Ain't he out yet? Well, we won't wait," and with but little change of tone asked a blessing; for Captain Jenness in his way was a religious man.

There was a sixth plate laid, but the captain made no further mention of the person who was not out yet till shortly after the coffee was poured, when the absentee appeared, hastily closing his state-room door behind him, and then waiting on foot, with a half-impudent, half-intimidated air, while Captain Jenness, with a sort of elaborate repressiveness, presented him as Mr. Hicks. He was a short and slight young man, with a small sandy mustache curling tightly in over his lip, floating reddish-blue eyes, and a deep dimple in his weak, slightly retreating chin. He had an air at once amiable and baddish, with an expression, curiously blended, of monkey-like humor and spaniel-like apprehensiveness. He did not look well, and till he had swallowed two cups of coffee his hand shook. The captain watched him furtively from under his bushy eyebrows, and was evidently troubled and preoccupied, addressing a word now and then to Mr. Watterson, who, by virtue of what was apparently the ship's discipline, spoke only when he was spoken to, and then answered with prompt acquiescence. Dunham and Staniford exchanged

not so much a glance as a consciousness in regard to him, which seemed to recognize and class him. They talked to each other, and sometimes to the captain. Once they spoke to Lydia. Mr. Dunham, for example, said, "Miss — ah — Blood, don't you think we are uncommonly fortunate in having such lovely weather for a start-off?"

"I don't know," said Lydia.

Mr. Dunham arrested himself in the use of his fork. "I beg your pardon?" he smiled.

It seemed to be a question, and after a moment's doubt Lydia answered, "I did n't know it was strange to have fine weather at the start."

"Oh, but I can assure you it is," said Dunham, with a certain lady-like sweetness of manner which he had. "According to precedent, we ought to be all deathly seasick."

"Not at *this* time of year," said Captain Jenness.

"Not at *this* time of *year*," repeated Mr. Watterson, as if the remark were an order to the crew.

Dunham referred the matter with a look to his friend, who refused to take part in it, and then he let it drop. But presently Staniford himself attempted the civility of some conversation with Lydia. He asked her gravely, and somewhat severely, if she had suffered much from the heat of the day before.

"Yes," said Lydia, "it was very hot."

"I'm told it was the hottest day of the summer, so far," continued Staniford, with the same severity.

"I want to know!" cried Lydia.

The young man did not say anything more.

As Dunham lit his cigar at Staniford's on deck, the former said significantly, "What a very American thing!"

"What a bore!" answered the other.

Dunham had never been abroad, as one might imagine from his calling Lydia's presence a very American thing, but he had always consorted with people who had lived in Europe; he read the *Revue des Deux Mondes* habitually, and the London weekly newspapers, and this

gave him the foreign stand-point from which he was fond of viewing his native world. "It's incredible," he added. "Who in the world can she be?"

"Oh, I don't know," returned Staniford, with a cold disgust. "I should object to the society of such a young person for a month or six weeks under the most favorable circumstances, and with frequent respites; but to be imprisoned on the same ship with her, and to have her on one's mind and in one's way the whole time, is more than I bargained for. Captain Jenness should have told us; though I suppose he thought that if *she* could stand it, *we* might. There's that point of view. But it takes all ease and comfort out of the prospect. Here comes that blackguard." Staniford turned his back towards Mr. Hicks, who was approaching, but Dunham could not quite do this, though he waited for the other to speak first.

"Will you — would you oblige me with a light?" Mr. Hicks asked, taking a cigar from his case.

"Certainly," said Dunham, with the comradery of the smoker.

Mr. Hicks seemed to gather courage from his cigar. "You did n't expect to find a lady passenger on board, did you?" His poor disagreeable little face was lit up with unpleasant enjoyment of the anomaly. Dunham hesitated for an answer.

"One never can know what one's fellow passengers are going to be," said Staniford, turning about, and looking not at Mr. Hicks's face, but his feet, with an effect of being, upon the whole, disappointed not to find them cloven. He added, to put the man down rather than from an exact belief in his own suggestion, "She's probably some relation of the captain's."

"Why, that's the joke of it," said Hicks, fluttered with his superior knowledge. "I've been pumping the cabin-boy, and he says the captain never saw her till yesterday. She's an up-country school-marm, and she came down here with her grandfather yesterday. She's going out to meet friends of hers in Venice." The little man pulled at his cigar,

and coughed and chuckled, and waited confidently for the impression.

"Dunham," said Staniford, "did I hand you that sketch-block of mine to put in your bag, when we were packing last night?"

"Yes, I've got it."

"I'm glad of that. Did you see Murray yesterday?"

"No; he was at Cambridge."

"I thought he was to have met you at Parker's." The conversation no longer included Mr. Hicks or the subject he had introduced; after a moment's hesitation, he walked away to another part of the ship. As soon as he was beyond ear-shot, Staniford again spoke: "Dunham, this girl is plainly one of those cases of supernatural innocence, on the part of herself and her friends, which, as you suggested, would n't occur among any other people in the world but ours."

"You're a good fellow, Staniford!" cried Dunham.

"Not at all. I call myself simply a human being, with the elemental instincts of a gentleman, as far as concerns this matter. The girl has been placed in a position which could be made very painful to her. It seems to me it's our part to prevent it from being so. I doubt if she finds it at all anomalous, and if we choose she need never do so till after we've parted with her. I fancy we can preserve her unconsciousness intact."

"Staniford, this is like you," said his friend, with glistening eyes. "I had some wild notion of the kind myself, but I'm so glad you spoke of it first."

"Well, never mind," responded Staniford. "We must make her feel that there is nothing irregular or uncommon in her being here as she is. I don't know how the matter's to be managed exactly; it must be a negative benevolence for the most part; but it can be done. The first thing is to cow that nuisance yonder. Pumping the cabin-boy! The little sot! Look here, Dunham; it's such a satisfaction to me to think of putting that fellow under foot that I'll leave you all the credit of saving the young lady's feel-

ings. I should like to begin stamping on him at once."

"I think you have made a beginning already. I confess I wish you had n't such heavy nails in your boots!"

"Oh, they'll do him good, confound him!" said Staniford.

"I should have liked it better if her name had n't been Blood," remarked Dunham, presently.

"It does n't matter what a girl's surname is. Besides, Blood is very frequent in some parts of the State."

"She's very pretty, is n't she?" Dunham suggested.

"Oh, pretty enough, yes," replied Staniford. "Nothing is so common as the pretty girl of our nation. Her beauty is part of the general tiresomeness of the whole situation."

"Don't you think," ventured his friend, further, "that she has rather a lady-like air?"

"She wanted to know," said Staniford, with a laugh.

Dunham was silent a while before he asked, "What do you suppose her first name is?"

"Jerusha, probably."

"Oh, impossible!"

"Well, then, Lurella. You have no idea of the grotesqueness of these people's minds. I used to see a great deal of their intimate life when I went on my tramps, and chanced it among them, for bed and board, wherever I happened to be. We cultivated Yankees and the raw material seem hardly of the same race. Where the Puritanism has gone out of the people in spots, there's the rankest growth of all sorts of crazy heresies, and the old scriptural nomenclature has given place to something compounded of the fancifulness of story-paper romance and the gibberish of spiritualism. They make up their names, sometimes, and call a child by what sounds pretty to them. I wonder how the captain picked up that scoundrel."

The turn of Staniford's thought to Hicks was probably suggested by the appearance of Captain Jenness, who now issued from the cabin gangway, and came toward them with the shadow

of unwonted trouble in his face. The captain, too, was smoking.

"Well, gentlemen," he began, with the obvious indirectness of a man not used to diplomacy, "how do you like your accommodations?"

Staniford silently acquiesced in Dunham's reply that they found them excellent. "But you don't mean to say," Dunham added, "that you're going to give us beefsteak and all the vegetables of the season the whole way over?"

"No," said the captain; "we shall put you on sea-fare soon enough. But you'll like it. You don't want the same things at sea that you do on shore; your appetite chops round into a different quarter altogether, and you want salt beef; but you'll get it good. Your room's pretty snug," he suggested.

"Oh, it's big enough," said Staniford, to whom he had turned as perhaps more in authority than Dunham. "While we're well we only sleep in it, and if we're seasick it does n't matter where we are."

The captain knocked the ash from his cigar with the tip of his fat little finger, and looked down. "I was in hopes I could have let you had a room apiece, but I had another passenger jumped on me at the last minute. I suppose you see what's the matter with Mr. Hicks?" He looked up from one to another, and they replied with a glance of perfect intelligence. "I don't generally talk my passengers over with one another, but I thought I'd better speak to you about him. I found him yesterday evening at my agents', with his father. He's just been on a spree, a regular two weeks' tear, and the old gentleman did n't know what to do with him, on shore, any longer. He thought he'd send him to sea a voyage, and see what would come of it, and he plead hard with me to take him. I did n't want to take him, but he worked away at me till I could n't say no. I argued in my own mind that he could n't get anything to drink on my ship, and that he'd behave himself well enough as long as he was sober." The captain added ruefully, "He looks worse this morning than he did last

night. He looks bad. I told the old gentleman that if he got into any trouble at Try-East, or any of the ports where we touched, he should n't set foot on my ship again. But I guess he'll keep pretty straight. He has n't got any money, for one thing."

Staniford laughed. "He stops drinking for obvious reasons, if for no others, like Artemus Ward's destitute inebriate. Did you think only of us in deciding whether you should take him?"

The captain looked up quickly at the young men, as if touched in a sore place. "Well, there again I did n't seem to get my bearings just right. I suppose you mean the young lady?" Staniford motionlessly and silently assented. "Well, she's more of a young lady than I thought she was, when her grandfather first come down here and talked of sending her over with me. He was always speaking about his little girl, you know, and I got the idea that she was about thirteen, or eleven, may be. I thought the child might be some bother on the voyage, but thinks I, I'm used to children, and I guess I can manage. Bless your soul! when I first see her on the wharf yesterday, it most knocked me down! I never believed she was half so tall, nor half so good-looking." Staniford smiled at this expression of the captain's despair, but the captain did not join him. "Why, she was as pretty as a bird! Well, there I was. It was no time then to back out. The old man would n't understood. Besides, there was the young lady herself, and she seemed so forlorn and helpless that I kind of pitied her. I thought, What if it was one of my own girls? And I made up my mind that she should n't know from anything I said or did that she was n't just as much at home and just as much in place on my ship as she would be in my house. I suppose what made me feel easier about it, and took the queerness off some, was my having my own girls along last voyage. To be sure, it ain't quite the same thing," said the captain, interrogatively.

"Not quite," consented Staniford.

"If there was two of them," said the

captain, "I don't suppose I should feel so bad about it. But thinks I, A lady's a lady the world over, and a gentleman's a gentleman." The captain looked significantly at the young men. "As for that other fellow," added Captain Jenness, "if I can't take care of him, I think I'd better stop going to sea altogether, and go into the coasting trade."

He resumed his cigar with defiance, and was about turning away when Staniford spoke. "Captain Jenness, my friend and I had been talking this little matter over just before you came up.

Will you let me say that I'm rather proud of having reasoned in much the same direction as yourself?"

This was spoken with that air which gave Staniford a peculiar distinction, and made him the despair and adoration of his friend: it endowed the subject with seriousness, and conveyed a sentiment of grave and noble sincerity. The captain held out a hand to each of the young men, crossing his wrists in what seemed a favorite fashion with him. "Good!" he cried, heartily. "I *thought* I knew you."

W. D. Howells.

INDIRECTION.

FAIR are the flowers and the children, but their subtle suggestion is fairer;
Rare is the rose-burst of dawn, but the secret that clasps it is rarer;
Sweet the exultance of song, but the strain that precedes it is sweeter;
And never was poem yet writ, but the meaning out-mastered the metre.

Never a daisy that grows, but a mystery guideth the growing;
Never a river that flows, but a majesty sceptres the flowing;
Never a Shakespeare that soared, but a stronger than he did enfold him;
Nor ever a prophet foretells, but a mightier seer hath foretold him.

Back of the canvas that throbs the painter is hinted and hidden;
Into the statue that breathes the soul of the sculptor is bidden;
Under the joy that is felt lie the infinite issues of feeling;
Crowning the glory revealed is the glory that crowns the revealing.

Great are the symbols of being, but that which is symbolized is greater;
Vast the create and beheld, but vaster the inward creator;
Back of the sound broods the silence, back of the gift stands the giving,
Back of the hand that receives thrill the sensitive nerves of receiving.

Space is as nothing to spirit, the deed is outdone by the doing;
The heart of the wooer is warm, but warmer the heart of the wooing;
And up from the pits where these shiver, and up from the heights where
those shine,
Twin voices and shadows swim starward, and the essence of life is divine.

Richard Reolf.

AMERICANISMS.

V.

THE interest taken by people generally, and particularly by that nondescript person usually described as the intelligent reader, in discussions about words is one of the puzzles of my life. For this interest is not in any way an indication or an accompaniment of literary taste or acquirement, or even of habits of reading, — anything other than newspapers or perhaps magazines. Men and women who have never read, and never will read, the books of the writers who have made the literature of the English language the grandest, the richest, and the most varied the world has known, and to whom the real study of language is as foreign as the study of heraldry or of palæontology, will have long and acrimonious disputes among themselves about words, make bets, and call in an umpire; or they will eagerly seize upon an assertion or a suggestion in a magazine or newspaper article as an occasion of a letter to the writer, in which they give him the benefit of such knowledge as they have, or have not, upon the subject. Why this is, I have not been able to divine; but I hope none the less that any of my readers who are tempted to favor me in this way will yield, and that I may continue to receive such letters; for they are in some few cases valuable for the knowledge they impart or for the suggestions that they make. But I must once for all ask to be excused from the task of answering them, except as I may do so in these or other like pages.

I am led to these remarks by the fact that of the letters brought to me by the article on Americanisms in the September Atlantic, thirteen, including "postal-cards," were in regard to the word *whisker*, and particularly in regard to the Westernism "chin-whiskers." This phrase, which had escaped the minute research of Mr. Bartlett, and which I

had never heard, is, it seems, in very common use among all the Western people, beginning at the western part of New York, and is even heard, as I am assured, "in the barber shops in Boston." I think that my correspondent might better have said in some of those shops; for I am sure that I know Boston and Boston people well enough to say, without fear of contradiction, that among those who give to Boston and its neighborhood their character it is not the habit to talk of "chin-whiskers," and that my British correspondent, whose remark upon the Western habit was the occasion of what I wrote upon it, is quite right in his belief that "educated Americans apply the term [whisker] only to the hair growing upon the cheeks."

Although the term "chin-whisker" is not to be defended, and is both a solecism and, if I may be pardoned for saying so, a barberism, yet there is something to be said upon the subject which may not be without interest of its kind. *Whisker*, although in the English of the present and the past generations it has been confined to the hair growing uncut on the cheek, or rather the jaw, when first applied to the beard meant the mustachios. The first recorded definition of the word (in 1727) by Bailey, who preceded Johnson, is "little tufts of hair at the corners of the mouth on the upper lip." But a yet earlier use of the word in this sense, and I think the earliest in our language, is in the old proverb, "Don't leave cream within the whiskers of a cat." Now a cat's whiskers are mustachios, and nothing else. From Graymalkin, therefore, the word was transferred, perhaps by some gray mare, to her lord and master. The word, I believe, is not known in our language until after the Elizabethan period, the hair on any part of a man's face being called before that time simply the beard. A whisker is — truly as well as obviously (and all obvious meanings

are not true) — anything that whisks or that may whisk. That appendage without which a bull is said to stand no chance in fly-time is a whisker; and so is a small broom for dusting the clothes, which hence is called a whisk-broom. Dr. Brewer, of Cambridge (England), would derive *whisker* from the Welsh *gwisg*, meaning dress, and thus make whisker mean the dress of the face. But this is fanciful, unnecessary, and at variance with the history of the word. When the fashion in England and France was to shave the whole face clean, which prevailed about one hundred and fifty years, there was one class of men that did not generally conform to it, — soldiers. Many of them wore mustachios; and so confined to them was the use of this virile ornament that the appearance of it upon a man's face during that period was regarded as evidence of soldierhood, as might be shown by many passages in the literature of the time. Thus the first whiskers were worn upon the upper lip; and the word when used by writers of the latter part of the seventeenth century and the first half of the eighteenth means the mustachios. When Addison wrote "a pair of whiskers" he meant, doubtless, a pair of mustachios; and although he and his contemporaries would not have applied the word to the whole beard, their pairs of whiskers did not mean the hair growing upon a man's jowls. With that form of the beard they were unacquainted, the fashion of wearing it so being of later introduction. When, however, the two side tufts did appear (and at first they were shrinking little encroachments upon the smooth of the face) they were naturally also called whiskers, or very often, distinctively, side-whiskers; and then, as the beard upon the upper lip had a name peculiar to itself, adopted from the Continental languages, — mustachio, — the discriminating tendency of language soon confined whiskers to the beard left to grow on the sides of the face. This has been the usage for the last half century. Before that time, however, the word was very vaguely used, as will appear by a note written by Byron, in the assumed

character of Horace Hornem, a midland county squire, upon the following couplet in *The Waltz*: —

"Transferred to those ambiguous things that ape
Goats in their visage, women in their shape."

Upon this the country gentleman is made to remark: "It cannot be complained now, as in the Lady Baussière's time of the *Sieur de la Croix*, that there be 'no whiskers;' but how far these are indications of valor in the field may still be questionable. Much may be and hath been avouched on both sides. In the olden time, philosophers had whiskers, and soldiers none. Scipio himself was shaven; Hannibal thought his one eye handsome enough, without a beard; but Adrian, the emperor, wore a beard, having warts on his chin, which neither the Empress Sabina, nor even the courtiers, could abide. Turenne had whiskers, Marlborough none; Bonaparte is unwhiskered, the regent whiskered: *argal* greatness of mind and whiskers may or may not go together. But certainly the different occurrences since the growth of the last mentioned go further in behalf of whiskers than the anathema of Anselm did *against* long hair in the reign of Henry I."

Observe the implication that at the time when this was written (1812) whiskers were held appropriate only to those who had shown valor in the field; they were the peculiar ornament of a soldier's face. Turenne's whiskers, as his portrait shows us, were mustachios; but the prince regent's were side-whiskers. The whiskers that the philosophers wore were either mustachios or the whole beard. So far Byron. Beard worn upon the chin was, however, called a "peaked beard," or a "shovel beard," or a "spade beard," according to its form; never whiskers, I believe; so that the Westernism has not the support of English usage at any time in its favor. Hair upon the chin is called, *par excellence*, beard by those who speak good English.

I trust that my correspondents will agree with me that I have now quite sufficiently discussed this grave question.

Another British correspondent, known as the author of a book upon a subject kindred to that of his letter, writes me from Huddersfield, England, and takes me courteously to task for "calling a dissenting minister a clergyman." This, he says, is an Americanism. He adds: "No dissenting minister in England ever professed to be in 'orders,' and therefore never claims to be a clergyman. All dissenting ministers are by English law laymen only, and are never called clergymen." Will my respected correspondent pardon me for saying that, although I thank him for the favor of his letter, in communicating to me the facts upon which it is founded he was bringing coals to Newcastle? What he tells me about the positions of clergymen of the Church of England who are in holy orders, and dissenting ministers, I have known from my earliest boyish memory of such things. Bred in the straitest sect of Anglican Episcopacy, I was taught by example, if not by precept, to call no ministers even here clergymen but those who were in orders in the American branch of the Anglican Church. My correspondent might have added, with equal superfluity, that the title "Reverend" is denied by some persons in England to all but clergymen of the Church of England, and its assumption by other ministers disputed. But after I began to think for myself about such subjects, I saw that this exclusion in language was illiberal and disrespectful; and observing that there was good English authority for my conclusion, I acted accordingly in my use of *clergyman* and *reverend*. In his very positive and very exclusive assertion that dissenting ministers are "never called clergymen in England," and that the calling them so is an Americanism, my respected correspondent has been misled as to what is fact by his strong conviction of what fact ought to be. Not so, however, Dr. Fitzedward Hall, who without any such conviction blundered into the same error, saying that in the sentence, "The use of this adjective [divine] as a noun meaning a clergyman, a minister of the gospel, is supported by long usage and

high authority," *clergyman* is used in a sense "now uncurrent in England." (Recent Exemplifications, etc., page 73.)

In some previous remarks upon this performance of Dr. Hall's, I, supposing that he, writing upon language, regarded the subject from a linguistic point of view, and not from that of the Court of Arches, met his assertion accordingly. But now, supposing his assertion to be the same with that of my correspondent, who has the courtesy which Dr. Hall always lacks, I shall expose the presuming ignorance which he has provoked me to expose heretofore on so many occasions. The word *clergyman* is applied by Englishmen of the best class to ministers of the gospel of all churches, as in the following examples:—

"He supped as usual, and even invited the provost-marshal and the *clergyman* [a Dutch dominie], who had been sent to see him, to join him at supper." (Edinburgh Review, July, 1874: Art., Life and Death of Barneveldt.)

"In Hungary there are seven hundred and three Catholic priests; but of that number the large minority of two hundred and sixty-eight belong to the Panslav party; while out of one hundred and seventy-eight Lutheran *clergymen* ninety are Panslavists." (London Spectator, March 9, 1878.)

It is specifically applied in England, in the most unexceptionable quarters, to dissenting ministers of all denominations, as in the following passages; the first from the highest of all high Tory writers:—

"Upon this subject, in its relation not to Latin but to classical English, we have an essay in our own times from a writer of great talent, Mr. Foster, the *Baptist clergyman*." (De Quincey, Dr. Parr, etc., Works, vol. v. p. 190).

"Most of the denominations have ceased to depend entirely on the mother country for their supply of *clergymen* and ministers, and have established institutions for the theological education of young men who wish to be trained for the ministry." (Rev. John Milner, B. A., in Cruise of the Galatea, 1869, page 436.)

"When I met with him Timbrel was a *dissenting clergyman*; but he supplemented this occupation with a number of others. He was a paid temperance lecturer, and he kept a boarding-school for the children of farmers and country tradesmen of *his own sect*." (Pall Mall Budget, May 18, 1878.)

Lastly, *clergyman* is "currently" used in England in a general sense as meaning the whole class of men who minister in the religious affairs of all sects and sorts, and in this sense is opposed to other general terms applied to large classes and conditions of mankind; as in the following examples:—

"Women and *clergymen* have so long been in the habit of using pretty words without ever troubling themselves to understand them," etc. (Ruskin, *Fors Clavigera*, April, 1876.)

—"meaning, Is he a lawyer, a *littérateur*, a politician, a *clergyman*?" (Frances Power Cobbe, *New Quarterly*, July, 1875.)

"Christianity, says the freethinker, is very good for women, children, and *clergymen*." (Leslie Stephen, *Free-Thinking and Plain-Speaking*, 1877, chap. i.)

In such uses of the word, examples of which swarm in the "current" literature of the day, its general signification is unmistakable. As Ruskin and Leslie Stephen use it, their meaning plainly is, women and children, and that other class of our fellow-creatures who teach women and children religion, whether that religion is Romanism, Anglicanism, Presbyterianism, Methodism, or what not. In the passage from Frances Power Cobbe it is to be remarked that *clergyman* is not opposed to barrister, journalist, or author, or member of Parliament, but to the general terms lawyer, *littérateur*, and politician. In England particular members of the legal profession are not usually spoken of as lawyers, but as barristers or attorneys, those words corresponding to the technical use of *clergyman*. A barrister or a judge is sometimes spoken of as a good lawyer. The *clergyman* of the parish always means a *clergyman* of the Church

of England, as in the following passage from John Bright:—

"All this is done under the guidance and supervision of the *clergyman* of the parish. The children are to be examined by the *clergyman*, and by inspectors appointed by the government who are also to be *clergymen* of the Church of England." (Speeches, ii. 505.)

The word originally in use in England in this signification was *clergion* or *clergioun*, of which I am inclined to think that the compound *clergyman* is a mere corruption; as, for example, *bridegroom* is of *brydguma*, which means a newly married man, not a groom of any sort or condition. Whatever may have been the exclusive meaning of *clergyman* in past times in England (and I am inclined to think that the exclusiveness was never absolute), the above examples show that the sense in which it is "now current in England" is a very general one, and includes all respectable ministers of the gospel. And so it is defined by Stormonth, himself a *clergyman* of the Church of England. But these examples are only the lesser part of those which I have recorded. It is just while I am writing that I have discovered that a sheaf of others has been mislaid. These, however, are enough; and I regret only the absence of one passage from a recent Liverpool newspaper, in which the word *clergyman* is applied successively and indiscriminately to a Roman Catholic priest, two dissenting ministers, and a *clergyman* of the Church of England.

This instance illustrates again the untrustworthiness of the evidence of Englishmen even of education and literary habits as to what is an Americanism or a colonialism in language. I take the occasion to remark upon an assertion in the *Saturday Review*, which not long ago pronounced, with much scorn, the word *bosom*, as applied to a man, a flagrant Americanism. One would suppose that the evidence of a writer in the *Saturday Review* might be taken as to what is or is not English. But here is an Englishman writing literary and verbal criticism in a London publication of

the highest grade who has forgotten the Bible phrase "the wife of his *bosom*," and Bacon's "come home to men's business and *bosoms*," and Shakespeare's "my *bosom's* lord sits lightly on his throne," which he puts in the mouth of Romeo. To bring an array of examples to bear upon such an assertion as this is would be like cannonading a scarecrow of straw, and would also, I am willing to believe, be quite needless for the assurance of any reader of *The Atlantic* in the use of this word. I shall therefore merely mention that of this denounced Americanism I have at my hand examples from *Cædmon*, the Anglo-Saxon translation of the Scriptures, Wycliffe, Chaucer, Spenser, Shakespeare, Bacon, Drayton, the English Bible, Milton, Fuller, Jeremy Taylor, Steele, Fielding, Byron (who uses it with remarkable frequency), Campbell, Bulwer, Mrs. Trollope, Mrs. Gore, Carlyle, Thackeray, Anthony Trollope, Frances Power Cobbe, Edmund Yates, the *London Spectator*, the *London Graphic*, and, last, not least, the *Saturday Review* itself, in many instances, of which one more striking than the others is, —

"The *manly English bosom* rebels at the thought of duns and proctors, of gates and chapels." (February 23, 1878, page 238.)

Indeed, *bosom* is particularly appropriate, as *breast* is inappropriate, to man. For *bosom* means primarily the space which is inclosed by the folding of the arms, an action naturally uncommon with women; while *breast*, according to its received etymology, is connected with *burst*, and with the idea of swelling, and means that which swells above the adjacent surface. I have been inclined to think that it is rather connected, in all the Teutonic languages, with the idea of that which is broken, divided, — *brust*, *brast*, *brest*. Whichever idea it presents etymologically, it will be seen that properly woman, not man, has breast, and man, not woman, bosom. It was inevitable, however, that by long use the two words should come to be to a certain degree interchanged.

To almost any observant reader of En-

glish the mere mentioning of authorities upon such a point must have in it something of the ridiculous; and I remark upon it only to show that even writers in a journal of the standing of the *Saturday Review* will make assertions (honestly, I have no doubt) that words and phrases are Americanisms when they are English from the days of the Heph-tarchy to the days of that skeptarchy which seems to guide, without ruling, the cleverest, most brilliant, but most perverse of British journals. The *Saturday Review's* English is in general notably good, although pedagogues and pedants might gratify their propensities by picking flaws in it; but sometimes remarks upon English appear in its columns which, like that just referred to, subject it to open shame, and contrast strongly with the learning and sagacity of some of its linguistic and philological articles.

Among these remarks is one made not long since, with an air of good feeling, upon the close bond that joins English and American students of art and literature on the continent of Europe. The writer says, "Those who know how little mutual love there is between tourists of the two nations will hardly believe how naturally they amalgamate as students into one society, with cross-friendships and common interests, entirely regardless of the difference of nationality. This affinity is no doubt greatly aided by the possession of a language *which, although not absolutely identical, at least serves the purposes of mutual intercourse.*" A more ridiculous remark was never made; and yet the writer, in justification of it, might point with some show of reason to Mr. Bartlett's huge Dictionary of Americanisms.

Here, as on former occasions, I have cited journals such as the *Saturday Review*, the *Spectator*, the *Times*, the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and even the *Graphic*. Examples taken from their columns have not such authoritative weight on the question of "best usage" as belongs to the writings of classical authors. But on the question of Americanism, or of the general cultivated English usage of

the day, their evidence is the best that can be obtained. As to the thoroughly English usage of a word or phrase frequently found in the columns of the first four journals named above, there is not room for the slightest question. An individual writer, or the writers of a coterie, may affect a word or a phrase; but if it is common to these journals, it is surely the best English in general use at the present day. We have no such journals here; none even whose evidence can be taken as to the Americanism of a phrase; because so large a part of our journalism, particularly of our leader or "editorial" writing, is done by foreigners. On half a dozen occasions I have taken some pains to discover who were the writers of articles in which I had observed peculiarities of expression which were not English, and in all I found that the writers were Irishmen. That this is quite likely to happen in the most widely circulated of our daily newspapers is well known to those who are even a little informed as to the personal machinery of New York journalism. The like condition of things prevails elsewhere. The writing Irishman has of late years come to the front in our journalism, and the teaching Irishman and Irishwoman (in the second generation at least) in our public schools. To find what kind of English Americans born and bred speak we must skip over what is daily taught to the rising and daily printed for the just risen generation.

It is stepping aside somewhat from my intended course in treating my subject, but since I have referred to Dr. Hall, and have also recently examined memorandums in some of my books which I had not seen for some years, I am tempted to supply one of the doctor's deficiencies. In the book which made him known he lamented that he could not establish the existence in English literature of the word *musicianer*. (Recent Exemplifications, etc., page 114.) Some time ago I furnished him with one example from a ballad of which I could, unfortunately, not remember the name or the author, and which therefore, although genuine, was not of the highest

value. From two modern authors (he seems to suppose that it is found only in "old books") I cite the following examples:—

"I gave to a *musicianer* a letter for you some time ago. Has he presented it?" (Byron to Hoppner, May 11, 1825.)

"I wish that I had a pocket full of sudden deaths, that I might throw one at every thief of a *musicianer* that comes up the street." (Jorrocks's Jaunts, etc., 1838, vol. ii. p. 180, N. Y. ed.)

By these examples it will be seen that Mr. Bartlett is wrong in setting down *musicianer* as an Americanism. It is not so in any sense. True, he adds that it is vulgar here, and that it is "in use in Norfolk and in London." So indeed it is, and also elsewhere. It is in use in English literature. Dr. Hall tells us that it is in old books; and he is very good authority as to fact in what he does know. It is only as to what he does not know that he is no authority at all. *Musicianer* has no proper place in a collection of Americanisms.

And now I may turn to the letter F in Mr. Bartlett's Dictionary, and consider the more important words arranged under it. For as to the mass of slang and cant and vulgarity gathered into that volume, it is worth little attention: one reason of which is that the greater part of it is not in any proper sense a product of social development in America nor is it folk-phrase. It is not to be found among those people who have been longest under the influences, skyey and other, which have prevailed here for two centuries and a half; neither is it dialect; for we have no dialects. Like *chin-whisker*, the most of it is mere ephemeral fashion and transient trick of speech,—bad fashion and bad trick, but prevalent only among those who, being neither cultivated on the one hand nor on the other, the rude product of the soil on which they live, are not properly to be taken as the exponents of language in any way,—fashion and trick which will pass away, some of it before Mr. Bartlett's book passes to another edition.

Fall. To the examples which I have

already given of the use of this word for the third season of the year by English writers of repute, I now add the following from Evelyn:—

"But there is yet another benefit which this tree [the beech] presents us: its very leaves, which make a material and most agreeable canopy all the summer, being gathered about the *fall*, and somewhat before they are much frost-bitten, afford the best and easiest mattresses in the world to lay under our quilts instead of straw." (Sylva, Book I., chap. vi.)

Family. "This word," we are told (seriously), "is often used to denote a man's wife and children, especially the latter. Hence the phrases, 'A man of family,' 'Have you any family?' and in the West, 'How is your father's family?'" Indeed this is very true. And sad to relate the same Americanism may be found in the language of every civilized European people since the days when Latin ceased to be a living language. True, *familia* meant at first the whole household, including the slaves; but even among the Romans it came to imply kindred more than inmateship, as the words *pater-familias* and *mater-familias* show. Among later peoples *family* came to mean kindred exclusively; and a man's own family, par excellence, is his wife and children. This is common usage in England as well as here.

Fast. Not many years ago this word, in the slang sense in which it is used in the best society, was identical in meaning in both countries. A sporting man giving evidence in a New York court was asked what he meant by a fast man. He replied that a fast man was a man who had more money to spend than he had time to spend it in; a definition which, notwithstanding its confusion of

thought, is suggestive and descriptive. It still preserves in England the innoxious sense here suggested. A woman there, a gentlewoman, may be spoken of, may speak of herself, as fast. For example, in the dramatic sketch Apples, in Blackwood's Magazine for July, 1878, a Lady R. says of herself, soliloquizing: "I am generally slighted. No woman was ever so neglected. I am not *fast* enough to be a success. But to be *fast* in this heat! Oh, dear me, it's tiresome enough to be slow." But here, of late years, owing to a euphemistic use of the word by abandoned women, it has come too generally when applied to their sex to signify a life of promiscuous, mercenary unchastity. This kind of verbal degradation is common in the history of language; and by it the word *seduce* is in danger of being purged of all its real significance. As to *fast*, even in respectable newspapers, it is thus used. Of one of two utterly abandoned girls it was said in one of the leading New York journals, "She too was a member of the Ries troop, and was disposed to be as *fast* as her sister Lizzie." This difference of usage was beginning to prevail when Mr. Thackeray was last here, and it came near getting him into trouble. Meeting a very gay, witty, dashing woman from the South, he said to her soon after his introduction, "Mrs. K—, I'm told that you're a fast woman." The lady (she is not now living) was in truth not very squeamish, but she immediately turned her back upon him. He was puzzled, and thought her capriciously rude; she thought him insulting. But the word in the sense which Mr. Bartlett properly assigns to it, "that lives at a rapid rate, dissipated," is no more an Americanism than *swell* is; and like *swell* it is of British origin.

¹ Among my memorandums which I have lately discovered is one in regard to the phrase *enjoys poor health*, as to which I said heretofore that it probably would be found in other counties than Leicestershire. I see by a note made upon the spot that, on the 16th of October, 1876, the custodian of St. Mary's Hall, Coventry, Warwickshire, Eng., said to me that "the mayor enjoyed very indifferent health." Of course he would have said bad health, or poor health, but for his desire to use elegant language. And another is in regard to *white choker*

for cravat, that Earl Pembroke writes of a sort of men that he calls cosmopolitan Micawbers, "I don't think they are, worse, as a rule, than nine tenths of the respectable men in *white chokers* and faultless boots that one meets at an English dinner party." (South Sea Bubbles, chap. i., p. 39, ed. 1872.) True his lordship uses slang, and American slang; for example, *loafing* on the opposite page; but I will take his own testimony that he talked of white chokers in England in his boyhood.

Favor, as applied to the face, the expression of countenance, Mr. Bartlett says, "was once common in England, but is now obsolete." Not so. It is, I believe, now rarely heard in either country; and only among very "plain people." But in England it is used just as it is here; of which see example only a few weeks old:—

"He was the very image of his poor mother,—her pretty, light, curly hair, and all; did n't feature or *favor* his father even in a look, and that was a comfort." (The Ilfracombe Boatman, The Argosy, August, 1878.)

Feel. "To feel to do a thing is an expression commonly used by some clergymen for to feel inclined, to be disposed, to do it." *Feel* to thus used is certainly not a lovely phrase; but as to its Americanism, or its being confined to the usage of clergymen, see this passage:—

"Finally, the writer is not, nor likely to be, a member of any anti-tobacco society. He is neither a slave to a cigar, nor an utter stranger to it. When he wants one he takes it; and when he does not *feel* to *want* one he goes without it." (All Smoke, London Society, October, 1866.)

This is certainly not very elegant writing in any respect. But it indicates the true state of the case. The phrase is used in both countries by people who speak and write and behave inelegantly.

Female. The misuse of this word for woman or girl is pointed out and discussed in Words and their Uses. The notion that it is an Americanism is one of the most ignorant and absurd that ever was entertained upon any subject; and the citation in Bartlett of three examples, one triumphantly from Goldwin Smith, and one from Harriet Martineau, is deplorable. In the book mentioned above it was said, "There is no lack of what is called authoritative usage during three centuries for this misuse of *female*. But this is one of those perversions which are justified by no example, however eminent." The latter sentence is an opinion which any one may

accept or reject at pleasure; the former is an assertion in support of which it may now be worth while for me to cite some of the memorandums upon which it was made:—

"Here she comes curst and sad.
Cupid is a knavish lad
Thus to make poor *females* mad."
(Shakespeare, Mid. Night's Dream, III. 2.)

"Here 's a mortal almost dead,
'T is a *female* almost dead."
(Fletcher, Faithful Shepherdess.)

"Ho! all ye *females* that would live unshent,
Fly from the reach of Cyned's regiment."
(Hall's Satires, IV. 1.)

—"here came the strongest silks, the sweetest wines, the excellentest almonds, the best oils, and beautifullest *females* of all Spain." (Howell's Letters, Book I., L. 24.)

"But this serves only for the men. Now whereas the *females* of this country, especially of the lower order, do associate themselves much more than those of other nations," etc. (Fielding, Tom Jones, Book II., chap. iv.)

"Mrs. Partridge, being one day at this assemblage of *females*, was asked by one of her neighbors if she had heard no news of Jenny Jones." (Idem, same chap., a few lines below.)

"I see no *females* yet that have anything to say to us." (Vanbrugh, Provoked Wife, iv. 5.)

"That *females* are too apt to be struck with images of beauty," etc. (Richardson, Pamela, Introd.)

"This familiar and solitary intercourse between a saint whose character required the most unblemished chastity and a *female* whose charms might excite the most dangerous emotions," etc. (Gibbon, vol. ii., chap. xxi., p. 65.)

"Bah! the men in the character of shepherds, etc.; the *females* likewise as shepherdesses." (Grose, Olio, page 44.)

—"and in the company was a young *female* to whom I, in my peevishness, thought Mr. Thrale superfluously attentive." (Mrs. Piozzi, Piozziana, i. 122.)

"What *female* would the book peruse,
The dame neglected by the muse."
(Peter Cox, The Social Day, canto iv., p. 256, ed 1823.)

"Woe worth the hour that Pierce

Shafton, in attention to his own safety, neglected the accommodation of any *female*, far less of his most beneficent liberatrice." (Scott, *The Monastery*, chap. xxviii.)

— "the power of a *female* in keeping a secret, sarcastically said to be impossible." (Idem, *Peveril of the Peak*, Intro.)

"At length Lady Peveril, with the ready invention of a *female*, sharpened by the sight of distress," etc.¹ (Idem, chap. i.)

"Noble adventurers traveled from court to court in search of employment, — not merely noble males, but noble *females* too; and if these latter were beauties, and obtained the favorable notice of princes, they stopped in the courts," etc. (Thackeray, *The Four Georges*.)

See also Charles Reade's *The Cloister and the Hearth*, pages 52, 125, 126, 132, 170, 180, Amer. ed. Thackeray's "males" for men is comparatively very rare; but *female* for *woman* runs through the whole range of English literature since the Reformation, but is not, in my opinion, on that account one whit the less objectionable; for a cow or a sow is a *female* just as a woman is; no otherwise. But we may now hope, in any case, that it will cease to be counted among Americanisms.

A few. In support of the Americanism of this phrase, slangily and ironically used in the sense of a little, Mr. Bartlett cites one example. He might easily have cited more. But in evidence that the phrase is not unknown or unused in England see this example: —

"Yet he swore — and Doodle could swear a *few* — that he would never turn Donnish." (*Almæ Matres*, by Megathym Splene, M. A. Oxon., page 39.)

Fire. The misuse of this word for shoot and throw which has followed the introduction of guns for bows and ordnance for slings is censurable, but not as an Americanism. I have many examples at hand from English writers. Even in Mills's *History of the Crusades* we find, "A body of more than five thou-

sand Ethiopians, who concealed themselves among the inequalities of the ground, *fired* their arrows." (Vol. i., chap. vii.) As to *fire-eaters*, I will merely remark that it is of Irish, not American, origin. It will be found in Barrington's *Sketches*; but my memorandum of the chapter is not at hand.

First class. The Reverend Archibald C. Geikie, whose ability to impart to Americans what is and what is not English we have already seen more than once, and notably in regard to *hung* and *hanged*, is quoted by Mr. Bartlett to show that *first class* as applied to a man is not English. In England, he says, if a man possesses notable capacity, "people call him capable, or able, or great;" and he would confine *first class* to railway carriages and prize oxen. It is somewhat strange that Mr. Geikie should not have remembered the first-class men and the double first-class men of Cambridge, which is probably the origin of the phrase a first-class man. Yet it may have come from a usage which it is strange that an M. A. should have forgotten. In Rome *men* were rated as first class, second class, or third, according to their incomes. Those of the first class were called *par excellence*, *classici*; whence classics, that is, writers of the first class. I find that Herbert Coleridge, of the *sangre azul* of Anglican purists in language, applied the phrase to newspapers: "And I may as well say that *first-class* newspapers, such as the Times, Saturday Review, etc., form our lowest limit of authority." (Letter to George P. Marsh, August 29, 1859.) And in the London Literary Budget, journals and men of high grade are thus grouped together: "We hold that the characters of *first-class journals*, the avowed conductors of which are *first-class literary men*, should be without stain or suspicion." (November 1, 1861.) The phrase has not been in my mind as one to be remarked, or I should have many examples of it at hand.

Fix, in the sense of "a condition, a predicament, a dilemma," is so far from being an Americanism that it is of common use in England, both in speech and

¹ Scott uses *female* incessantly for *woman*. So also Byron

in writing, and there first came into vogue. To establish this in detail would be quite superfluous. One can hardly read an English book or newspaper without encountering the word. But I find on the margin of my Bartlett four memorandums: that the Pall Mall Gazette (October 28, 1860) calls "the precarious position of Austria" also "the Austrian *fix*;" that Mr. Punch (April 9, 1864) says that a cat who has caught her head in a milk jug "is in a tolerable *fix*;" that Burton, in his *Scot Abroad* (vol. i. p. 29), says, "Altogether the question was indeed in a *fix*;" and that in Maxwell Drewitt (chap. vi.) it is said, "It was a nice *fix* for a man to be placed in: starvation in this world, or hell fire in the next," — which may be accepted as a pretty clear expression of "a dilemma."

But it is as a verb meaning "to put in order, to prepare, to set or place in the manner desired or most suitable," that *fix* is with more reason set down as an Americanism. This use of *fix* rivals *guess* as an American shibboleth in the ordinary British mind. But while I would not deny that its use is more common here than in England, I do deny that it is of American origin and that its use is confined to Americans. Remark the meaning, the unmistakable meaning, of the word in the following passages from English authors of high repute: —

"*1st Chambermaid*. Are all things set in order? The toilet *fixed*, the chairs and tables put in form, and the chocolate ready?" (*Farquhar*, Sir Harry Wildair, Act II.)

"*Gibbet* [going on a robbery]. Hounslow, do you and Bagshot see our arms *fix'd*: and I'll come to you presently." (*Idem*, *The Beaux Stratagem*, Act IV., last scene.)

"This is only to give account that I received yours, and to thank you for the pains you have been at to get me a lodging, servant, and conveniences. I hope you have *fixed* it for me ere this, the lodging especially." (*Shaftesbury* to Farley, June 25, 1703, in *Original Letters of Locke*, etc., 1830.)

"The corporal had slipped out about

ten minutes before my uncle Toby in order to *fix* his apparatus, and just give the enemy a shot or two before my uncle Toby came." (*Sterne*, *Tristram Shandy*, chap. clxxxviii.)

It is to be remarked that the corporal's apparatus was already set up, in position, established: what he wished to do was to arrange it, to prepare it. The meaning "to place in the manner most desired or most suitable" could not have a more clear and apt illustration than in the following example: —

"The quaker placed himself in a speaking attitude; it was the operation of some minutes. 'Friend,' says he, as soon as he had *fixed* himself to his mind." (*I Says*, *Says I*, vol. i. p. 156, Lond. 1812.)

In the following passages, it means "to prepare."

— "so far from being able to cut out and *fix* plain sewing, they cannot do even the mechanical part of stitching when it is *fixed* tolerably." (*English Matron*, 1873, page 159.)

— "and one who knows how to *fix* and tack her own work." (*Idem*, page 191.¹)

"The king wanted me to show him how to *fix* the gun I had given him, and I went ashore." (*Earl Pembroke*, *South Sea Bubbles*, chap. iv., page 119, ed. Lond. 1872.)

Here Lord Pembroke uses the word in exactly the same sense in which Farquhar used it a century and a half ago, and in regard to the very same thing, a gun. For at least one hundred and fifty years this use of the word has not been an Americanism, and as to the time before that, they may find it in American speech and writing who can. It is common enough in England colloquially; but one difference between the conditions of the two countries is that here all manner of impropriety and easy-going is seen more upon the surface than it is there.

Fleshy is scoffed at as an Americanism, not by Mr. Bartlett, but by some

¹ *English Matrons* is by L. F. M., author of *My Life and What shall I do with it*, *Battle of the Two Philosophies*, and *Strong and Free*

British censors; and Mr. Punch, by the hand of his clever servant, Du Maurier, has made himself merry over it at our expense. He did so, probably, in ignorance of such examples as the following:

"Hir armes smal, her streighte backe and soft,
Her sides long, *fleshy*, smooth and white."
(Chaucer, Troilus and Creseide, III.)

"But an if the woman be anything grosse, fat, or fleshy," etc. (Raynald's Birth of Mankynde, 1565, sig. K viii, b.)

— "have yet our hearts riveted with those old opinions, and so obstructed and benumbed with the same *fleshy* reasonings, which in our forefathers soon melted and gave way," etc. (Milton, Defence against Smectymnuus.)

Milton's use of the word is metaphorical; but metaphorical use implies the literal. In the following examples the use is literal enough; and in the first of them the word is applied by a woman to a woman:—

"This fine sunny morning, then, Mrs. Redman sat near her dining-room window. She was a large woman, but not a *fleshy* one: so she gave the idea of much bone." (Mrs. Alexander, Which shall it be? Lond. 1873, chap. i.)

— "unless this were skillfully done the face might easily be made to assume too *fleshy* an appearance." (Professor Owen.)

"The head is oval and is very *fleshy*; the jaw being heavy and massive, and the cheek round and full. . . . The eyes are very full, and the nose a *fleshy* English nose." (J. Hain Friswell.)

These examples appear in passages quoted in the Philadelphia Evening Telegraph of November 17, 1872. The question, be it remembered, is not as to the good taste with which the word may be used in either country, but whether such uses as those shown above are peculiarly American.

Folks. We are told by Mr. Bartlett that this "old" word "is much used in New England instead of 'people' or 'persons,'" for "the persons in one's family" and for "people in general." Indeed it is; and so it has been used by all people of English blood since English was a language. Johnson's dic-

tum that the word "is now used only in familiar or burlesque language" is quoted by Mr. Bartlett in support of the view which he presents. But this remark of the old lexicographer reminds me of one that he made upon the following passage in King John:—

"Who, with his shears and measure in his hand,
Standing on slippers (which his nimble haste
Had falsely thrust upon contrary feet),
Told," etc.

Upon this Johnson, after some formidable prelude of doubt as to meaning, and as to the understanding of previous commentators, remarked, "Shakespeare seems to have confounded the man's shoes with his gloves. He that is frightened or hurried may put his hand into the wrong glove, but either shoe will equally admit either foot. *The author seems to be disturbed by the disorder which he describes.*" This amazing comment was the consequence merely of Dr. Johnson's ignorance that the fashion of his day in shoes was not the fashion of previous days, as it has not been of succeeding generations. By some unaccountable and cruel caprice of fashion shoes in the last century, and even in the beginning of the present, were made with straight soles; and being so, each one of a pair could of course be worn on either foot, but also without comfort on either. I have heard very old people in my boyhood speak of the comfort that accompanied the coming in of what they called "rights and lefts." Now it is possible that in Johnson's time *folk* and *folks* had gone out of use among the best speakers. It was a sore time for language as well as for feet. But *folk* is one of those words which is quite as ineradicable from a language as their difference in shape is from a man's feet. Straight shoes might come in and *folk* go out for a little while; but nature would ere-long in both cases assert her rights. There is no question as to the old use of the word in England. See then the following examples of its use by the best society there, literary and other, in modern days. It will be seen that they are somewhat at variance with Mr. Bartlett's remark that "when English writ-

ers try to imitate Yankee talk they make us say *folk*."

"Comfort must not be expected by *folks* that go a-pleasuring." (Byron, Letters, ed. Moore, i. 277.)

"And ever since that martial synod met
Britannia sickens, Cintra, at thy name,
And *folks* in office at the mention fret."
(Idem, *Childe Harold*, I. 26.)

"'T was an old custom of the Greek and Roman,
And may become of great advantage when
Folks are discouraged."
(Idem, *Don Juan*, II. 93.)

"In the course of time curiosity and indignation died out. The country *folk* subsided into their ordinary habits," etc. (Julian Charles Young, Rector of Irvington, Journal, etc., chap. xvii.)

"So long as there is love-making in the world, and engagements, and talk of weddings, and young *folks*' happy thoughts, so long will one shadow haunt this felicity." (Essays on Social Subjects, from the Saturday Review, second series, page 225.)

"Great *folks* — the very greatest, decked out in all that fine clothes and jewels can do for them, and inevitably conscious of being the centre of many thousand eyes — are not made vain by being stared at." (Idem, page 274.)

"But are these two young *folk* never to learn what everybody else knows?" (Mortimer Collins, Squire Silchester's Whim, vol. ii., Lond. 1873.)

"The relations between the fishing *folk* and their neighbors soon became friendly." (Idem, chap. iv.)

"Lord Castlereagh and all the English gentlemen at the Hague dined with the prince. M. and Madame de Schuylenbach invited a large party to dinner to meet Lady Castlereagh, who, as well as I, appeared in orange, which vastly pleased the good *folks*, who took to us both extremely." (Countess Brownlow, Reminiscences, etc., Lond. 1868, page 35.)

"Most of the *folks* knew that we were going, and came up to shake hands." (Earl Pembroke, South Sea Bubbles, chap. v., page 133, Lond. 1872.)

"But these *folks* grin and laugh at whatever I do, right or wrong." (Idem, chap. ii., page 53.)

"Seeing a mighty bustle of *folk* on the reef, paddled up, and found them preparing a labyrinth of fish-traps." (Idem, chap. iii., page 88.)

"There are poorer *folks* than paupers." (James Greenwood, The Amateur Casual, Seven Curses of London, page 432.)

"Now, looking round the world, is it a fact that old maids and old bachelors are so much more spiritually advanced than married *folks*?" (Bulwer Lytton, Kenelm Chillingly, Book V., chap. viii.)

"The people interested me at the hotel; for they were all well-meaning *folks*, moving in a somewhat morbid atmosphere." (Miss Thackeray, Da Capo, chap. i.)

"Not poor human *folks*, however." (Frances Power Cobbe, London Hecatombs.)

"They made their money slowly but very surely, as all *folks* must do who have a tolerably large connection," etc. (Patient Kitty, Belgravia, June, 1878.)

"Much may be learned, indeed, with regard to the capabilities of English *folk* for art by keeping eyes and ears open in the different picture exhibitions. Besides the obvious use of the Academy for furnishing conversation in the summer months, it is visited by Londoners in order that they may be seen, by country *folk* in order that they may see." (London Week, June 29, 1878.)

—"for although in these days bee-keeping is no longer what it used to be, yet the old-fashioned *folk* take a deep interest in the bees still." (Pall Mall Budget, August 31, 1878, page 13.)

—"the old *folk*, even those having a stocking or a teapot filled with guineas, thought a great deal of small sums." (Idem, page 14.)

It seems impossible to use *folk* or *folks* in all the senses proscribed by Mr. Bartlett as American, more thoroughly and precisely than in these examples from English writers of the best social and literary position. If I have been somewhat particular and numerous in my examples, I have only to say in defense that the charge was made with particularity and supported by a great name.

Free to confess. It is right that I should say that I have not looked at all the items in Mr. Bartlett's work, some signatures, indeed, in the copy which I have used (one of the third edition, 1859) being yet uncut. In the last edition, which I received only a short time ago, finding *free to confess* set down as an Americanism, I supposed that I had not observed it in the previous edition. But it is not there. The discovery of its Americanism is then new. Indeed, it is apparent only to those who see what cannot be seen. The phrase is as English as can be; but my very recent knowledge of it as an alleged Americanism prevents me from offering more than these two examples of it from a very charming and very English writer:—

"Since it is my fate to tell my own story, I choose to tell it in my own way; and I am *free to confess* that the leading trait of my character had its origin in the first glimpse I caught of myself." (Mrs. Gore, Cecil, a Coxcomb, 1841, vol. i., chap. i.)

"I am *free to confess* that never was I better pleased than on throwing aside the harness of war." (Idem, vol. ii., chap. iii.)

See also Blackwood's Magazine, June, 1827, page 786.

Funk, in the sense of sensibility to fear, cowardice, is with like error set down as an Americanism. Had I observed it earlier I should have shown more evidence to the contrary than these three examples:—

"Spite of the public applauses, some ominous misgivings were uttered; one or two of the Boyle party began to *funk*: they augured no good from the dead silence of Bentley." (De Quincey, Richard Bentley, Works, vol. vi. p. 65, Lond. 1863.)

"Come along: don't *funk* it, old fellow: your cuticle can bear a little more titillation without permanent injury." (Mortimer Collins, Squire Silchester's Whim, vol. ii., chap. xvii.)

"And yet no one seems *funky*, and we are all longing to make the attempt." (Earl Pembroke, South Sea Bubbles, chap. ix., page 252.)

I shall be very glad to receive information or suggestions on this subject; but must beg my correspondents not to ask me questions about the meaning, the spelling, and the pronunciation of words, and above all, not about grammar.

Richard Grant White.

AN OLD SONG.

An old song, an old song! But the new are not so sweet,—

Sweet though they be with honeyed words, and sweet with fancies fair,
With thrills of tune in silver troop of answering echoes fleet,
With tender longings slumberous upon enchanted air.

An old song! But across its verse what viewless voices sing!

Through all its simple burden what human pulses stir!
More intimate with grief and joy than any precious thing
That the years have wrapped away in frankincense and myrrh!

Lovers have sung it, summer nights, when earth itself seemed heaven;

Sailors far off on lonely seas have given it to the gale;
Mothers have hushed its measure on the quiet edge of even,
While soft as falling rose-leaves dear eyelids dropped their veil.

Long since the sailor made his grave between two rolling waves,
 The lovers and their love are naught, mother and child are dust;
 But to-night some maiden lifts it, to-night its sounding staves
 Are blowing from the stroller's lips on this balmy blossom-gust.

A part of life, its music flows as the blood flows in the vein;
 Laughter ripples through it, tears make its charm complete;
 For the heart of all the ages beats still through this old strain,—
 An old song, an old song, but the new are not so sweet!

Harriet Prescott Spofford.

OPPRESSIVE TAXATION OF THE POOR.

THE most difficult problem of modern times is unquestionably how to protect property under popular governments. For the United States particularly it is growing graver day by day. So long as the large majority of voters are owners of property all goes well, but the moment those who are untaxed outnumber those who pay taxes, trouble begins. The direct interest of the untaxed class is to swell public expenditure to the utmost, and there is hardly a large city in the United States that has not suffered more or less from this cause. The whole subject is so old and has been so often discussed that there can be no object in enlarging upon it. No one is likely to question the statement that several hundred million dollars have already been practically confiscated, in the interests of the untaxed classes, through state and municipal extravagance and fraud.

In Massachusetts there is good reason to believe that between fifty and sixty per cent. of the voters pay a poll-tax only, while in Boston their number, it is said, reaches eighty per cent.; and the evil appears to be increasing. The obvious policy of a nation where universal suffrage exists is to encourage saving among the poorer classes by every expedient that is compatible with justice to all its citizens. The policy of Massachusetts has accordingly been to foster savings-banks; but there seems to be

reason to fear that this course has not been in all respects judicious. Undoubtedly savings-banks are useful, but it is certain that the best interests of the State are not answered by having them monopolize the savings of the poor. A man who has money in a bank is apt to be a better citizen than one who has nothing, but his interests are not identical with the interests of other property owners. To begin with, he is exempt from municipal taxation; consequently he does not suffer directly from municipal extravagance. He has half exemption from state taxes; thus, state economy is of little moment to him. He may vote one year to swamp his town with debt; the next he may move away, after he has pocketed his share of spoil. Under such circumstances, if he is shrewd, he will gain more than he will lose by public extravagance. Land owners, on the contrary, cannot move away from their homes. They not only feel the whole burden of municipal and state taxation in a peculiar degree, but anything which tends to injure the prosperity of their town injures the value of their property. Their interest always points directly toward economy and good government. In every age and in all countries the most reliable and conservative portion of society has been the small land owners.

Strangely enough the State, while it

has always favored depositors in savings-banks, has discouraged the poorer classes from buying land. This statement may appear surprising, but its truth can be demonstrated.

In Massachusetts money lent on mortgage is taxed at full rates. As a matter of common sense, no proposition can be more preposterous. If a man buys a farm worth two thousand dollars, has but one thousand himself, and therefore borrows the second thousand, nothing can be more unreasonable than to tax him on two thousand dollars' worth of property, and then tax the lender on his thousand dollars as well. One and one never did make three, and never will. Clearly there are only two thousand dollars' worth of taxable property, divide it up between the two men how you will. The farm has the same value after as before the purchase. The man who owns it is in debt, it is true, but that does not increase the property which is in existence. Now the only possible way in which poor men can buy land is upon mortgage. A house near a city, or a house and farm in the country, costs on an average about two thousand dollars. A workingman seldom has so large a sum at hand, and it is most undesirable that he should have to wait until he can save it; for of all incentives that can urge a man to industry and economy, there is none stronger than the desire to clear his land from debt. As soon, therefore, as he has saved five or six hundred dollars, every encouragement should be given him to buy a home for himself on mortgage, and pay off the debt by installments.

Far from encouragement, however, the burden the State puts on him is crushing. By reason of the taxation of the mortgage, he is taxed twice. Double taxation is, in plain English, confiscation; for if the State arbitrarily makes me pay on my land double what it makes my neighbor pay on his, it confiscates my property to the amount of the extra tax. This double taxation is inevitable under our law. Money will always command its value. No one will loan money for less than it will bring in the open mar-

ket. The government can now borrow at four per cent. because its bonds are untaxed. No one, therefore, will lend for a less net return than four per cent. Were government bonds taxed, the rate of interest would rise to just the amount of the tax; the return to the lender would be the same; the government would pay the tax in its interest. A good mortgage is as good security as a government bond, and ought to command money on as reasonable terms. An offer was publicly made, before a committee of the legislature, to loan any amount of money at four per cent. on good mortgage security, provided the borrower would contract to pay all taxes. No one came forward to borrow on such terms. The Labor Report for 1876 shows that the actual rate of interest for money loaned on mortgage to workingmen in the State of Massachusetts is seven and four tenths per cent. Therefore, were the tax on mortgages abolished, workingmen could probably borrow three and one half per cent. cheaper; or, presenting the proposition in another form, the amount of double taxation imposed upon them is three and one half per cent. on the value of their mortgage.

It is well, however, to err upon the safe side. In a former paper the burden of taxation was estimated at two per cent. On this basis, the abolition of the mortgage tax would fix the rate of interest on mortgages in this State at about five and one half per cent. The figure is certainly sufficiently high, as it is an advance of one and one half per cent. on government securities, and also on the offer just quoted.

The conclusion is therefore unavoidable that by this unjust and irrational tax the State confiscates a large portion of the savings of its most deserving citizens, for doing that thing which of all others it is most for the safety and the welfare of the commonwealth that they should do.

Fortunately statistics exist which make it possible to show very nearly how great a wrong is done. The figures on which the following estimates are based are taken from the Report on the Statistics

of Labor for 1876. They are of course reliable. There are in Massachusetts about 450,000 skilled and unskilled laborers. Of these twenty-three per cent. own houses, and forty-four and a half per cent. of those owning houses have borrowed money upon mortgage to pay for them. There are therefore 103,500 laborers who own houses, 46,000 of which are mortgaged. The average mortgage is for \$977.57. Two per cent., it is remembered, equals the mortgage tax which the borrower is forced to pay in the shape of advanced interest. Two per cent. on \$977.57 is, in round numbers, \$20, that being the amount of double taxation to which the average mortgagor is subjected. The total is of course $20 \times 46,000$, or \$920,000. In other words, the State yearly confiscates the savings of her most deserving workingmen to the enormous value of \$1,000,000. One million dollars is the whole direct state tax.

There is also another class of wage-receivers beside day laborers, which suffers, — clerks, book-keepers, salesmen, and all who earn salaries. Their average income is shown in the Labor Report to be about \$1000. Forty-eight per cent. of all the houses owned by such men are subject to an average mortgage of \$2452 at seven and four tenths per cent. Unfortunately, these returns are imperfect, and exactness is impossible. Still some estimate may be made. The census appears to indicate that there are in the neighborhood of 75,000 receivers of salaries in the State. This seems reasonable, as it would give an average of six wage-laborers to one salaried person. Estimated on this basis, the extra tax paid by this class in the form of interest on mortgages would be between \$450,000 and \$500,000 a year.

The State of Massachusetts, therefore, by taxing mortgages, wrings nearly \$1,500,000 a year over and above their just burdens from those classes of her citizens whose incomes average less than \$1100.

By the last State Auditor's Report it appears that the tax upon savings-banks

yielded \$1,814,623; a sum not very much larger than the amount raised by this extra tax from these two classes of the population. Savings-banks, however, are by no means exclusively used by the people for whom they were intended. In fact, only about forty-five per cent. of the whole amount of deposits belongs to wage-laborers; the remainder is distributed among the capitalist classes, who look on savings-banks as good places for investment; therefore the whole amount of tax paid by the savings of laborers deposited in savings-banks is \$816,580 a year, against \$920,000, which represents the amount of unjust and excessive taxation which is borne by workingmen who own land.

Had Massachusetts turned its whole attention toward discouraging the increase of small land owners, she could never have devised a more effective system. That this is one of the chief causes of the present discontent admits of little doubt. Probably nothing has caused such misery as this tax. The position of the workingman whose land is mortgaged is a hard one.

By the Labor Report for 1876, pages 24 and 76, it appears that the laborer's family is of about five persons. Average wages for a laborer are \$482. But where a whole family are employed their yearly earnings amount to \$636.89, divided as follows:—

Wages of father	\$425.64
Wages of wife and children	211.25
	\$636.89
To this must be added for income from all other sources	88.00
Total income	\$674.89

By the Report for 1875 the average family expenses without rent are put at \$620.35, divided as follows:—

Food	\$422.16
Clothing and dry goods	104.28
Fuel	48.91
Sundries	45.00
Light	5.00
	\$620.35

The Report of 1876, however, fixes \$550 as the yearly sum for which a family of five may be maintained. Rent is fixed at \$93, but no other item is given. The Report of 1875 shows that the wages

of young children under fifteen years old, who ought to go to school, amount to about sixteen per cent. of the family wages. Assuming the latest figures to be correct, the account stands as follows:—

INCOME.	
Total family income	\$674.89
Less wages of young children at school	101.00
	\$573.89
EXPENSE.	
Cost of living by report of 1876	\$550.00
Less rent	93.00
	\$457.00
Add interest on mortgage and taxes on \$2000 at \$12 per \$1000 ¹	100.00
Total expense	\$557.00
Balance	\$16.89

Three things are demonstrated by these figures: (1.) That children's wages are necessary for the support of the family. (2.) That a workingman with a mortgaged house can just cover expenses by his own wages and the wages of his older children. (3.) That all payments on the principal of the mortgage debt must be made from earnings of the children under fifteen years old, who ought to be at school.

If the mortgage tax were abolished, twenty or thirty dollars would be saved on the interest account. The young children can earn a few dollars a year in vacations and after school hours, especially by doing farm work in the country, and thus some fifty dollars a year might be saved toward extinguishing the mortgage.

Nothing can establish more clearly the impolicy as well as the iniquity of this tax. By this unjust and discriminating impost on this class of citizens, the laboring man is forced to choose between denying his family a home and depriving his children of their education. That the workingmen of a republic should not own the land is dangerous to the State, but that they should grow up ignorant is ruin.

The fact that a mortgage necessitates child labor may be proved in another way. Among families supported by the

labor of the husband and wife but twenty-nine per cent. owned their houses. Among those families supported by the labor of the father and minor children thirty-nine per cent. owned the houses occupied. While among those families where all members were forced to work forty-six per cent. owned their houses.

These figures were collected for another purpose, but they show the pressure of the mortgage tax distinctly. The progression is significant. Where most houses are owned, there most child labor is found, for half the houses of laboring men are mortgaged.

There is a terrible contrast between the workingman who has invested one thousand dollars in a house, and has borrowed another thousand on a mortgage, and another workingman who has one thousand dollars in the bank. The State taxes the latter seven dollars and one half, the former forty-four dollars, a year.

When times are bad this heavy interest charge becomes insupportable. It is more than the family can earn, beyond the cost of living, and thousands of industrious men have seen the savings of their whole lives swept away, because they could not pay both the interest on their mortgage and their taxes. The double tax just turned the scale. Indeed, it is difficult to realize the suffering which is caused in times of depression by the levy of one million dollars a year over and above their just burdens on fifty thousand workingmen. Nor does the mischief end here. Through the medium of the banks, which are the chief lenders upon mortgage, one half the working class become the creditors of the other half. When large numbers of mortgagors fail in their payments, the land is thrown upon the banks, and that land for the moment has lost its value. The banks cannot meet the calls of their depositors, and then, as happened last winter, a stay law is rushed through the legislature, payments cease, and creditors and debtors are involved in common misery.

Who could wonder, under such a strain, if the very foundations of society

¹ The estimated value of the house taken at \$2000 is not from the Labor Reports or any official statistics.

should be shaken? There is discontent now, and not without good cause; but nothing can inspire more respect for the good judgment of this people than the patience with which, upon the whole, they have borne their sufferings. No other impost could work the mischief of this hateful mortgage tax. It burdens the industrious; it ruins the small land owner; it hampers building; it raises rent; it breeds ignorance; it is hostile to free institutions. Yet the mortgage tax is only the most striking instance of that vicious system which fetters the enterprise and weighs down the energy of Massachusetts. The injustice and impolicy of that system have often been ably exposed, but hitherto without avail. The whole fabric of tax legislation is based upon a false foundation. Double taxation is not the exception, but the rule, within the commonwealth. The error of the system lies in the proposition that every citizen is to be taxed according to his ability to pay. A mortgage is part of a man's property; hence he must be taxed on the mortgage, otherwise he would not contribute his proportion to the State. All this reasoning is manifestly fallacious. Property is what should be taxed, not men, unless upon their polls. The supposed ability of certain citizens is entirely beside the question. Taxable property is something that has intrinsic value. There is a certain amount of property within the State such as houses and land, goods and merchandise, cattle, gold, silver, and machinery. This constitutes the wealth of the citizens. Notes, bonds, mortgages, and the like are simply evidences that the holders have lent money upon the faith of the property having intrinsic worth. In themselves these notes and bonds have no value, any more than paper money has in itself value. The taxes upon these evidences of debt are all necessarily double taxes; since to tax property at all it is worth, and then, if it is pledged, to tax the money raised upon it, is clearly to tax it twice. Moreover, the difficulty with all this taxing of debts is not only that it is absurd in theory, but that it is iniquitous in prac-

tice. The borrower always has to pay. If four per cent. is the market rate for money, and taxes amount to two per cent., we have seen that the mortgagor can borrow only at seven per cent. The capitalist will collect the tax for the government, but he pays himself at the expense of the borrower for his risk and trouble in so doing. No statute can change this law of trade. The only effect of taxing loans is to raise the rate of interest. Thus it is that taxation in Massachusetts cramps industry and works injustice. The debtor class is doubly taxed throughout the commonwealth, and the debtors are precisely those who are least able to pay. It is bad enough for a man to have every third dollar taken from him by the State, but when besides he has to pay three per cent. of extra interest above the market rate on every dollar he borrows, the position of the debtor becomes well-nigh desperate.

The only hope lies in popular education. Could the people be made to understand the merits of the question, the present tax laws would not disgrace the statute-book one day after the next meeting of the legislature. The danger consists in ignorance. Workingmen who cannot pay their mortgage interest are wrought upon by demagogues and clamor at capital. They do not see the real enemy. Men feel that they are suffering, but do not know the cause. The educated and the wealthy struggle to repress discontent, but do not move a finger either to teach the people or to give them relief. There is peril in the situation. In any country but this, injustice such as is inflicted here would have brought on a popular explosion. It may be that the end is not yet. The tide may still rise higher. Massachusetts has done her best to strip herself of her natural defenders, to oppress, to enrage, and to ruin them. The small land owners have little reason to love their State. The numbers of non-taxpayers are daily swelled by ruined mortgagors; those who pay a poll-tax only are already in the majority, while the rich State, like a ripe prize for plunder, lies temptingly under their hand.

Brooks Adams.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

THREE terms have now passed at Cambridge [England], and I have found them very pleasant and very profitable. When I first came here, you know, I intended to spend a year, studying principally Latin, Greek, and perhaps Sanskrit, and then to go on to Germany. When I arrived I found that I could have good advantages for Greek and Latin, and that the lectures of the university professor of Sanskrit, Professor Cowell, were open to women, although none had as yet availed themselves of the privilege. For a little while I was undecided, but very soon it seemed best to me to take the classical tripos, as I found I should be admitted to it on my degree without further examination, the whole thing being as yet informal; and also that I should be allowed to take it in two years. In spite of all the work which I have already done in America in the classics, my "coach," as they call the private tutor here, tells me that I cannot stand among my equals in two years and not probably in three, because my preparation is not such as to give me a fair start. The men come up from the public schools with an immense amount of training in classics, mathematics, or whatever their special subject may be. There is a great deal of reading at sight done, and a great deal of composition, both prose and verse. There is very little, you know, of the former of these exercises done at home, and comparatively little composition. It is one thing to write in Greek unconnected sentences, however difficult, about what Cyrus could, would, or should have done if Clearchus had done something else, and it is quite another thing to be set down to a piece of Macaulay, Burke, or *Carlyle*, and expected to give it in some kind of Greek or Latin. There was actually a piece from Sartor Resartus set in this year's tripos. There are two papers in prose composition, two in verse, two in ancient philosophy (of the

stiffest kind, — Aristotle, Plato, and Cicero are the staples), one in classical philology, one in ancient history, and six in reading at sight, making in all fourteen three-hour papers. It is no slight ordeal, and I wish I had three years instead of two for it. As it is, I expect to read in the long vacation terms. I should not have changed my mind and taken up this regular course, giving up the idea of Germany altogether, but that I decided, after examining into the matter, that this classical tripos work was just the thing I needed to fit me for the position which I hope some day to fill. I also felt that my lecturers, accustomed to the Cambridge way of doing things, would know more exactly what to advise me and would take a more lively interest in my progress, if I were doing regular work. And so I have quite dropped Sanskrit for the present. I have been taking about six lectures a week all winter: two in Greek, public, and one private; two in Latin, private, and one in Latin composition with a class. My private lecturers, Mr. Archer-Hind and Mr. Verrall, are of Trinity College, both classical lecturers there and considered especially brilliant scholars. Mr. Archer-Hind is now a university examiner, and Mr. Verrall has just been put on for next year. I am rather sorry for this, because I cannot have lectures from him the last term or two, as you are never expected to be coached by one of your examiners. I do not go in next year, but in February, 1880; but an examiner is always on for two years.

I don't know how much you know about the tripos examinations of the Cambridge University. I knew very little when I came, and perhaps you would like some explanation. They are the examinations for honors. The great number of the students go in for the ordinary or "poll" degree, as it is called; you will recognize the derivation. This

is not nearly so good as our average B. A. degree. These students are obliged to attend a certain number of lectures and have several examinations to pass, I believe, during the time they are up here. The men who go in for honor, or triposes as they are called, take their previous examination or "little-go" immediately, and then read for three years with no examinations, having almost always private coaching and being obliged to attend very few lectures. But the new system of intercollegiate lectures offers such advantages that I understand in all the triposes except the mathematical one can go through without coaching. To the intercollegiate lectures, with one or two exceptions, women are not yet admitted. It depends on the favor of the colleges where they are held. The university lectures are of comparatively little value. They are almost all open, and some of them are largely attended by ladies, — both students and others, — as, for example, Professor Seelye's history lectures. But most of them are not good working lectures, and I have not yet been advised to attend one on the classics by my lecturers.

My work this winter has been chiefly reading Greek and Latin literature and doing prose composition. I do not intend to attempt verse. The set subjects for '80 are the first book of Aristotle's *Metaphysics*, Plato's *Phædo* and *Philebus*, and Cicero's *Academica*. I have already read the *Phædo* very carefully, but I must of course review it thoroughly. I have been lately reading the *Academica*, and more unsatisfactory stuff it was never my misfortune to have to deal with. In the first place, Latin, with all Cicero's command over it, is miserably inadequate for philosophical purposes; and in the second place, Cicero's own ideas are decidedly mixed and his information often incorrect; at least that is the opinion of wiser heads than mine, and to me it seems so. I have not yet taken up the *Aristotle*, but I expect to find that *tough*. I have been reading a little ancient philosophy. I have returned to Schweigler for a general textbook, and I have come to the conclusion

that it was the fault of his subject that I found him such a pill on German philosophy last year, — for anything more clear and concise I never saw than his outline of the systems of ancient philosophy.

So much for my studies during the past winter. Now, perhaps, you may wish to hear something of my other experiences. I have not been at Newnham Hall, which was too full when I made application, but at a similar institution, Norwich House. This is in many ways a much less desirable place. Newnham was built for a college, but Norwich House is simply a house hired in the town to accommodate the continually increasing number of students. Although it was a boys' college, still it was always a make-shift, combined out of two or three small houses and added to, and the rooms are small and more or less inconvenient. I will say nothing of the fact that it has no closets, for Newnham Hall, a new and well-built house, has nothing but recesses with curtains hung in front for clothes. What do you think of that for civilization? But I hardly need to ask a native of New England, where the closets are little rooms. There have been about seventeen girls at Norwich House this year, and I have found them very pleasant acquaintances. Among them I have also been so fortunate as to find a few friends. The social atmosphere of the house has indeed quite reconciled me to my stay there. I do not feel certain that I shall like Newnham, where I shall be next year, any better, or so well, with all its advantages. Most of the Norwich House girls are much less advanced than I, and that I have found a certain disadvantage, not that some of them are not cleverer, but we are not on the same ground. They are all going in for the various groups of the Cambridge higher local examinations.

I have become acquainted during the winter with some Cambridge people, connected, as about all the nice Cambridge people are, with the university, and have found many of them very kind and hospitable. I am enjoying my stay there greatly, and am well pleased with the

prospect of nearly two years more. The May term, and especially the boat-race week, is a gay season at Cambridge, and I had during this term quite as much outing as was good for my studies.

The Christmas vacation of *seven weeks* I spent partly in London, but mostly in Cambridge. In London I saw the opening of Parliament, which was not very much, and heard a debate in the House of Commons. I was in London just at the time of the opening of the university to women, and heard a good deal about it from people I met. One distinguished physician said, as I was told, in the debate, that he had one dear daughter, but he would rather see her in her grave than that she should enter the medical profession! The London University has received much commendation, but it should be remembered that Oxford and Cambridge have the question of residence to deal with, and however much we may approve of the theory, the practical application must be matter for careful consideration and experiment. The great majority of the Cambridge men, I know, are watching Girton and Newnham with the greatest interest, and many are lending a helping hand wherever they have the opportunity. Some who are already heavily burdened with their own college work are most generous in giving of their small leisure to these institutions, and I have no doubt that if all goes well, quietly and not at such a very far distant time these colleges will be incorporated with the university. I think there is all the difference in the world between the spirit of the Harvard and that of the Cambridge examinations for women. The people who planned the Harvard examinations wish that institution to hold out against women as long as possible; those who planned the Cambridge examinations wish just the opposite.

— We want a new pronoun. The need of a personal pronoun of the singular number and common gender is so desperate, urgent, imperative, that according to the established theories it should long since have grown on our speech, as the tails grew off the monkeys.

When I was a child, and spake as a child, reckless of grammar and rhetoric, there was no trouble; but, growing mindful of the proprieties of speech, I became conscious of a need, dimly felt at first, and hardly recognized, but ever growing more imperative, until now it calls loudly every time I open my mouth to speak, or take a pen to write. For instance, I am writing a story, and come to the following sentence: "Then they had a delightful time reviewing the whole transaction, each stoutly defending the course of the other, and severely blaming" — I pause. "Himself" will not do, because one of them is a woman. "Herself" is out of the question, for the other is a man. Once I should have written "themselves," but now I know better. That sentence can never be finished. I must write it over again, using "both" instead of "each," and failing to express my exact meaning.

Again, I am writing a business letter. I say, "If there are any further preliminaries to be arranged, let Mr. or Mrs. Smith come out on the ten o'clock train, and we will meet" — Here I stop. Not "him," for Mrs. Smith might come; not "her," for it might be her husband. I will not reconstruct my sentence, and say "them," when I particularly wish they should not both be present.

And so am I tormented at every turn, my only comfort being the fact that I am not alone in my misery. How often do I see a fellow-mortal pause in the middle of a sentence, groping blindly for the missing word, and then begin over again, or flounder miserably and ungrammatically through to the bitter end!

Why should we not have a new word? What is the use of such men as Professor Whitney, or Professor Max Müller, or Mr. Richard Grant White, if they cannot help us in a real trouble like this? They are like the entomologists who spend years of patient research in finding out the scientific name of the potato bug, and cannot tell us how to get rid of him. Let the eminent linguists leave the spelling reform and such trifles long enough to coin us a word which shall spare a preacher from saying, as I heard one

once, "Let every brother or sister examine himself or herself, and looking into his or her heart find out his or her besetting sin, and resolutely cast it from him or her."

I do not believe there is a writer in the country that is not hampered every time he — no, she — There! I've run against the old snag.

— Corot scarcely ever reproduced himself. He is untranslatable. But if it were possible to put him in a book, I have seen a score of his pictures that would bind in charmingly with the Story of Avis. Ten of his works, great and small, landscape and *genre*, — lyric and epic poetry, — which shed their dreamy beauty over the Cottier Collection, remind me of what a writer in the April Atlantic said of Miss Phelps's story, in this wise: "That would be a dull and cold reader indeed who should fail to be impressed by the emotional intensity of the tale, its mental refinement, . . . and the highly poetic quality of its diction." Reduce this dictum to studio phrase, and it stands for Corot. His landscapes represent the true meaning of such passages in the Story of Avis as these: "Her future, through the budding of that spring, advanced to meet her. She became electrically prescient of it. She throbbed to it as if perplexing magnetisms played upon the lenient May air. . . . Never had she seemed before to be in such harmony with the infinite growing and yearning of nature. . . . She spread the spring showers upon her palette, and dipped her brushes in the rainbow. . . . The air was full of the languors of unseen buds; far and faint upon the shore summoned the rapture of the hidden sea. . . . The imperfectly defined scent of buds faded from an air gone drunk with yielding blossoms."

Does this appear extravagant or affected? Allowing the genuineness of the feeling, I think that the sober admirers of Miss Phelps's remarkable work will agree that Corot's landscapes are a more proper and natural medium for its expression, while conservative taste, or old fogysm, or impenetrability, whichever you choose to call it, sets down both

as being equally insane and devoid of meaning. Sentiments and feelings are discovered in the same way as physical laws and asteroids, or mechanical processes. The undiscovered ones exist, but cannot speak. Combinations of colors, or words intended to express them, have to conquer and work their way into the fibre of the masses before the latter can believe in them or derive corresponding sensations therefrom. Painting has an advantage in this conquest, because it is unconstrained and many-sided, like music, and offers a softer cheek to the conservative's kiss of submission.

Corot is a stranger to many who feel that they are members in the guild of high art, and because they derived their art ideas from the commonplace and realistic schools. His companionship can be won only through his poetic nature. They are a proportionally small class who readily see and appreciate true poetry, even when it is indicated by perfect rhyme and metre; and it is more difficult still to be able to find, and at pleasure to pitch, the poetic key in landscape painting. But once found, how sweet a symphony the landscape sings!

The skeptics come naturally by the suspicion that the suddenly developed admiration of Corot is a craze and half a humbug. They wonder why the young man, who left a draper's counter at twenty-six, and spent the remaining forty-nine years of his life studying and dreaming in the home of Claude, in the fields and under the soft skies of Italy, or in the sentimental and sunny atmosphere of France, did not achieve complete recognition in all this time, if he had the genius that is now claimed for him. He certainly painted enough pictures. And the art dealers — who had bought on speculation the several hundred paintings which the public did not crave — took advantage of the artist's death, in February, 1875, to make a collective exhibit of them, and by well-known means to awaken public attention. His reputation mounted, like mercury by summer fervor, high up among the names of Rousseau, Troyon, Diaz, and Millet. It is easy to accord fame

to the dead when the public is made to realize that it has been blind and unfeeling; and it is not discreditable to the honest belief in Corot of those who had the selling of these pictures that they have been dealt out with caution and commercial art.

— A short time since there entered an editorial office in New York an intelligent-looking young negro of twenty-one or twenty-two years. His dress and address were prepossessing, and the editor put his pen behind his ear and received the inevitable bundle of MSS. with a sentiment somewhat akin to pleased expectation. "Here at last," thought he, "is the indication of that which we have long been anticipating. The coming generation of negroes will be like this young chap." He adhered, however, to his invariable rule never to examine a MS. while the author waits, and after a few words of encouragement bowed his visitor out, and at once (unprecedented and inexcusable promptness!) opened the package which had been laid on the desk. It contained the wretchedest trash that ever courted recognition as poetry.

The editor determined not to snub the young man, so he violated another custom of the office by returning the MSS. at editorial expense, no stamp having been left, and wrote a kindly letter advising careful reading and memorizing of Longfellow, Tennyson, Whittier, and other poets.

A week passed, and the young man again entered with a buoyant step and confident air. He laid down his package and hastened modestly away. Here is his letter of acknowledgment, and following it is one of the poems which resulted from his study of the best models:—

MR. EDITOR, — After dedicating my unfeigned gratitude to you for the kind and parental information which you condensed to communicate to me, in your letter of the 17th of Nove (last) by telling me, that I required much study of the best english writers and much genuine literary culture before I could hope to gain admission to the columns of the

best publications; I beg you to allow me to trespass upon your intelligent patience once more, by offering to your valuable journal, three more poems, of my humble composition. With great respect, your obedient servant,

NAPOLÉON BONAPART BROWN.

THE WIDOWER'S ADIEU.

BY NAPOLÉON BONAPART BROWN.

AND must thou go my dearest wife,
To return again O never?
Departed from this world of strife
Forever and forever.

I no more thy gladdening face shall see
Whilst the rivulet murmur to the river;
No more wilt thou my consort be
Forever and forever.

With thee I've roamed the lake and lea
And where the aspens shiver
And yet from thee I now must be
Forever and forever.

Sweetly repose in thy satin-lined tomb
Forget thee I will never
May there be glee beyond thy gloom
Forever and forever.

Fall dewdrops whilst the gentle wind blows
Upon the tomb where lies my Bella
Welcome my love a sweet repose
Forever and forever.

In the land sublime may be thy rest
Where toil shall find thee never
Where thou wilt in heavenly royalty dress
Forever and forever.

Thou hast loved me long and true,
A companion thou wert ever,
But now to thee I bid adieu
Forever and forever.

Yet must thou go my dearest wife
To return again O never?
Departed from this world of strife
Forever and forever.

— One evening while I was stationed at Lexington, Kentucky, I rode out to see the great crow roost. It was one of the most remarkable sights I ever witnessed. The place was about seven miles from the city, on the Danville pike. The roost was so ancient that the oldest inhabitant could not tell when the crows first commenced coming there. Many years ago the roost was nearer Lexington, but as the trees were cut away the crows moved southward, always seeking the next piece of timber.

At the time of my visit, there were no large forests in the country near the city,

and many pieces of timber had to be called into requisition to lodge their black highnesses. Hundreds slept in the open fields for want of a limb on which to perch, and the wrangle over a desirable bed in a tree-top was something fearful to witness. From the amount of cawing and jawing done every evening, one might readily have supposed the question of reconstructing the roost, or moving it altogether, was under discussion.

It has long been a subject of conjecture whether the crows will ever abandon their ancient roost, but judging by the fact that hundreds, not to say thousands, have already given up the trees, and roost on the ground, I am inclined to believe that when there are no more trees in the section all will content themselves with a bed on mother earth.

A gentleman who lived near the roost, and who had a fine locust grove in front of his house, was surprised one evening to see it black with crows. For a time all went well, but the roost became popular, and every evening there was a wrangle to see who would get it. As the desirable place would hold only a few hundreds, and there were some thousands who nightly applied for lodgings, the noise and confusion became intolerable. Sometimes in the middle of the night an overloaded limb would break, and then a battle for new lodgings would ensue, lasting not unfrequently till daylight. Tired out with the din and noise that banished all idea of sleep at night, the gentleman and his son sallied out with shot guns, and slew some hundreds of their annoying visitors. Next morning the crows were all gone, and returned no more to that grove.

It was about four o'clock P. M. when I arrived on the ground, and already the crows had begun to pour in. At sundown they were coming from all directions, and long lines continued entering the woods from every point of the compass until dark. Each flock had its leader or high-flyer, who flew over the tree-tops until he found his roost, when the head of the column alighted, the rest circling round and round, and winding themselves about their chief. Only a

few crows would alight on the same tree where the leader alighted, from which fact I judged he was a sort of aristocratic personage, who did not associate with the common herd of crows, and that the birds who slept on his tree were the royal family and crows of high degree. Certain it was that on one tree only two or three old crows sat, who kept up an incessant cawing; and now and then one would quit the tree and fly to an approaching flock, which he would apparently conduct to its proper place in the wood, and then return and report to an old chap who sat on the topmost branch of the highest tree, and who never quitted his station, but kept flapping his wings up and down, constantly grumbling about something. He was a stately and solemn-looking crow, of evident great respectability, and may have been the king of the crows. At times he became greatly excited, hopped about and spoke in a loud voice; at others he cawed gutturally, and if I might be allowed to judge from his motions and manners was somewhat of a tyrant in his management of affairs.

The crows did not seem in the least afraid of us, and were apparently used to human visitors. With my companion I drove up quite close to trees bending beneath their weight, but the birds, usually so shy, did not mind us, until my friend clapped his hands together, imitating the explosion of a pistol; then a scene of the wildest consternation and excitement ensued. Instantly cries arose from all parts of the woods, and thousands of crows flew into the air, circling round and round us, cawing vociferously. At times the noise was so great that although sitting side by side in the buggy we had to speak loudly in order to be heard by each other. Having caused great distress and alarm among our black friends we drove off, and for miles saw flocks in the air still coming in to roost.

The rustle of wings in flying was one of the most peculiar sounds I ever heard: a large flock passing silently over our heads, we paused to listen, and could liken the noise to nothing but the flutter of a million fans, or the rumpling of vast

pieces of silk. Although the crows would not abandon their roost, it was a most annoying and unsafe one for them; the boys from the city and adjoining farms frequently going out with dogs and guns to kill them, and slaughtering hundreds of the poor creatures.

On a dark night they would not fly from a torch, and if it was wet and drizzling one could hardly start them up. A double-barreled shot gun, or an old musket loaded with slugs, when fired off under a large tree would bring down sometimes as many as forty birds.

If started out of their sleep the crows would fly from tree to tree, and seem quite helpless, losing in the night-time apparently all that cunning which characterizes them by daylight. When the firing of guns was continued for any time the birds would fly into the open fields, and there sleep until morning. As soon as day began to break they would quit their roost, and go no one knew where. It has been estimated that a crow will fly a hundred miles for his dinner and return home after tea. I have not the least doubt that many of the crows that slept in Kentucky were denizens of Ohio, Illinois, and Pennsylvania. I think it a fair estimate to say that at least one million crows slept at the roost in Kentucky. About the last of March in each year they would leave the roost, and scatter themselves over the Northern States, and return again in the fall.

A gentleman who had observed them closely for many years said that every year they decreased largely in numbers, and he believed the crows, like the Indians, were slowly passing away, and in time would become a defunct species of bird on the American continent.

— My chief purpose in writing is to express my admiration, my grateful admiration, of the article on *Dangerous Tendencies of American Life* in the October number. It is full of real knowledge, — thoughtful, penetrative, wise. I should like to know who wrote it. The analysis of the religious feeling is excellent. The writer, however, makes the great mistake of supposing that the

case is remediable, — and remediable by teaching! You might as well teach wolves and monkeys. Disfranchise all men not born in the country and all negroes, and rule them with an inflexible but kindly rule; take such measures as would stop emigration; suppress nine in ten of the newspapers; sweep away the present system of public schools, and substitute for them *dame* schools, in which the three R's, with sewing, good manners, decency, and deference would be taught, and something might be done, — otherwise nothing.

— Mr. Richard Grant White's article in the September *Atlantic* contains some errors. For example, he says of the word *bureau*, "In England it is still pronounced as a French word, *bu-rôw*; in America it has become thoroughly englished, and is *bû-ro*. In this respect it is like *trait*. . . . As far as my observation goes, an American never pronounces *bureau* and *trait* as if they were French words." The qualification in the last sentence is a protection for the writer; but the passage is calculated to give an incorrect impression. I know that the French pronunciation of *bureau* (*burôw*) has long been in use on the Eastern Shore of Maryland. Without any trouble of search, I could find an intelligent and educated person reared in that section who had never heard any other pronunciation before leaving it. I do not pretend to say that it is in universal or even general use in every county, but I have assuredly heard it from Eastern Shore lips. It is true that English usages have been less obliterated in this region than in almost any other part of the United States, — even the negroes (though Methodists) generally keeping Easter and Whitsuntide by merry-making and cessation of work. But for all that its inhabitants are Americans within the strictest definition that a Know Nothing ever invented.

Again, "suit of hair" is not a distinctively "Western and Southwestern barbarism." It is largely, if not generally, in use in Maryland, and perhaps elsewhere in the Atlantic States. For my own part, I confess to an inability

to see anything barbarous in it, or even flagrantly inaccurate. A suit of rooms does not cease to be a suit because the rooms are alike. Yet I suspect that a suit of hairs (which is what is really meant) would please Mr. Grant very little more than the present neater form of expression. But, right or wrong, the phrase is quite as truly Eastern as Western.

In the same article we are told that "the giving of two christening names . . . did not come into vogue in either country until within the present century. . . . The new fashion is one of the accompaniments of democracy. It is one of the signs of the rise of the middle class." Now three names were assuredly used to some extent before the Revolution, in that body of what we may call colonial aristocracy which was naturally the farthest removed from sympathy with democracy, or from participation in the rise of the middle class. Matthew Ward Tilghman was a prominent public man before the outbreak of the Revolution. His position in Maryland was not unlike that of the elder Adams in Massachusetts. No doubt many others could be cited among the country gentry of those days. I have repeatedly seen names of persons belonging to that class on tombstones, which recorded their death at a ripe age soon after the opening of this century. Richard Tilghman Earle died in 1794, at an advanced age.

Yet again, the triple names could not have originated in accordance with Mr. White's theory. Johns and Jameses have never been confined to the middle class; as witness the list of British kings and leading Americans of the days when the middle class seldom led. Nor does the fact that people travel more make any difference. However well I may know my neighbor John Anything, I have an imperative need to distinguish between him and another John Anything in addressing a fourth person. This need was never felt more urgently than in the region before spoken of, which has been penetrated by railroads for the first time within a very few years, and the most interesting parts of which are

still beyond the reach of the telegraph. The number of families of similar status has always been so few that many names have been duplicated throughout. Sometimes a triple name afforded a solution, even when the addition was applied by no better authority than the popular wish to distinguish. Some of these nicknames are odd enough. Frequently, too, the father's christening name was (and is) used to designate the son. Thus John Blank of John is readily distinguished from John Blank of James and Richard Blank of Richard. This custom, evincing so great a need for a third name, obtained (as it does still) among that very class of country gentlemen who were as far removed from real democracy as any one well could be, whose names were known to every child in the community, and who seldom left the Eastern Shore for more than a few days, except when, in youth, they went to New England or Old England to be educated.

—I don't know that anybody has as yet denominated Mr. Mallock a moralist, but it seems to me that since his late contribution to the Nineteenth Century he may very properly be called one. The article referred to is entitled *A Familiar Colloquy*, and is a bright and lively conversation on art and literature between three ladies and two young men, who have met by chance at the house of a fashionable London lady. The leading and more serious part of the talk is by Gage Stanley; he and his cousin have just returned from the Grosvenor Gallery, and each recounts his impressions. The school of modern British art represented by Burne Jones, Alma Tadema, and Tissot is severely criticised. To Gage Stanley these painters "seem spiritually color-blind. They paint evil with no consciousness of sin, and good with no admiration for virtue." And further, he says, "Look at Burne Jones's women. Would they suffer for any one's sake if they could help it? The only sorrow they know is the languor of exhausted animalism." Of one of Tissot's women: "Look in her eyes. Can you find a thought in

them of anything beyond her own pleasure, or perhaps a fretfulness that at this moment she is too weary to be pleased?" All these paintings, he thinks, are but an exemplification of a change which is gradually affecting the world, — a seeking after personal happiness at the peril of morals. Ruskin is here quoted as showing that a truly great artist is always moral. And the line from one of Shakespeare's sonnets, —

"Before, a joy proposed; behind, a dream,"

is given as an appropriate motto for the "diseased desires" shown in the whole series of Burne Jones's paintings. From pictures they turn to discuss poetry, and Swinburne fares as hardly in the hands of Gage Stanley as did Burne Jones. That work which Mr. Henry James Jr. has called "Gautier's one disagreeable performance," and which Swinburne has immortalized with a sonnet, is here styled "the foulest and the filthiest book that ever man put pen to," and further denounced at length too great to quote.

In this article more than in anything else Mr. Mallock has written, there is a serious earnestness which cannot be misunderstood, — a crying out against the impure and immoral tendencies of modern art and poetry, and a striving after higher ideals of morality and virtue.

Without theology and faith, morality cannot stand. It is because we have lost faith that our morals are lax; it is faith that theology will have to battle for in the future; and to do this, he says, "it must provide itself with quite new weapons." Mr. Mallock moralizes in this manner not without a purpose, for if he is not a Roman Catholic, he at least argues for that faith. In fact, all his writings show a desire to demonstrate the insufficiency and immorality of the practical part of all philosophical systems as rules of life, and the all-sufficiency of the Roman Catholic religion.

— In view of the important part the so-called Mormon Problem has played in national politics, it is perhaps a little remarkable that the literature of the

Latter Day Saints, apart from that of a controversial nature, has attracted so little attention. Familiarity with their poetry, for instance, may be said to be almost confined within the limits of modern Zion. Religion, as the expression of man's highest spiritual nature, has in ancient and modern times inspired the muse to some of the loftiest strains. It is but natural, therefore, that we should feel some interest in the poetical outpourings of a religious fervor, — the most remarkable in some respects since the days of Mahomet. We offer the reader a few results of our researches. Taking the Mormon hymn book and opening it at random, let us say at hymn 341, we find the following: —

"How swift the months have passed
Away! 'T is conference again,
And Zion's untold thousands come to
Swell the joyous strain,
To wake the echoes slumbering
Through Utah's blest domain,
As the saints are marching on victorious."

It may be claimed, however, and with justice, that hymnology is not always the highest style of literature, even of a distinctively religious system. We will therefore turn to the poems of John Lyon, an enthusiastic Scotch convert, who may be called the poet laureate of Mormonism. His volume, entitled *The Harp of Zion*, was published in Edinburgh about twenty-five years ago, but we know of no American reprint of it. We have never seen a copy outside of Salt Lake City, and are unable to say how large a circulation it has in the Gentile world. The following may serve as an example of his style: —

"Go, then, and tell to all the tidings true,
That heaven on earth is now commenced anew!
That Brigham wears the crown of Utah's star!
That couns'lers rule, and people from afar
Gather in crowds from Ephraim's promised land,
Where God's own word shall all the world command!"

The following is an extract from an Epistle to Joseph Linforth, to be found in the same collection: —

"But mark how Mormonism rules
Without such crime-inspiring tools
By which the poor are flayed!
Its priests provide with their own hands
For all necessities' demands
By working at their trade."

There each one judges what is right
 By God's unerring word;
 The couns'lor pays nought for his light,
 The poor dread not the sword;
 But peace still ne'er cease will
 Where seers and prophets dwell,
 But rancor and hanker are Gentilism's Hell!"

In the poetry of this latest dispensation, a system boasting of contemporary apostles, seers, prophets, and revelators, personal tributes naturally form an important part. These lines To President Brigham Young, from poems by E. R. Snow, lose none of their interest or sublimity by reason of the prophet's subsequent death:—

"A responsible station is surely thine,
 And the weight of your calling can none define:
 Being called of the Lord o'er the Twelve to preside,
 And with them o'er the church and the world
 beside.

"Like Elisha of old, when Elijah fled
 In a chariot of fire, you have lost your head!
 Lost your head? Oh, no; you are left to prove
 To the gods your integrity, faith, and love.

"You have gain'd, like Elisha, a rich behest;
 For the mantle of Joseph seems to rest
 Upon you, while the spirit and power divine
 That inspired his heart are inspiring thine."

To the same sweet singer we are indebted for An Address to Earth. The title is perhaps a little suggestive of Bryant, but I think that the quotation I offer will relieve the poetess of any charge of plagiarism:—

"When Enoch could no longer stay
 Amid corruption here,
 Part of thyself was borne away
 To form another sphere.

"That portion where his city stood
 He gained by right approv'd,
 And nearer to the throne of God
 His planet upward mov'd.

"And when the Lord saw fit to hide
 The 'ten lost tribes' away,
 Thou, earth, wast severed to provide
 The orb on which they stay."

I have reserved for the last the following strain from the Harp of Zion. It is entitled Mormon Triumph:—

"Though fiends have killed our prophet
 And scattered thrice the saints,
 And holy men still scoff it,
 A Mormon's heart ne'er faints,
 Ha, Ha!

"But we will preach them sermons,
 And show them right from wrong;
 For none know truth but Mormons,
 Although our word seems strong!
 Ha, Ha!"

— I am a warm friend of the dramatic art. Last spring, after spending over two years in Germany and France, where I had passed scores of delightful evenings in the excellent theatres of those countries, I visited London for the first time. The enjoyment of the English drama naturally took a high place among my anticipated pleasures in the greatest city of the world. I was disappointed. English seemed somehow to have a common, vulgar sound when spoken on the stage. Actors went through their parts in a business-like way, and apparently the chief thing in their minds was a thought of what an utter absurdity it would be for the audience to fancy that it was beholding real life; they seemed to be intent upon producing the impression that they were *actors*, and not human beings. It was painful to hear how they all spoke cockney. I went to see Toole, who is famed in London as a great low-comedian. With any one but an Englishman his claim to that rank would chiefly rest on his habit of introducing some gag or piece of broad by-play to raise a laugh; this in turn seemed so to please the actor that he lost no opportunity to drag in the same piece of business throughout the evening. The sorriest part of it all was that the public laughed as heartily at the twentieth repetition of a stale joke as when it was first heard. I was reminded of an ancient English tragedy in which the arch-villain was punished by his coronation with a red-hot iron crown. This produced such a tremendous sensation that in the course of the drama the crown was reheated something like a dozen times, and every villain, together with a few of the virtuous men, came to an end through its means. The stage methods of to-day show that the English public has not yet outgrown its primitive childishness. With nearly all actors there was a constant misplacing of accent, so that whole sentences became almost meaningless. There was hardly a trace of the charming naturalness of German comedy-acting, or of the sparkling vivacity of the French. The English stage gentleman is modeled upon the cad, while the lady has evidently

formed her ideal in the London Alhambra. It has frequently been asserted that the presentation of comedy has spoiled the English actor for classic or ideal acting. I believe neither this nor that other talk about the unfitness of the Anglo-Saxon nature for acting. It would be nearer the truth to say that the presentation of farce and burlesque has spoiled the English actor for realistic comedy. One evening I went to the Haymarket Theatre. The first piece was termed a comedy, and was played off in the usual clownish fashion. Then John Gilbert's delightful fairy comedy, *The Palace of Truth*, was given; a charmingly poetical drama, at the same time brimming with rich humor. To my surprise, the same actors who in the sham comedy had so roused my disgust now entered into the spirit of the real comedy with warm, earnest feeling. There was no more trace of misplaced accent; the blank verse was recited smoothly and with understanding; the players showed that they had a thorough appreciation for the poetry of their parts; and humor was no longer buffoonery. This went to prove that the real fault of the English stage was that it was weighted with a load of false traditions prescribing that whatever was intended to be realistic must be shown in a convex mirror and distorted into a burlesque image of nature; and that whenever actors are allowed a chance to raise themselves into regions of idealism, where they are no longer hampered by these traditions, they instantly become natural, their own imagination being more loyal to true dramatic principles than the traditions which trammel them. My first impressions caused me to regard English players as a set of soulless blockheads; but I now saw that it was their training which was at fault, and that they themselves had the feeling for sentiment and perception of the ideal in art common to the entire Anglo-Saxon race.

Returning home, I found the American theatre encumbered with similar faults. There was the same stagey tone, unlike anything heard in real life, the same misplacing of accent, and although cock-

ney was not prevalent an unpleasant change had come over the English heard behind the foot-lights. It is well known that there are differences in pronunciation in various sections of the United States; that in Boston, New York, Philadelphia, and in the West there are marked distinctions in accent. Now the combination system has brought together players from all parts of the country, and it is not uncommon to hear nearly all the different American accents from members of the same company, — or troupe, which is perhaps a better name for these wandering organizations. Nowhere is purer English spoken than in Boston, and it is not pleasant when we hear words like *half*, *laugh*, and *draft* spoken flatly like *cat* and *hat*, *calm* pronounced *cam*, or the *h* dropped from words like *where*, *which*, and *what*. I noticed that Madame Janauschek, in spite of her perceptible foreign intonation, spoke better and more agreeable English than almost any member of her very poor supporting company. In France and Germany the stage language is the standard in pronunciation, but the foreigner who should visit our theatres in the expectation of learning the correct English pronunciation would have a bewildering variety of styles to choose from. The farcical manner of acting is also characteristic of the American stage. Actors are not so completely the slaves of tradition as in England, but, notwithstanding, very few choose to be true and natural, although the success of these few shows a public appreciation of truth to nature. There is very little idea of the value of delicacy of handling, of nice touches, and of fine portrayal of character. Our actors seem to be inspired with mortal fear lest the audience may not perceive how funny they are, so they exaggerate and give coarse, clumsy caricatures of character; their pictures are broad, crude daubs instead of well-defined, carefully outlined sketches. I recently saw an adaptation of a French play; one of the characters was a habitual newspaper reader, and the actor knew no better way to portray this peculiarity than by lugging around huge armfuls of

crumpled newspapers wherever he went. Again, I saw an adaptation of one of Benedix's German comedies, arranged for two popular comedians. Benedix was a playwright rather than a dramatist, and his works are generally good examples of skillful construction upholstered with very commonplace language. The adaptation was given a "local tone" by garnishing it with American slang and vulgarity, and the home-baked, domestic flavor of the original, which was the chief characteristic and great charm of the piece, was spoiled by the introduction of a deal of extravagant and furniture-smashing business. The two comedians were simply boisterously funny; their impersonations were typical of no human beings ever met with in America or elsewhere, whereas the originals were good pictures of their corresponding German types.

This lack of well-trained actors is a matter that calls for earnest consideration. Study abroad is considered essential for good artists in almost every other profession, and why should not actors do likewise? They should not go to England, but let them spend at least a year in France and another in Germany.

— Dosia is said to have had a great success in Paris, and I bought it, as I always buy a French novel, for a mid-summer journey; but I consider myself egregiously cheated. Dosia, in my opinion, amounts to nothing at all. It certainly is not brilliant; neither is it lofty. It is not dramatic; neither is it a clover-scented idyl. It is a Russian story, but so little localized that the scene might have been laid anywhere else without injury to the tale. And this want of background and flavor of the soil is not made up, as in some great writers who believe in "people, not things," by vividly painted strong characters, men and women whom you remember. Dosia herself is a very harmless little tomboy; the princess is one of your eminently meritorious women, who calmly entraps Pierre, talks to him about "*les machines de son exploitation agricole*," lends him instructive books, and sends him home with "*un gros bouquin sous le bras. C'est*

l'usage de la maison." And Platon, her brother, insufferably priggish, like Miss Warner's heroes, is so plainly advanced on the very first page as the man and jailer for poor Dosia that you cannot even pretend not to see it. There are no delineations of character, then, and no background; unless indeed we take for that purpose a sort of Russian seesaw, or rather more like what in the Southern States is called a jogging-board, I suppose. In the last chapter all the characters are seated upon this plank in a row, *en famille*, and, like "*un vol d'hirondelles perchées sur un fil télégraphique*," they disappear, *hop! hop!* As to plot, there is only what strikes an American as an absurdity. Dosia while still a school-girl, having become furiously unhappy one day because her horse has been taken from her, beseeches her cousin to carry her with him when he goes; her cousin being Pierre, who is but little older than she is. Pierre is not especially in love with Dosia, although she is "*jolie comme un cœur*," but consents because she is so unhappy. They start together in his tarantass, driven by a postboy, while it is still daylight, and drive only a short distance through the early evening; by that time they have irretrievably quarreled, the postboy is tartly ordered to return, Dosia's mother supposes that her madcap daughter had taken a fancy to go a little way with her cousin, and that is the end of the escapade. The end of the escapade? By no means. For if there is any plot in this sketchy book, it is that very escapade. It continually looms up as something terrible, a blot in the past of poor Dosia, dark as Erebus to the solemn Platon, her lover. His sister, the princess, who is somewhat "emancipated," and has liberal views, hazards the remark that it was but "*un enfantillage*." But Platon, who knows the whole story and precisely what happened to the very number of breaths, gloomily replies: "*Cependant, pour celui qui l'épousera, cet enfantillage n'est pas sans conséquence.*" Even the princess gives in before this view of the case. Farther on, he thinks of her freak as a "sou-

venir qu'elle voudrait plus tard pouvoir effacer de sa vie au prix de tous les sacrifices." He goes out into the garden where she first spoke to her cousin, and gives himself up to "l'affaissement complet du désespoir." And, finally, the end is attained only by Dosia's tears-and-ashes confession that last year she was guilty of "a fault" which would cost her "the happiness of her life," namely, a two hours' ride with her cousin in the tarantass, in the presence of the postboy. "Après cela, monsieur, je ne suis plus digne de votre estime." And then, not without a good deal of the air of a man who forgives much, Platon decides to take her.

Some people say they enjoy "light stories;" but, light or heavy, I think stories should have some taste. We have a good many novels like rice pudding; others are Roman punch; others, *liqueurs*. Dosia is like white of egg, with the sugar left out.

→ In whatever degree the poets of the present day may be found to differ from those of fifty years ago, there is certainly a very slight similarity between the respective verse scribblers of either epoch. The ancient poetaster was a very pronounced character in his way. Of course, he had one quality which is common to so many of his race, and that was a most profound and irreversible conviction regarding the general emptiness of human affairs. Personally, he leaned with considerable fondness toward the possession of such attributes as glossy dark curls, a pale complexion, and a Byronic collar. He was usually a most incorrigible wanderer. It was his peculiarity that he never traveled; he was perpetually "wandering." Ruins, graveyards, and places somewhat unpopular with the multitude being his principal stopping-points, it was doubtless for this reason that scrip and staff were preferred to the usual modes of conveyance. But it was astonishing and indeed melancholy to observe how slight an amount of mental benefit ever seemed to result from his visits to foreign countries. He appeared to glide amid Venice in a gondola, or ruminate amid the Pisan Campo Santo, or explore

the Roman Colosseum, for the sole purpose of stating these facts in his verse with a nonchalant contempt, as matters of no earthly consequence whatever. After his third stanza the reader frequently had a sense of this unhappy writer having been pretty nearly everywhere on the inhabited globe, and having carried away with him from each place the most saturnine if not dyspeptic impressions. His immedicable pain was even proof against a trip to the ruins of Babylon, not to say Ecbatana or Persepolis. He produced in you, although after a somewhat more scholarly fashion, the impression of Charles Reade's lunatic who so untiringly shrieks forth that "everything is nothing, and nothing is everything." He had an extraordinary passion for writing his proper nouns with capital letters. Sometimes he would tell his mysterious Lady that when Flattery's whisper 'mid the dazzling throng should pour its hollow tale in Beauty's ear, O then, perchance, *et cetera*, with the proper rhymes for "throng" and "ear." Sometimes it would be an announcement to the effect that he sped to meet the heartless Foe, whose shafts, however fierce they rang, could deal no anguish by their blow more bitter than Affection's pang! The pathetic distress of this ill-starred being was in every annual and "keepsake" throughout the land. He would be wildly rushing to battle in the "Maiden's Garland" this week, and roaming 'mid climes of the olive and fig in "Fancy's Nosegay" the next. Sometimes his Farewell or his Stanzas to — would be set to music, and young girls in dresses that barely touched the ground, and with a single camellia in their hair, would play the songs before spinnets and feel immensely thrilled as they did so. They would think how desperately attractive a creature such and such a poet must be, provided it were really his picture on the title-page of the song, representing a cloaked personage, very tall of stature, and with bowed head and folded arms, perfectly unoccupied in the neighborhood of a sunset and a partly shattered column.

The verse scribbler of to-day is quite

often represented by a wholly opposite sort of individual. He is one about whose dress nothing more peculiar manifests itself than an occasional marked seediness. He, too, is broken-hearted, — but from a widely different cause. No special circumstance of feminine scorn or infidelity concerns him. It is with him, as with his predecessor, a case of everything being nothing, and nothing everything; no particular heart-blight is to be blamed for this agreeable impression. Nothing so mild as "affection's pang" is talked about by our modern poetaster; it is rather "the wild, keen passion of parting," with this gentleman, or "the close-clinging kiss that consumes," or something equally high-spiced and alliterative. He is always extremely alliterative; and always a little more so, it is observable, when he has nothing at all to say. This latter event being one of considerable frequency, his verses sometimes remind us of those famous lines which begin, —

"An Austrian army, awfully arrayed,
Boldly by battery besieged Belgrade,"

and so on, until they reach the letter Z. And with all due respect intended toward the ladies of this gentleman's acquaintance, it would nevertheless often appear as if most of them were, to phrase the matter with mildness, a trifle reckless in their deportment. But then it should be remembered that after all they are constantly depraved in a classic way. Very often, too, they are mediævally immoral, which of course makes a difference. Their delineator is always either classical or mediæval. He would not, under any circumstances, deal with any subject that has not clinging about it the glamorous mist of at least three hundred years. He is so resolutely Greek, so inflexibly archaic, that one sometimes wonders how he manages ever to do anything so outrageously modern as to jump into a street car or to read a morning paper. He is fond of saying "I wis" and "I wot," and "therewithal," and "gat" for "got," and "straight" for "straightway." He thinks it a most desirable thing to have said of you by your critics that you are hopeless, be-

lieve in nothing, have been utterly disappointed with the general plan of things, hate the present, and were too evidently not born for it, but that your genius, notwithstanding its bitterness and morbidity, is an unquestionable fact. All these comments our modern poetaster has read regarding certain men who have written remarkable verses in the present day, and he aspires to have the same said of himself at some future time. Hence those pitiless, red-lipped sirens, whose kisses are a deadly delight; hence those diatribes against the iron implacability of fate; hence those tendencies toward *renaissance*, and those æsthetic refusals to notice any era later than the sixteenth century.

— After laughing heartily over an incident in Mr. Mallock's *New Republic*, where a young man of gentle birth and refined culture was frightened away from asking the hand of a fascinating young country girl by hearing her say that she was "*partial* to boiled chicken," I was not a little surprised to find the following phrase in Hallam's *Middle Ages*: "A solicitude to avoid continual transitions, and to give free scope to the natural association of connected facts, has dictated this arrangement, to which I confess myself *partial*." (The italics are my own.) There can be no two opinions about the inelegance and incorrectness of the expression, yet it seems a little odd that even the super-refined society of the *New Republic* should consider it so utterly damning as to be a crucial test of a person's gentility, while so guardedly precise a writer as Hallam apparently saw nothing in it that was beneath the dignity of his style.

— In the Contributors' Club, July Atlantic, 1878, in the article on the Kearsarge Mountain, it is stated that Captain Winslow who commanded the Kearsarge gunboat (famous for its sea fight with the Alabama) was a native of New Hampshire.

Captain John A. Winslow who commanded the Kearsarge was born in Wilmington, North Carolina, and educated as a citizen of Boston, Massachusetts.

RECENT LITERATURE.

MR. WESTCOTT, the author of *The Historic Mansions and Buildings of Philadelphia*,¹ has already been favorably known as an antiquary, his *Official Guide-Book to Philadelphia*, issued at the time of the Exhibition, being the best guide-book to the city and a thorough piece of work. In the present volume he has gone leisurely over the ground which was there sketched, and has furnished thirty-five monographs of famous buildings and sites connected with the history of Philadelphia and of Philadelphia families. As this city was the most conspicuous city in the country during the most historic period, there can be no question that it furnishes the richest material, especially of a social kind, for a volume of antiquities. Watson in his *Annals* had already gathered a great variety of facts and reminiscences; he was a veritable magpie, collecting glass and diamonds with equal avidity, and his time was a very uncritical one. He preserved a great deal that might otherwise have been lost, and undoubtedly did much to excite a local pride, but since his time investigations have been made and results published which afford a much fuller and more accurate fund of information than Watson possessed. Mr. Westcott has drawn freely from many sources, and we wish that he had furnished his book with more precise references to his authorities. While the work is readable to the mere pleasure-seeker, it is too full to be regarded simply as a book of gossip. It appeals to the student, and for this reason ought to have been fortified abundantly with references. Indeed, there is sometimes, with all the array of names and dates, a perplexing absence of definiteness with regard to the exact condition of the several buildings noted at the present date. Why, to take a flagrant instance, did the author omit to state the present condition of Independence Hall, and the efforts so successfully made to restore it to its proper condition? And in other instances we are obliged to look sharply and draw inferences, in order to deter-

mine whether a building has or has not been wholly destroyed. We are not all Philadelphians, unfortunately, and we do not get at these matters by instinct. It would puzzle a reader, after following Mr. Westcott's minute investigation of the question in what house it was that the Declaration of Independence was written, to determine whether the house he fixes upon is now standing and recognizable or not.

Mr. Westcott is no worse than most antiquaries in this respect; he is better than most. Yet we never read such books — and this is one of the liveliest — without wishing that the same material might be presented freed from the excessive detail of unimportant names and dates, so that the story of each house or family should be given in picturesque, memorable form. We do not ask for a Hawthorne, — he is not to be had for the asking, — but surely some of our young writers might well take this rich local material and throw it into simple, animated narrative. It would be good practice for them, — much better than spinning webs from their own inexperienced lives and imaginations.

— Mr. De Mille's² and Mr. Hill's³ books start from very different theories of the best methods of instruction, and consequently, while treating the same subject, they repeat one another wonderfully little. Mr. De Mille, for his part, in discussing the Figures of Relativity, strings together the Synæcesis or Enantiosis, the Exergasia, the Paradiastole, etc., etc., defining them and giving examples which few would suspect of bearing such long names. "Every sweet has its sour, every evil its good," is a case of Enantiosis.

"Where ignorance is bliss,
'T is folly to be wise,"

illustrates Antimetabole. The objection to this treatment of every sentence is obvious; the memory is burdened with a long list of really useless terms which are of absolutely no service to the student, and only disgust him with an important part of his educa-

¹ *The Historic Mansions and Buildings of Philadelphia*. With some Notice of their Owners and Occupants. By THOMPSON WESTCOTT, author of *The Official Guide-Book to Philadelphia*, *A History of Philadelphia*, etc. Philadelphia: Porter and Coates, 822 Chestnut Street.

² *The Elements of Rhetoric*. By JAMES DE MILLE, M. A. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1878.

³ *The Principles of Rhetoric and their Application*. By ADAMS S. HILL, Boylston Professor of Rhetoric and Oratory in Harvard College. With an Appendix, comprising General Rules for Punctuation. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1878.

tion. Moreover, this intricate classification fritters away a pupil's time and attention, and cannot fail to confuse him. What is wanted for the pupil is working knowledge, a quick sense to determine what forms of expression are to be avoided and what to be used. The fewer rules that can be given for this object the better, and it is for his brevity in this respect that Mr. Hill deserves praise. There are, of course, many studies in which dry details are of primary importance, but rhetoric is not one of them; it should be learned through the ear and the taste, and not by mediæval text-books. So far as it goes, — and in its own way it goes pretty far, — Mr. De Mille's book is full, but of its suitability for a text-book we have grave doubts.

Mr. Hill's *Principles of Rhetoric*, on the other hand, pays very little attention to the minutiae of the subject, to its anatomy, so to speak, but is wholly devoted to the plain and sensible discussion of the art of speaking and writing correctly. Of course, a certain amount of classification is necessary, and this is to be found. There are numerous examples given of the most common errors. The rules are as few as possible, and are made plain by frequent and varied illustrations; so that the book is really entertaining as well as instructive. Moreover, Mr. Hill avoids the common mistake of trying to bind all language by a hard and pact rule; speakers and writers are given a certain amount of leeway, and pedantry is as carefully shunned as slovenliness.

His intelligent treatment of idioms, and the acceptance of custom as an arbiter of correctness, make his book as valuable to the general reader as to the student. This is a proof of its excellence; for every human being who cares for improvement is anxious to speak and write properly, and not merely to collect on the end of his tongue Greek names for figures of speech. Mr. Hill's collection of rules cannot fail to commend itself to every one; it is simple and sensible. Different persons may take exception to different statements here and there, — some, for instance, would accept *had better* and *had rather* without a murmur, — but the reader will always find due allowance made for variety of taste and custom. There is here none of the arrogance that so often mars books on language. As a text-book it is excellent; the pupil is taught without knowing it, not by printed rules,

but through his intelligence. The manual is one of moderate size, yet it covers a good deal of ground. The rules for punctuation are brief and thorough, and have already received the approval of the public.

— Mr. Ruskin is seen at his best in the *Lectures on Engraving*,¹ which appear in the American edition reprinted from the seventh volume of his collected works. The technical part of his subject he handles with ease and presents with perspicacity; the historical view is well defined, and the ethical relations are set forth with moderation. There are few passages of strained interpretation, and the main lines of the subject are never lost sight of. In a word, the lectures are actually what they purport to be, lectures on engraving; yet any one who is familiar with Mr. Ruskin's manner will know that they are not addressed to diletanti, but to students who are bound to remember that the graver is in a man's hand, and urged not by blind force but by choice.

The distinction between engraving on wood and engraving on metal is illustrated in a way to relieve the subject of its merely technical aspect, and to give the elementary principles of the twofold art a very forcible and genetic character. Mr. Ruskin is always seeking for principles, but he is not always so fortunate as here in stating the absolute foundations of art. By a simple reminder that engraving has to do with the process and not with the mechanical multiplication of results, he frees the subject at once of much that is confusing, and furnishes the reader, who has not before considered the matter, with a prime argument for the permanency of the art of engraving, in the face of the various chemical and mechanical processes which seem to be rendering the art obsolete. The whole relation, moreover, of the technics of art to design is admirably and concisely stated in this paragraph: "The theory of art is soon mastered; but 'dal detto al fatto, v'è gran tratto;' and, as I have several times told you in former lectures, every day shows me more and more the importance of the Hand. Of the hand as a Servant, observe, — not of the hand as a Master. For there are two great kinds of manual work: one in which the hand is continually receiving and obeying orders; the other in which it is acting independently, or even giving orders of its own. And the dependent and submissive hand is a noble hand; but the independent or imperative

By JOHN RUSKIN, LL. D. Plates. New York: John Wiley and Sons. 1873.

¹ *Ariadne Florentina*. Six Lectures on Wood and Metal Engraving. With Appendix. Given before the University of Oxford, in Michaelmas term, 1872.

hand is a vile one. That is to say, as long as the pen, or chisel, or other graphic instrument is moved under the direct influence of mental attention, and obeys orders of the brain, it is working nobly; the moment it moves independently of them, and performs some habitual dexterity of its own, it is base."

In accordance with this principle, Mr. Ruskin pronounces most of modern popular wood-engraving to be base. Taking the work required in ordinary cross-hatching, he estimates that to get two inches square of shadow the engraver has to cut clear about 1050 interstices. "Now calculate," he says, "or think enough to feel the impossibility of calculating, the number of wood-cuts used daily for our popular prints, and how many men are night and day cutting 1050 square holes to the square inch, as the occupation of their manly life. And Mrs. Beecher Stowe and the North Americans fancy they have abolished slavery!" In like manner he exclaims, when dealing with metal-engraving, "I know no cause more direct or fatal, in the destruction of the great schools of European art, than the perfectness of modern line engraving."

Although Mr. Ruskin barely touches the subject, it seems plain that he refers much of what he regards as the decadence of engraving to the separation of the functions of artist and engraver. A more just discrimination would be one which looked not to the union of the two functions in one man, but to a truer coöperation of the two men. The engraver is a translator: he may be a literal translator, grammatical and accurate, and inasmuch as the designer's work disappears in its original form the translation will carry with it the inevitable hardness of the engraver; he may himself be an artist, when the translation will have a beauty which is not wholly the gift of the designer. Neither can do without the other, but it is not necessary, nor even surely always desirable, that both parts of the art should reside in the same man. The mischief is done when the engraver is treated as a hand that has no head. Unless the engraver be in some sort the interpreter of the designer, the designer himself loses part of the value of his design.

The special criticisms in the book are many and valuable, nor are they all of art; the caustic manner in which the young lady clinging to the cross, in a popular picture, is treated is something more than destructive criticism of a picture, and the interpretations of Holbein's Dance of Death

are full of significance. The mention of this leads us to speak of a bit of immorality in the American edition. Two fac-similes from Holbein's wood-cuts are given, and Mr. Ruskin calls them "very marvelous ones," applying the term to the fac-similes, and in a foot-note he adds, "By Mr. Burgess. The toil and skill necessary to produce a fac-simile of this degree of precision will only be recognized by the reader who has had considerable experience of actual work." Now these words are just when used in the English edition. But nothing is said in this reprint which would lead the reader to suppose that they do not apply to the engravings before him. As a matter of fact, the engravings in the American edition are reproductions of the fac-similes, and the value which Mr. Ruskin assigns to Mr. Burgess's work is wholly lost. He points out the diffused warmth in one subject, the diffused twilight in the other; but it is utterly impossible to discover these values in the American wood-cuts. Now if the American publisher had stated frankly that he could give his readers only a blurred copy of Mr. Burgess's work, by means of transfer or photo-engraving, his readers, though they might have grumbled, would at least have been dealt with honestly. The other cuts are bad enough beside the English originals, but this case is more gross. It is a great pity that Mr. Ruskin's works should be known to American readers principally through a medium that destroys some of the most important illustrations of his meaning.

—With the many condensations of Boswell's *Life of Dr. Johnson* we confess at once that we have no patience; what is wanted is an amplification of that book, with ampler records of the great man's talk. When we consider that we have the full account of but little more than two years of his life, we can only lament that Boswell was ever indifferent or careless. As to thinking him too full in his report, that is something passing comprehension. Mr. Stephen's book¹ is not one of the kind we have been condemning, although it skims all the cream from all the chronicles, from Boswell, Mrs. Thrale, etc., and serves it in a very attractive form. This manipulation leaves on the reader rather a desire to learn more, than the conceit that he knows all that need be known and can spare himself the trouble of plodding through Boswell. Mr. Stephen has divided his book into six

¹ *Samuel Johnson. By LESLIE STEPHEN. English Men of Letters. Edited by JOHN MORLEY. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1878.*

chapters, which treat of Johnson's childhood and early life, of his literary career, of his relations with his friends, of his position as a literary dictator, of the closing years of his life, and of his writings, in the order that we have named. The author's noteworthy literary skill has enabled him to make a very smooth and readable book, and his thorough knowledge of the eighteenth century is of continual service in throwing light upon the narration. There are no marks of especial research, but there is everywhere intelligent use of the copious materials and good judgment of the men whose names occur. What was already picturesque is made even more picturesque by Mr. Stephen's treatment, and by his many additions from the other biographers. His work, too, is accurate; we have noticed but one or two trifling slips: on page 14, Walmsley did not say "one Johnson," but, "one Mr. Samuel Johnson;" and it is only a misprint that always gives us Francis Barker for Francis Barber.

Dr. Hill's volume¹ has a very different aim: the author makes no endeavor to draw a complete picture of Johnson and his position; he seeks to correct some errors, to fill up some of the gaps in our knowledge of the subject, and he has brought together a good deal of valuable information. In the first place, there had been no certainty regarding the length of Johnson's residence at Pembroke College, Oxford, and it had been roughly stated, following Hawkins's and Boswell's estimate, as about three years; but Dr. Hill has shown, what Croker suggested, that it lasted but fourteen months. More than that, he has written a very interesting chapter descriptive of Oxford in Johnson's time, made up of Whitefield's account of his experience as servitor, of extracts from a gentleman-commoner's diary, and other contemporary testimony, with a full account of the political troubles and of the early days of Methodism. Dr. Hill also takes to pieces some of Macaulay's inaccurate statements about Johnson, bringing up countless instances of his genial qualities to outweigh his reviewer's one-sided judgment; and in treating of what Carlyle said, he shows how far removed Johnson was from being the despised, unknown scholar during the last twenty-five years of his life, and what a favorite he was in high society. Macaulay's denunciation of Boswell, too, is criticised, and a

good deal of new evidence from Boswell's other writings and from his commonplace book is brought in which will be unfamiliar to nine readers out of ten. To be sure, Boswell's reputation for foolishness, which he himself established on an imperishable foundation, is left where it was, but the poor man receives more credit than Macaulay gave him for the service he has done the world. There are full chapters, moreover, on Topham Beauclerk and Bennet Langton, and one, not so good, on Goldsmith. Thus, it will be seen, the lover of Johnson will find some important additions to his store of knowledge about that great man for which he must be grateful. Dr. Hill is not a remarkable writer nor a novel thinker, but he has chosen an interesting subject, he has endeavored to treat it as it deserved, and his industry has made his book valuable, and indeed, one might almost say, indispensable, for the student of the literature of the last century. For, besides the subjects mentioned, there is a discussion of Lord Chesterfield's relations to Johnson, and of his famous letters, as well as a chapter entitled Johnson and Cowper, which is, however, of no great value.

As the author says, he has only consulted books which are in every one's library, but he has done this intelligently, and he has done more than this in describing Oxford and in defending poor Boswell; even to do no more than he claims for himself is already something, for it is not every one who can collect and collate various bits of testimony, and this Dr. Hill has done with commendable discretion. We hope that he will give us the other volume on the same subject which he half promises, and for the preparation of which he is so well fitted by his knowledge and his justice.

FRENCH AND GERMAN.

Mr. Julian Schmidt has collected in a single volume² a number of essays which, or some of which, have appeared in various periodicals during the last few years. Most of them would naturally have found a place in another volume of the *Bilder aus dem Geistigen Leben unserer Zeit*, but the subject of one of the most important, Byron, can in no sense be said to belong to our time, and hence it is, apparently, that this new book has been given a new title. We

¹ *Dr. Johnson: His Friends and his Critics.* By GEORGE BIRKBECK HILL, D. C. L., Pembroke College, Oxford. London: Smith, Elder & Co. 1878.

² *Portraits aus dem Neunzehnten Jahrhundert.* Von JULIAN SCHMIDT. Berlin: Wm. Hertz. 1878.

have so often spoken in these pages of Julian Schmidt's many qualifications for the post of a critic of general literature that there is no need of repeating what will be perfectly familiar to those who are interested in current German literature. It will be sufficient to say that in these essays may be found the same intelligence and fair judgment that invariably mark his work. He has always his opinion concerning every author or book that he writes about, and this opinion he expresses with great clearness and abundant illustration; while the whole is made impressive by a touch of omniscience, for Mr. Schmidt's reading is wide and careful.

The essay on Byron is the first in order, and to us who speak the language of Byron possibly the most noteworthy. For many years Byron has had more influence on the Continent than he has had in his own land, but there are signs which seem to show that the English are abandoning the habit of stopping their ears against this melodious singer. The affectations which were so much more readily perceived in Byron's character than his really fine qualities are at length taken less seriously than they once were, and some of the things that he most detested in England have disappeared from the political condition of the country, if not altogether by means that he would have proposed or favored. There is more freedom in that land, for instance, than in many parts of Europe, and history has shown that he was more nearly right in his political feelings than were his enemies. More than that, time has caused much to be forgotten that clouded the poet's fame, and his poetry can now be judged on its own merits.

Schmidt, in addressing a German public, does not find it necessary to begin with the apology or explanation that an English writer would be pretty sure to start with, for the British prejudices have no existence on the Continent. He fully understands the great importance of Byron in a wide view of literary history; he writes of him not merely as a poet whose melody, command of language, and use of imagery have to be decided upon by the application of the rules of rhetoric, but as a man who by those means left a mark on the development of the world.

"With Lord Byron," the essay opens, "begins a chapter in the history of European literature; he has left his mark on everything that has been written since his day. But, at the same time, we notice something strange in him; he is not like a

contemporary, but rather like a leader of an intellectual movement which has already become historical. This movement, which swept through Europe, stood more or less consciously opposed to the previous wave of enlightenment." What he means by that is the general tendency arising in the English Revolution at the end of the seventeenth century, taught by Locke, aided by Spinoza and Becker in the Netherlands, by Leibnitz, and opposed by the Catholic countries, which changed from theory to practice in the French Revolution. It had sought to free men from prejudice of all kinds, religious, national, and social, and to teach them the laws of nature. "Its animating force was eudemonism, its main tool skepticism. The reaction began in both of these points."

Napoleon seemed to carry out the principles of the Revolution in fighting against the various nationalities, yet his despotism was, of course, its strongest opponent. Germany and England both began to pay attention to the past, and to enjoy a new life which had nothing to do with those principles that had been trying for a hundred years to reform the world. Materialism and a hard and fast proof that everything was for the best in the best of worlds gave way to a different philosophy and to a different appreciation of the world's history. Chateaubriand led the way in France, and there is much in Byron that reminds one of that famous writer. As Schmidt says, "Just like Chateaubriand, Lord Byron disliked his government; he was a liberal and admired Napoleon, but, in just the same way, he was always proud of being an English nobleman, behind whom were so and so many men-of-war. He had a magnificent fancy uniform made, which stamped him for what he was. What he put into verse in Childe Harold has but slight reference to the foreign nations he visited; the most conspicuous things are the traces of English glory." The analogy is carried out still further, and it is an interesting one to notice.

Comparisons of this sort are always noteworthy, because they cover more ground and are more likely to be accurate than would be one that, to take this case as an example, treated Byron as simply the product of English influences alone. He was not that; he was one link in a great chain, and although this does not explain his genius it throws light on the methods in which this found expression. To make this method of study valuable, much hard work is required, and a very good amount of knowl-

edge, as well as of critical judgment, and in none of these is Julian Schmidt lacking; he is a cosmopolitan critic. The literatures of different countries are bound together by a great many ties; they are affected by many remote causes; it is only by careful study that these can be made clear, and yet it is essential that this should be done in every literary history. Of course, this is merely one of various ways of studying a writer, and no rule, whether it be one showing the influence of climate, etc., or of foreign models, can destroy the importance of what lies under the writer's hat; and Schmidt goes on to a careful consideration of Byron's poems.

Thus, in speaking of Byron's tales, he says, "The turn of the general taste contributed a good deal to the dark coloring of the figures. The poet found Rembrandt's hues beautiful, and hence he made use of them; then, too, they had already been successful. Scott's *Marmion* is in reality just such a character as Byron, designed to some extent in imitation. . . . Volney's *hypochondriacal Ruines* was a favorite book of the thinking world." Space is lacking for a complete analysis of this essay, which closes with a brief retrospect of the effect Byron had on various German writers, and especially on Heine. After speaking of the enormous differences between him and Byron in their character and circumstances, Schmidt says that if we were to read a stanza from *Childe Harold* and one from *Don Juan*, the same thought being often found repeated in the later poem, in a different way, we should then have a good idea of Heine's best poetry. In comparison with Byron, he goes on, Heine's voice is weak; he is seldom successful in his *tours de force*, and the farcical termination of his tragic poems gives one the impression of hearing a voice suddenly changing into a falsetto. Byron had a wonderful fluency, while Heine's manuscripts show with how much care and slowness he wrote what read like impromptus; but Byron, although he knew the world well, and knew nature, was inferior to Heine in cultivation, to use a much-abused word, for the German poet had been through the school of Romanticism and the Hegelian philosophy; so that while the English poet's mental horizon is somewhat limited, the contrary is true of the German. "When Byron undertakes to dream . . . he is a nobleman, an Englishman, he is a liberal; and all the time that he is striving to dream in matters not of this earth, the interests of the aristocracy, of

Great Britain, of liberalism, keep thrusting themselves in, and he is proud of preserving his own identity even in his dreams." With Heine, it is the other way. "The dream-world of nixies, bears, and ghosts seems to him the real home of his soul, while Judaism, liberalism, and Prussia are like a nightmare to him, from which he would like to awaken." Schmidt adds to this a striking remark about Byron's full, melodious verse, which far surpasses in force anything that Heine ever wrote; so that one feels in reading him as if he were standing near the poet and were carried away by his charm, while with Heine there is no poet near us; we seem to have the melody and the mood within us. This is an exceedingly neat statement of something that has been more often felt than defined.

The whole essay, of which but a few fragments are here mentioned, deserves careful study. The rest of the volume is of the same high merit. There is a long paper on Carlyle, making a careful comparison between him and Emerson, and going over all of his writings. There are shorter papers on Thackeray, Dickens, Charles Kingsley, among English writers, and George Sand, Daudet, Zola, and Flaubert among French authors. There are also essays on Wagner — Schmidt is by no means a fervent disciple of that great and good man — and Feuerbach, and a most entertaining paper on Fürst Pückler, some of whose amusing if not valuable writings appeared in English, and were reprinted in this country many years ago. A few less important essays complete the volume. It is clear that the mere mention of these tempting titles must suffice, and it is to be hoped that some of the many readers of German will take up this volume, which is as agreeable reading as it is instructive. Literary essays of this kind are always popular, and it is well worth the reader's while to find out what is said by a critic who, with Scherer and Matthew Arnold abroad, and Mr. Lowell at home, holds the highest place. Schmidt's merits are indeed very great, and without making odious comparisons it may yet be possible to say that he has the additional virtue of writing often. All the others use their pens, from one reason or another, very seldom, while he is continually working, and we cannot be too grateful to him for this. In knowledge, judgment, and intelligence he stands among the very best, and he gives the world more to read than any. This volume is perhaps the best of all of those containing his essays.